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THE CHILD'S WORLD

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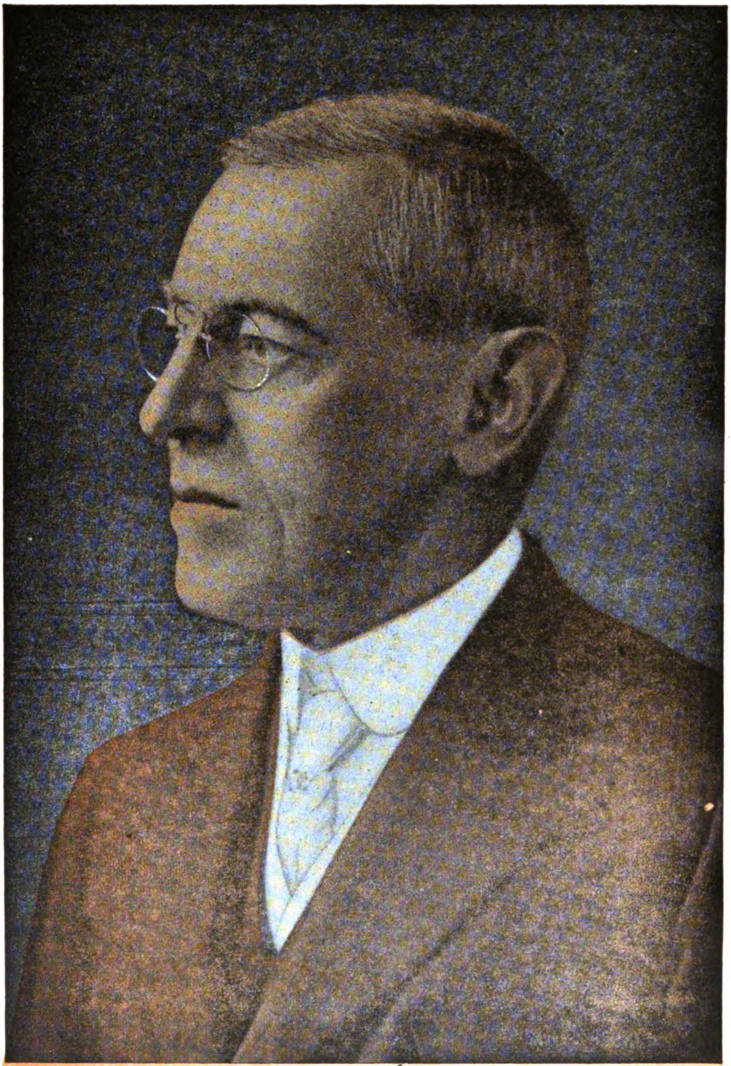

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Woodrow Wilson

THE CHILD'S WORLD

FIFTH READER

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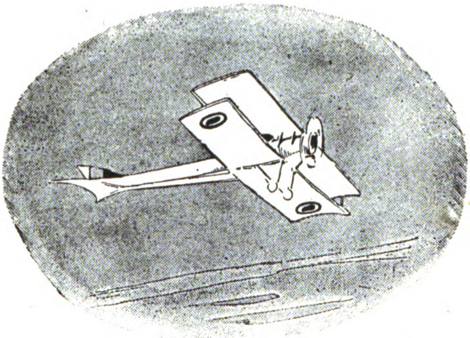

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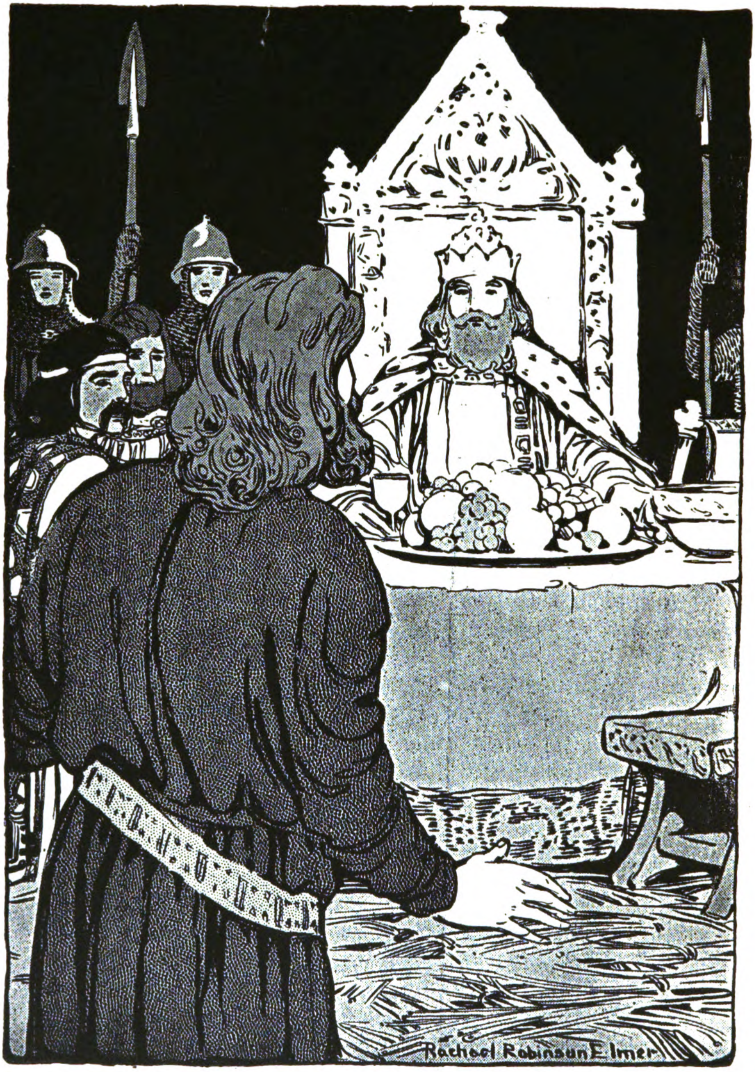
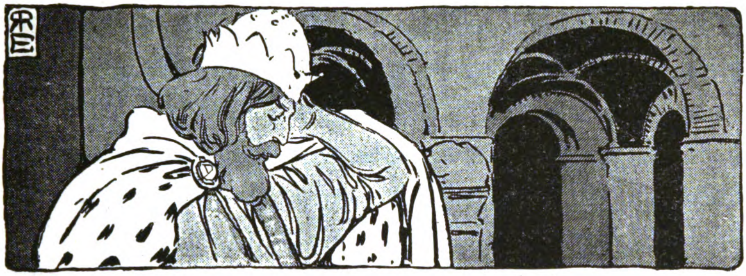

Rachael Robinson Elmer

He Saw on His Throne Another King—[*page* 10]



ROBERT OF SICILY

King Robert of Sicily thought himself the greatest and most powerful monarch in the whole world. One day while he sat in church, dwelling in his mind on his wealth and power, he heard the choir chant:

"He has put down the mighty from their seats,
And has exalted them of low degree."

These words aroused the anger of the proud king, and he said to himself that no power could push him down from his throne to a place with lowly men. Gradually, however, his anger gave place to self-satisfaction as he continued to dwell on his greatness; and listening to the low, sweet music of the chant, King Robert fell asleep.

When he awoke it was night, and he was astonished to find himself alone in the church. All the worshippers had gone, and only a flickering candle before some saint lighted the king to the door. Strange to say, the door was locked. He tugged at the bolts and knocked with his bare hands, but the echo of his blows was the only answer. At last the sexton was attracted by the unusual noise and hastened to the spot, imagining that thieves had broken it. He came with his lantern to the door on which King Robert knocked and demanded to know who was within.

"Open; it is the king!" Robert cried.

The sexton turned the key and a man without hat or cloak rushed past him and vanished.

It was the king. While he slept, his robes of state had disappeared. Wondering at the strange happening, he hurried on to the palace gate, bareheaded and unrecognized. He passed the guards without stopping, and ran straight into the banquet room, which was blazing with lights and filled with noble guests. And lo! to his surprise and dismay, he saw seated on his throne another king wearing his own mantle and crown and holding his own scepter.

King Robert gazed in speechless wrath and helpless astonishment at the usurper. He who sat on the throne was an angel bearing an exact resemblance to the king, except that his face was lighted with a calm and heavenly kindliness.

Robert of Sicily stood wonder-struck before the throne until, presently, the angel spoke to him. "Who are you, and why do you come unbidden?"

"I am the king and have come to claim my own," Robert answered in pride and anger.

At these words the guests arose and drew their swords, to protect their ruler from the strange madman who had burst into the feast with such wild speech.

"You are not the king," the angel answered. "You are the king's jester and shall wear the cap and bells of the court fool. An ape shall be your companion, and you must obey my servants."

Regardless of the poor king's cries and protests, the servants thrust him out of the banquet hall and clothed him as a jester. The pages and courtiers made sport of him, shouting, "Long live the king!"

He was then led to the humble quarters where the under servants lived. Here he was given a small room containing only a narrow bed and a stool. Dazed by his sudden fall and wearied by his adventures, the king at last fell into an uneasy sleep.

Next morning, when he opened his eyes, he said to himself, "What an evil dream! I am glad to see the daylight again."

But it was no dream. The bed he lay on was the same poor couch on which he had fallen asleep the night before. The walls of the room were bare and dismal; a chattering ape sat beside him; and he was still dressed in the jester's clothes. Then he realized that a terrible misfortune had befallen him.

The angel king ruled so well in Robert's place that the land rejoiced in a new prosperity, and the people called down blessings on their good King Robert. In the meanwhile, the real King Robert wore the livery of a fool and led the ape around with him; he was kicked and beaten and made to do the lowest tasks. In spite of all that he suffered, however, his heart remained full of wrath and pride. The angel would sometimes meet him in the way and sternly yet tenderly ask him, "Are you the king?" And Robert would answer proudly, "I am the king."

Three years went by and at last a message came from King Robert's brother in Rome inviting the King of Sicily to visit him. The angel prepared to obey the summons, and a great procession journeyed up to Rome. The angel king rode in front with his lords and knights; far in the rear the real king came, riding a spotted horse, like a clown, with the ape mounted behind him. The people along the way laughed at the sight and threw stones at the ape.

In Rome the angel received royal honors; he was taken for the King of Sicily, while the real king was despised and ill-treated as a fool. Finally, the jester, worn out with his sufferings, pushed his way through the crowd into his brother's presence.

"I am the king," he cried. "Look at me and behold your brother, Robert of Sicily!"

His brother looked at the odd creature with the cap and bells, and said to the angel, who sat beside him, "It is strange that you keep this madman for a jester." So the poor fool was driven back into the crowd.

The presence of the angel king in the city gave a new joy to the Easter celebration; even the jester felt a strange power stirring him as he knelt in prayer on his bed of straw in his poor room. After Easter had passed, the angel and his company returned to Sicily, which welcomed its ruler with great rejoicings.

So the days passed and Robert worked at his poor tasks and almost forgot that he had ever been the King of Sicily. One day as the church bells called the people to prayer, the angel beckoned to the jester and requested the others to leave the room.

When they were all alone, he asked, "Are you the king?"

Robert now answered meekly, "You know best who I am. I seek forgiveness for my foolish pride in my wealth and power."

The angel smiled until his face shone as if alight. Once more the jester heard the choir chant in the nearby church:

"He has put down the mighty from their seat
And has exalted them of low degree."

Blending with the music, a voice beside him spoke, "I am an angel; you are the king."

And suddenly King Robert of Sicily found himself standing alone by the throne, wearing his crown and mantle, the king once more. But now he was stripped of the false pride that had caused his fall and was ready to rule his people in all wisdom and gentleness.

SICILIAN LEGEND

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The Vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT

THREE QUESTIONS

It once occurred to a certain king that if he always knew the right time to begin anything, if he knew who were the right people to listen to and whom to avoid—and, above all, if he always knew what was the most important thing to do—he would never fail in any undertaking.

So he had it proclaimed throughout his kingdom that he would give a great reward to anyone who would teach him what was the right time for every action, who were the most necessary people, and what was the most important thing to do.

Many learned men came to the king, but they all answered his questions differently.

All the answers being different, the king agreed with none of the scholars and gave the reward to none. But still wishing to find the right answer to his questions, he decided to consult a hermit widely known for his wisdom.

The hermit lived in a wood which he never left, and he received none but humble folk. So the king put on simple clothes; then before reaching the hermit's cell he dismounted from his horse, and leaving his bodyguard behind, went on alone.

When the king approached, the hermit was digging the ground in front of his hut. Seeing the king, he greeted him and went on digging. The hermit was frail and weak, and each time he stuck his spade into the ground and turned a little earth, he breathed heavily.

The king went up to him and said, "I have come to you, wise hermit, to ask you to answer three questions: How can I learn to do the right thing at the right time? Who are the people who can help me most? What affairs are the most important and need my first attention?"

The hermit listened to the king, but answered nothing. He just spat on his hand and recommenced digging.

"You are tired," said the king; "let me take the spade and work a while for you."

"Thanks!" said the hermit, and giving the spade to the king, he sat down on the ground.

When he had dug two beds, the king stopped and repeated his questions. The hermit again gave no answer, but rose, stretched out his hand for the spade, and said,

"Now rest a while—and let me work a bit."

But the king did not give him the spade, and continued to dig. One hour passed and another. The sun began to sink behind the trees, and the king at last stuck the spade into the ground and said,

"I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so, and I will return home."

"Here comes some one running," said the hermit. "Let us see who it is."

The king turned round and saw a bearded man come hurrying out of the wood. The man held his hands pressed against his breast, and blood was flowing from under them. When he reached the king, he fell fainting on the ground, moaning feebly. The king and the hermit unfastened the man's clothing. There was a large wound in his body. The king washed it as best he could, and bandaged it with his handkerchief and with a towel the hermit found. But the blood would not stop flowing, and the king again and again washed and rebandaged the wound.

When at last the blood had ceased flowing, the man revived and asked for something to drink. The king brought fresh water and gave it to him. Meanwhile the sun had set, and it was growing cool. So the king, with the hermit's help, carried the wounded man into the hut and laid him on a bed. The man closed his eyes and was quiet; and the king was so tired with his walk and with the work he had done that he crouched down on the threshold, and also fell asleep—so soundly that he slept all through the short summer night. On awaking in the morning, it was long before he could remember where he was, or who was the strange bearded man lying on the bed and gazing intently at him with shining eyes.

"Forgive me!" said the bearded man in a weak voice, when he saw that the king was awake and was looking at him.

"I do not know you, and have nothing to forgive you," said the king.

"You do not know me, but I know you. I am that enemy of yours who swore to revenge himself on you, because you executed his brother and seized his property. I knew you had gone alone to see the hermit, and I resolved to kill you on your way back. But the day passed and you did not return. So I came out from my ambush to find you, and ran across your bodyguard, who recognized me and wounded me. I escaped from them, but I should have bled to death had you not dressed my wound.

I wished to kill you, and you have saved my life. Now, if I live, and if you wish it, I will serve you as your most faithful slave, and will bid my sons do the same. Forgive me!"

The king was very glad to have made peace with his enemy so easily, and to have gained him for a friend; and he not only forgave him, but said that he would send his servants and his own physician to attend him. In the end he promised to restore the man's property.

Having taken leave of the wounded man, the king went out into the porch and looked around for the hermit. Before departing, he wished once more to beg an answer to the questions he had put. The hermit was outside, on his knees, sowing seeds in the beds that had been dug the day before.

The king approached him and said,

"For the last time, I pray you to answer my questions, wise man."

"You have already been answered," said the hermit, still crouching on his thin legs, and looking up at the king, who stood before him.

"How answered? What do you mean?" asked the king.

"Do you not see?" replied the hermit. "If you had not pitied my weakness yesterday and had not dug these beds for me, but had gone your way, that man would have attacked you, and you would have repented leaving me. So the most important time was when you dug the beds; and I was the most important man; and to do me good was your most important business. Afterwards, when that man ran to us, the most important time was when you attended him, for if you had not bound up his wounds he would have died without making his peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him was your most important business.

"Remember then: there is only one time that is important—now! It is the truly important time, because it is the only time when we have any power. The most necessary man is he with whom we are, for no one knows whether he will ever have dealings with any other man. And the most important affair is to do him good, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life!"

LEO TOLSTOI (Abridged)

PROVERBS

1. A QUARRELSOME man has no good neighbors.
2. Early to bed and early to rise,
   Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.
3. Industry need not wish.
4. Then plough deep while ᵛsluggards sleep,
   And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.
5. Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain ᵛleisure.
6. Now I have a sheep and a cow,
   Everybody bids me good morrow.
7. He that by the plough would thrive,
   Himself must either hold or drive.
8. Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.
9. He that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing.
10. ᵛDiligence is the mother of good luck, as God gives all things to industry.
11. Constant dropping wears away the stone.
12. God helps them that help themselves.
13. Never put off until to-morrow that which can be done to-day.
14. One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

STEALING A CANNON BALL

When I was a lad of thirteen years, my father removed from a country town to Boston. Nothing of all its sights produced upon me such an impression as the ships.

But the Navy Yard in the adjoining town of Charlestown, separated only by the Charles River from Boston, was my especial wonder and glory. I became familiar with all its marvels. I crept down to the bottom of the huge and dismantled ships; I climbed up to the decks of those that were building in the covered ship-houses; I watched the construction of the famous stone dry-dock; I ranged along the silent mouths of the massive cannon.

One day I visited some ill-constructed vaults where shot had been stored. The six and twelve pound balls were extremely tempting. I had no especial use for them. I am to this day puzzled to know why I desired them. There was no chance to roll them in the house and as little in the street. For baseball or shinny they were too substantial.

But I was seized with the strongest desire to possess one. As I had been well brought up, of course the first objection arose on the score of stealing. I disposed of that—with a patriotic ease that ought, long before this, to have sent me to Congress—on the plea that it was no sin to steal from the government.

Next, how should I carry the shot from the yard without being caught? I tried it in my handkerchief. That was altogether too plain. I tried my jacket-pocket, but the sag and shape of that aroused my fears. I tried my breeches-pocket, but the big lump was worst of all. I had a good mind to be honest, since there was no satisfactory way of stealing the ball. At length a thought struck me—wrap a handkerchief about it and put it in your hat.

The iron ball was accordingly swaddled with the handkerchief and mounted on my head and the hat shut over it. I came out of the vault a little less courageous than was pleasant, and began my march toward the gate. Every step seemed a mile; every man I met looked unusually hard at me. The sailors evidently suspected my hat. Some mariners lurching and rolling toward the ships seemed to look me through. The perspiration stood out over my face as an officer came toward me. Now for it! I was to be arrested, put in prison, cat-o'-nine-tailed, or shot, for aught I knew. I wished the ball in the bottom of the sea; but no, it was on top of my head.

By this time, too, it had grown very heavy; I must have made a mistake in selecting it. I meant to take a six-pounder, but I was sure that this ball was a twelve-pounder; and before I got out of the yard, it weighed twenty-four pounds! I began to fear that the stiffness with which I carried my neck would excite suspicion; and so I tried to limber up a little, which nearly ruined me, for the shot took a roll around my crown in a manner which came near bringing me and my hat to the ground. Indeed, I felt like a loaded cannon, and every man and every thing was like a spark, trying to touch me off. The gate was much farther away than I had ever found it before. I seemed likely never to get there.

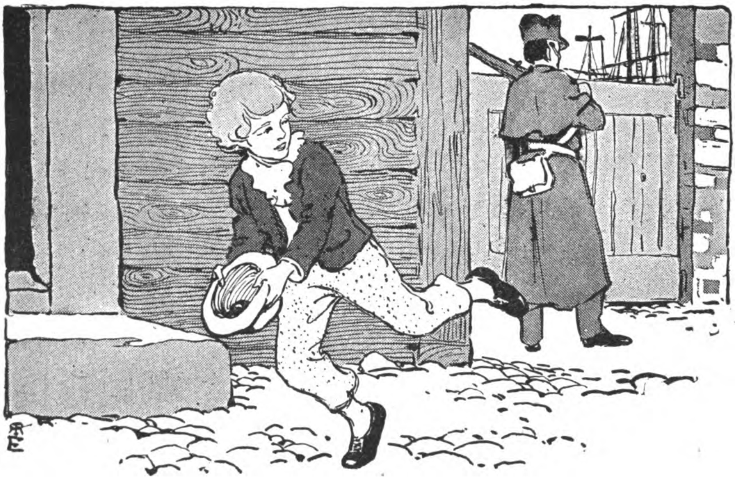
And when, at length, heartsore and headsore, with my scalp well rolled, I got to the gate, all my terror reached its height as the sentinel stopped his marching, drew himself up, and looking at me, smiled. I expected him to say, "O, you thievish little imp! do you think that I do not see through you?" But, bless his heart! he only said, "Pass." He did not say it twice. I walked a few steps farther; and then, having great faith in the bravery of my feet, I pulled my hat off and carrying it before me, I whipped around the first corner, and made for the bridge with the speed of a race horse.

When I reached home, I had nothing to do with my shot. I dared not show it in the house or tell where I got it, and I gave it away the same day.

But after all, that six-pounder rolled a good deal of sense into my skull. It was the last thing I ever stole, and it gave me a notion of the great folly of wanting more than we can enjoy.

In my study of men I often think, "There is a man with a cannon ball under his hat. I know it by the way he walks."

Henry Ward Beecher



GLORY GOLDIE'S FISHING

I

It would hardly have been possible for any one to be as fond of the little girl as her father was, but it may be truly said that she had a devoted friend in Olen, the old seine-maker.

This is the way they came to be friends. Glory Goldie had taken to setting out fishing poles in the brook for the small salmon-trout that abounded there. She had better luck with her fishing than might have been expected, and the very first day she brought home a couple of fine fish.

Goldie felt elated over her success, as may be imagined, and was praised by her mother for being able to provide food for the family, though only a little girl of eight. To encourage the child, her mother let her clean and fry the fish. Her father ate some of it and declared that he had never tasted the like of the dish, which was the plain truth. For the fish were so bony and dry and burnt that the little girl herself could scarcely swallow a morsel.

For all that the little girl was just as enthusiastic as ever over her fishing. She left every morning the same time her father did, a basket on her arm and the worms to bait her hooks stuffed in a little tin box.

Thus equipped, she went off to the brook, which came gushing down the rocky steep in numerous falls and rapids, between which were short stretches of dark still water and places where the stream ran crystal clear over a bed of sand and smooth stones.

Think of it! After the first week she had no luck with the fishing. When she came down in the morning, the worms were gone from all the hooks but no fish hung there. She shifted her tackle from rapid to still water, from still water to rippling falls, and she changed her hooks—but with no better results.

She asked the boys if they did not rise with the lark and carry off her fish. A question like that the boys did not deign to answer, for no boy would stoop to take fish from the brook when he had all of Dove Lake to fish in. It was all right, they said, for little girls, who were not allowed to go down to the lake, to run about hunting fish in the woods. But in spite of the airs of the boys, the little girl did not wholly believe them.

"Surely some one must take the fish off my hooks!" she said to herself. They were real hooks, too, and not just bent pins. In order to satisfy herself, she arose one morning before her father and mother were awake and ran over to the brook. Near the stream she slackened her pace, taking very short, cautious steps, so as not to slip on the stones or to rustle the bushes. Then, all at once, her whole body became numb. At the edge of the brook, on the very spot where she had set out her poles the day before, stood a fish thief tampering with her lines. It was not one of the boys, as she had supposed, but a grown man, who was just then bending over the water drawing up a fish.

Little Glory Goldie was never afraid. She rushed right up to the thief and caught him in the act.

"So you're the one who comes here and takes my fish!" she said. "It's a good thing I've run across you at last, so we can put a stop to this stealing."

The man raised his head, and now Glory Goldie saw his face. It was the old seine-maker, one of the neighbors.

"Yes, I know this is your tackle," the man admitted, without getting angry or excited, as most people do when scolded for wrong-doing.

"But how can you take what isn't yours?" asked the puzzled youngster.

The man looked straight at her. She never forgot that look; she seemed to be peering into two open and empty caverns at the back of which were a pair of half-dead eyes, beyond the power of reflecting either joy or grief.

"Well, I know that you get what you need from your parents and that you fish only for the fun of it, while at my home we are starving," he replied.

The little girl flushed. She now felt ashamed.

The seine-maker said nothing further, but picked up his cap, which had dropped from his head while he was bending over the fishing poles, and went his way. A couple of fish lay floundering on the ground, but Glory Goldie did not take them up; after she had stood a while looking at them, she kicked them back into the water.

II

All that day the little girl felt displeased with herself without knowing why. For indeed it was not she who had done wrong. She could not get the seine-maker out of her thoughts. The old man was said to have been rich at one time; he had owned seven big farms. But in some unknown way he had lost his property and was now penniless.

However, the next morning Glory Goldie went over to the brook as usual. This time no one had touched her hooks, for now there was a fish at the end of every line. She took off the fish and laid them in her basket, but instead of going home with her catch she went to the seine-maker's cabin.

When the little girl arrived with her basket, the old man was out in the yard cutting wood. She stood at the stile a moment, watching him, before stepping over. He looked pitifully poor and ragged. Her father had never appeared so shabby. The little girl had heard that some well-to-do people had offered the seine-maker a home for life, but he had preferred to live with his daughter-in-law, who made her home in the Ashdales, so as to help her in any way he could. The woman had a number of little children, and her husband who had deserted her was supposed to be dead.

"To-day there were fish on the hooks!" shouted the little girl from the stile.

"You don't tell me!" said the seine-maker. "That's good."

"I'll gladly give you all the fish I catch," she told him, "if I'm only allowed to do the fishing myself." So saying, she went up to the seine-maker and emptied the contents of her basket on the ground, expecting, of course, that he would be pleased.

"You can keep what's yours," he said. "We are used to going hungry here and we can get on without your few little fishes."

There was something so much out of the common about this poor old man that Glory Goldie was anxious to win him for a friend.

"You may take the fish off and stick the worms on the hooks, if you like," said she; "and you may have all the tackle and everything."

"Thanks," returned the old man. "But I'll not deprive you of your pleasure."

Glory Goldie was determined not to go until she had thought out a way of satisfying him.

"Would you like for me to come and call for you every morning, so that we can draw up the lines together and divide the catch—you to get half, and I half?" she asked.

Then the old man stopped chopping and rested on his axe. He turned his strange, half-dead eyes toward the child, and the shadow of a smile crossed his face.

"'Ah, now you put on the right bait!" he said. "I'll not say no to that."

And this was how Glory Goldie made friends with the seine-maker Olen.

SELMA LAGERLÖF

JOHN MAYNARD

JOHN MAYNARD was the pilot of the steamer *Ocean Queen*, which plied on Lake Erie between Buffalo and Detroit. He was known as an honest, intelligent man, and at last the time came when he proved himself as true a hero as ever lived.

One bright midsummer day, as the *Ocean Queen* steamed toward Buffalo, smoke was seen ascending from below. The captain at once directed the mate, Simpson, to go down and see what caused the smoke. Presently the officer returned, his face pale as ashes, and whispered, "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

The terrible tidings quickly spread among the passengers, of whom there were more than a hundred. "The ship is on fire!" they uttered with blanched lips. "The ship is on fire!"

The captain was a cool, self-possessed man. Having called up all hands, he gave quick, sharp orders. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire; but as the steamer carried a large quantity of resin and tar, the flames spread so quickly that all effort to extinguish them was vain. To add to the horror of the situation, lake steamers at that time seldom carried boats. The *Ocean Queen* had none.

The passengers rushed to the pilot, demanding, "How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles," he replied.

"How long before we reach it?" they questioned.

"Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of speed," he said.

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger here—see the smoke bursting out!" was his reply. "Go forward, if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women, and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the wheel.

The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose.

The captain shouted through his trumpet, "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the answer, clear and strong.

"Are you at the helm?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"Southeast-by-east, sir!"

"Head her southeast and run her on shore," the captain ordered.

Nearer, and yet nearer she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly, "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold out five minutes longer, John?" called the captain.

"By God's help, I will!" the pilot called back.

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand was disabled; but with his knee upon the stanchion, his teeth set, and his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock.

He beached the ship; every man, woman and child was saved. Then John Maynard dropped to the deck, and his spirit took its flight to God.

John B. Gough

HIS FATHER AT THE HELM

A SHIP on the sea was in great distress. A storm had arisen and the angry waves pitched the boat hither and thither. It seemed that it must go down. The people were huddled in the cabin in terror and anxiously awaited their fate. Among them all the little son of the captain alone was fearless and unconcerned, and was even merry in the midst of the confusion. Everybody wondered at his bravery. But the boy said, "Why should I fear? My father is guiding the ship."

Translated by W. K. Tate

JOHN HOWIESON

JAMES V., of Scotland, had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order to hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and perhaps, too, that he might enjoy amusements which he could not partake of in his royal character. Several adventures are related that befell him on such occasions.

One day, King James, when alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gypsies and was attacked by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond. The king got on the bridge, which, being high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the gypsies. A poor man threshing grain in a barn near by came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the king's part with his ᵛflail. He did this to such good purpose that the gypsies were obliged to flee.

The laborer then took the king into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards ᵛEdinburgh lest he should be again attacked. On the way, the king asked his companion who he was. The laborer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland.

James then inquired of the bondsman what he most wished in the world, whereupon honest John admitted that he would be the happiest man in Scotland were he but owner of the farm on which he worked as a laborer.

He then asked the king, in turn, who he was; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small position about the palace. He added that if John Howieson would come to see him the next Sunday, he would endeavor to repay his manful assistance, and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes the following Sabbath, as you may suppose, and appeared at a gate of the palace, where he inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The king had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the goodman, in the same costume that he had worn on the former occasion. The king, still preserving the character of a lower officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks.

At length, James asked his visitor if he would like to see the king; to which John replied that nothing would delight him more, if he could do so without giving offence. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the king would not be angry.

"But," said John, "how am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him?"

"Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered—the king alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James escorted the countryman into a great hall, which was filled with the nobility and officers of the crown. John was frightened, and drew close to his attendant; but he was still unable to find the king.

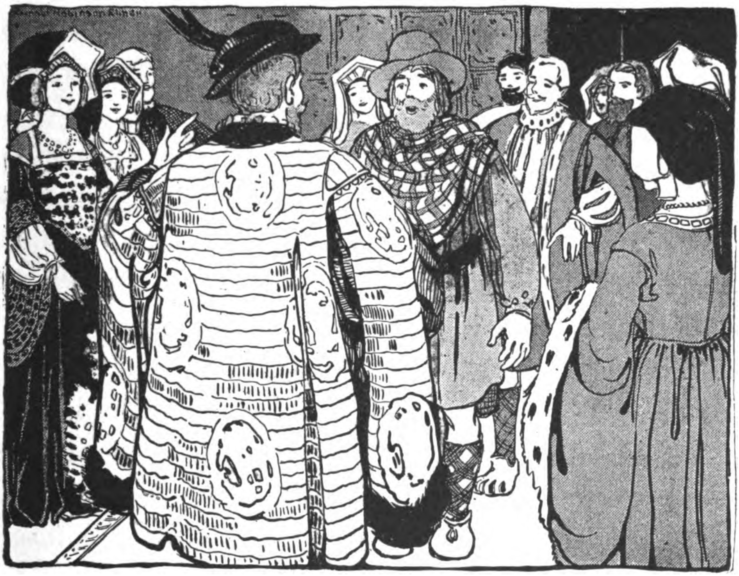
"I told you that you would know him by his wearing his hat," said his conductor.

"Then," said John, after he had again looked round the room, "it must be either you or I, for all but us two are bareheaded."

The king laughed at John's reply and admitted that he was indeed the sovereign, to Howieson's astonishment and the great amusement of the court.

In order that the laborer also might have occasion for mirth, James made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he so much wished to possess. He attached one condition to the gift—that John Howieson, or his successors, should be ready to present a ewer and basin for the king to wash his hands whenever his majesty passed the bridge of Cramond.

Scotch Tradition



ABOU HASSAN AND THE CALIPH

I

In the reign of the Caliph ᵛHaroun Alraschid there lived in Bagdad a merchant who had, through industry and ᵛeconomy, made a large fortune. He brought up his only child, a son named ᵛAbou Hassan, with care and strictness.

It happened that when the son was thirty years old, the father died, leaving a vast estate. Abou Hassan, who had always envied the freedom with which his companions were allowed to spend money, now determined to make up for lost time by enjoying the pleasures that his careful father had forbidden him.

He set aside one-half of his fortune, which he ᵛinvested in houses and lands as a safeguard against poverty. With the other half, he began to make merry with friends of his own age and rank, whose only object in life was pleasure.

Every day he gave a great feast, with music and dancing, to which he invited a large number of guests. These praised his ᵛhospitality, devoured his food and aided him in finding ways to waste his means. In short, Abou Hassan enjoyed himself at such a rate that in one year he used up all the money he had put aside for pleasure. When, finally, he stopped giving feasts and pleaded poverty as an excuse, his seeming friends forsook him and crossed to the other side of the street to avoid him.

Abou Hassan did not lament the loss of the wealth he had thrown away, but he was hurt by the ingratitude of men who had claimed to be his true friends in the days of his prosperity and had lived on his bounty.

"Ah!" he said, "poverty is a fearful curse. It takes away our friends like death. But praised be Allah! I still have my houses and farms and now know the value of money. I will test my recent comrades, to see whether they have a spark of gratitude left. I will ask them to make up a small sum of money for my benefit."

Abou Hassan carried out his plan. He visited his friends, one after another, and told them that he found himself in great need. He let them understand that he was in distress largely on account of his hospitality to them, and offered to give bond to repay any money loaned him. But all in vain. His friends more and more avoided him, and some of them even pretended not to know him.

Abou Hassan at length grew so angry over the treatment he received that he made up his mind never again to entertain a citizen of Bagdad. He vowed that he would never put in his purse a larger sum than was sufficient to provide supper for a single person besides himself. This person, according to his vow, must be a stranger who had just arrived in the city, and he would be entertained for one night only.

In keeping with this vow, Abou Hassan sat each afternoon at the end of the bridge by which strangers entered Bagdad. He chose from among the by-passers any one who chanced to please his fancy and asked him to sup and lodge at his house that night. If the one selected accepted the invitation, Abou Hassan informed him of his rule and took the stranger home. He did not serve costly suppers, but they were in good taste and were followed by story-telling and pleasant talk, so that the entertainment usually lasted far into the night.

When he bade his guest farewell next morning, Abou Hassan always said, "Allah preserve you from all sorrow wherever you go! As we have agreed, we must never see each other again. May Allah conduct you safely on your journey!"

He kept his vow with great strictness, never afterward recognizing, on the street or elsewhere, strangers he had entertained. He believed that this rule made the ingratitude which had so sorely grieved him impossible in the future.

Late one afternoon, as Abou Hassan sat at the bridge, according to his custom, there approached the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, disguised as a merchant and followed by a slave. Abou rose as he came near and saluted him.

"Good sir, you are right welcome to Bagdad," he said. "Will you do me the honor to rest yourself for the night in my poor house after the fatigue of your journey?"

He then explained to the caliph his custom of entertaining each evening a newcomer to the city. The caliph found something so odd and amusing in the invitation that he accepted it and followed his host home. Here he was shown into a neatly furnished room and given a seat on a divan in the most honorable place.

Presently supper appeared. The two men sat down together to an excellent meal and ate heartily. When they had ended, the caliph's slave brought water with which to wash their hands, and Abou

Hassan's mother served a dessert of fruits and sweetmeats. Abou Hassan then sent the slave out for wine, and the talk continued until long past midnight.

The host could not have been more gracious, or have shown greater honor to his guest if he had recognized him under his disguise as the Commander of the Faithful.

When he rose to retire, the caliph said, "I beg you to let me know if it is possible for me to serve you at any time, and you will see that I am not ungrateful. Speak freely. Simple merchant though I be, it may lie in my power to do you some service."

"Many thanks for your kind offer," Abou Hassan answered, "and for the honor you have done me by coming under my humble roof. But I am a contented man. Only one thing gives me concern. The priest of the mosque nearby and his four bosom friends try to lord it over this whole neighborhood and trouble the people hereabouts. I wish I were caliph for only one day, instead of our lord and master, Haroun Alraschid, that I might teach the scoundrels not to annoy their neighbors."

The caliph was taken with this idle wish of Abou Hassan's. While the latter was talking, he filled two glasses. Raising one to his lips, he said, "Here's a cup of thanks to you for your most generous and pleasant hospitality."

He then gave the other glass, into which he had slipped a sleeping-draught, to Abou Hassan. "You have served me all night," he said. "I beg you to drink this for my sake."

Abou Hassan willingly drank to his guest's health. Almost immediately the drug began to work and he fell into a sound slumber. As soon as he was fully unconscious, the caliph ordered the slave to carry him to the palace and put him in the royal bed. This was done, and the caliph returned to the palace.

On arriving, he at once called the chief minister of state, the grand vizier.

"I have sent for you," he said, "that you may not be surprised when you enter the council chamber to-morrow and see a strange man seated on my throne and in my robes. Address him with all the respect you pay me and do whatever he bids you, even though it should empty the treasury. See also that all the officers and servants of the palace pay him honor, and be sure to have me called early, because I wish to be present when he wakes."

The vizier did as he was bid. The caliph awoke early the next morning, and as soon as he was dressed, went into the room in which Abou Hassan lay asleep. Here he hid in a small closet where he could see everything that happened without being seen himself. The officers and slaves who were appointed to attend Abou Hassan went in and took their places around the bed.

II

At daybreak an officer put a sponge soaked in vinegar to Abou Hassan's nose. He at once awoke. When he opened his eyes, he saw in the early morning light a magnificently furnished room, filled with vases of gold and silver and hung with rich curtains. The cover of the bed on which he rested was embroidered with pearls and diamonds; on a cushion beside him lay the caliph's jeweled turban.

Abou Hassan looked on all this splendor with amazement; he thought that it was a dream, the effect of the wish he remembered expressing to his guest the night before. He was about to close his eyes for another nap, when an officer bowed and said, "Commander of the Faithful, it is time for your majesty to rise for prayers."

Astonished at this salutation, Abou Hassan opened and shut his eyes several times in succession to get rid of what he supposed to be a very strange dream. At last he said to himself, "What does all this mean? Where am I? To whom does this house belong? Whence came all these officers and slaves? I cannot tell whether I am asleep or awake."

He closed his eyes again. The next time he opened them, the sunlight was streaming in brightly through the windows. An officer approached, bowing low to the bed. "Commander of the Faithful," he said, "pardon me for reminding your majesty that you are later than usual in rising this morning. It is time to mount the throne and sit in judgment. Your officers await your coming in the council chamber."

These words almost convinced Abou Hassan that he was not asleep. However, he was still greatly puzzled by the situation.

"Why," he asked, "do you call me the Commander of the Faithful?"

"My lord," replied the officer, bowing again, "are you not the mighty caliph, the Commander of the Faithful and monarch of the whole world? Your humble servant has not forgotten the years in which he has had the happiness to obey your majesty's commands."

Abou Hassan laughed heartily at this, and the caliph in the closet almost laughed out, too. In the midst of his merriment, Abou Hassan was seized with a sudden thought and beckoned to a slave. "Come hither," he said; "bite my finger that I may know whether I am asleep or awake."

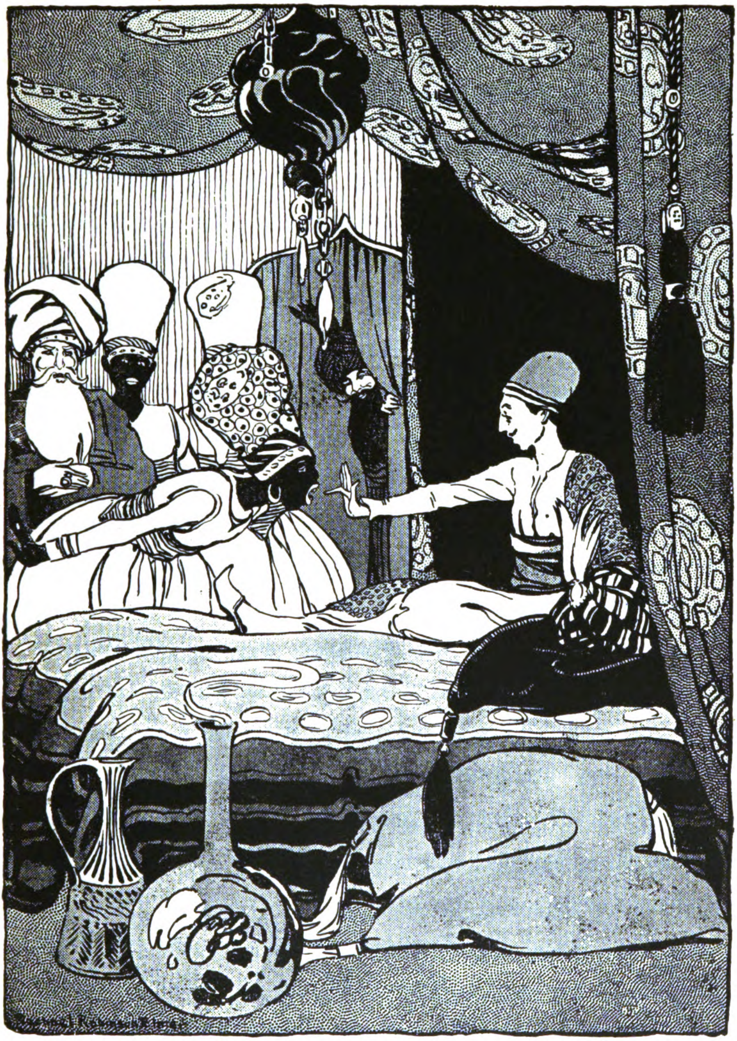
The slave, who knew that the caliph was looking on, gravely came up to the bed, and taking the offered finger between his teeth, bit so hard that Abou Hassan cried out in pain.

"Now I know I am awake," he said, "and that some magic has truly made me caliph."

He rose from the bed, and as his feet touched the carpet, the room rang to the salutations of the attendants: "Commander of the Faithful, may Allah give your majesty a good day!"

"Oh, heaven!" thought Abou Hassan. "I am unable to understand all this. Last night I was plain Abou Hassan; this morning I wake to find myself Commander of the Faithful. I know not how this honor has fallen to me, but I must do my best to act as becomes a caliph."

With the aid of the officers, Abou dressed in the royal robes brought him. He then passed between lines of attendants to the council chamber, the



"Bite My Finger," he said—[*page* 48]

doors of which were thrown open at his approach. Two officers walked before him to the foot of the throne, where they stopped, and placing their hands under his arms, gravely assisted him to mount the steps. As he seated himself on the throne, the grand vizier and the officers and guards again saluted him, wishing him all happiness and prosperity. The outer doors of the chamber were now opened to admit a throng of officials, who entered in their robes and likewise saluted Abou Hassan as the Commander of the Faithful. When the ceremony was ended, the grand vizier, standing before the throne, read his report for the day and asked the caliph's commands.

By this time Abou Hassan no longer doubted that he was caliph, and he at once began to use his new powers. The real caliph, who had changed his position to a closet in the council chamber, was compelled to admire the way in which he decided important matters—without hesitation and as his common sense suggested.

In the midst of the state business, Abou Hassan happened to notice the cadi of Bagdad.

"Stop," he said, interrupting the vizier. "I have an important order to give the cadi."

The cadi rose from his place and bowed low.

"Go now," said Abou Hassan, "to the mosque in the eastern quarter of the city. Seize the priest and his four friends, whom you will find there, and give them each a hundred blows. Then mount them, clad in rags, on camels, with their faces to the rear; and lead them through the city, with a crier going before to announce, 'This is the punishment of those who meddle with other people's business.' "

The cadi bowed in token of obedience and retired.

Abou Hassan turned to the vizier. "Get from the lord treasurer," he ordered, "a purse containing a thousand pieces of gold and carry it to the mother of one Abou Hassan, who lives near the mosque. Tell her that it is a gift from the caliph."

The grand vizier hastened to obey. While the two officers were absent on their errands, a judge presented a report that lasted until the vizier's return. Abou listened carefully to all the matters brought before him and then dismissed the council.

The time had come for refreshment. Abou Hassan, descending from the throne, was conducted with great ceremony into a magnificent hall where a banquet had been set for him. The dishes were of silver and gold, and tempting food sharpened his appetite. Beautiful women of the caliph's household, dressed in silks and satins, vied with each other in doing him honor and in meeting his every wish. He was charmed and delighted beyond measure by the attentions paid him. The real caliph, who was still looking on, was greatly pleased at the ease with which Abou Hassan entered into the life of the court.

When he had done eating, three slaves presented a golden bowl, a golden pitcher and a towel of finest linen, and Abou washed his hands in accordance with eastern custom. After this he was taken into a third chamber, as large as the others and likewise furnished with vessels of silver and gold, besides beautiful paintings. Musicians played as he sat down at a table covered with sweetmeats and the finest fruits of the season. Here again, ladies waited on him and entertained him most agreeably.

In such fashion Abou Hassan passed the afternoon until the day drew toward an end. It was growing dusk when he was taken into a fourth chamber, larger and grander than any of the others. Abou stood in delight, gazing on the magnificence by which he was surrounded. On a sideboard at one end of the room rested all manner of silver pitchers filled with costly wines, and crystal glasses of the most beautiful workmanship. Silken rugs covered the floor and everywhere were divans piled high with soft pillows. Other women, the most beautiful of all, surrounded him and flattered him until his head rang with their praises. He had long since ceased to doubt that he was the caliph, the Commander of the Faithful.

At last one of the women, obeying the caliph's orders, filled a glass and dropped into it some of the sleeping-draught used before. Abou sipped the wine while the woman sang for him the most beautiful song he had ever heard. A few minutes later, with the music of her voice lulling him, Abou Hassan fell once more into a heavy slumber. The caliph then ordered him to be dressed in his own clothes and carried back to his own bed at home.

III

Under the influence of the drug Abou Hassan slept late the next morning. He awoke with the events of his exciting day as caliph still fresh in his mind, and called loudly for the slaves and attendants who had surrounded him when he fell asleep the evening before. To his surprise no one answered him. He sat up in bed and looked around. Instead of the splendor of the palace, he was astonished to see the simple furniture of his own room.

His mother, hearing his loud calls for servants, hurried in to him. "What ails you, my son?" she demanded. "Are you ill?"

At this Abou Hassan lifted his head proudly.

"Who is it, my good woman, that you call son? Know you not that you address the caliph, the Commander of the Faithful?"

"All the same, you are my son," the mother firmly replied, thinking that Abou was still under the spell of a vivid dream. And in order to bring him back to himself, she told of the cadi's visit the day before and of the punishment inflicted on the priest and his friends. She described the amusing sight of the five men dressed in rags and riding on camels, with their faces to the rear.

This story, however, only served to confirm Abou Hassan in his belief that he was caliph.

"It was by my orders that the priest and his friends were punished," he declared. "I repeat that I am the Commander of the Faithful."

His mother was now sure that Abou Hassan had lost his senses. "It is wrong," she said, "to take a title that belongs to our sovereign lord, the caliph—especially when he has been good enough to send us a thousand pieces of gold."

Her words made Abou Hassan lose his self-control. "Will you not believe that I am the caliph," he cried, "when I tell you that I sent the thousand pieces of gold?"

Abou Hassan had become so violent in attempting to convince his mother that the neighbors rushed in to see what was the matter. They called him by name, but he indignantly denied that he was Abou Hassan. "If you do not recognize me as your sovereign," he called out, "you shall feel the weight of my anger, as did the priest and his friends yesterday."

The neighbors, never doubting that he was mad, seized Abou Hassan, bound him hand and foot and carried him off to a hospital for the insane. In this place Abou was beaten with fifty blows each day, in order to bring him to his senses, while his mother came and wept over the sorrow his madness had brought on him.

The punishment at last began to convince Abou Hassan that he was not the caliph. "I cannot understand," he said to his mother one day, "why the grand vizier and all the officers called me caliph if I was not caliph, but neither can I understand how I came to be at home in my bed. I will cease to trouble myself about it, and will put my trust in Allah, who knows all things."

So Abou Hassan was released as cured. After a few days he recovered his health and strength, and decided to go back to his amusement of entertaining strangers. On the very first day, as he sat at the bridge, who should come by but the same merchant he had taken to supper the night before his dream! He was followed by the same slave.

"Allah preserve us!" said Abou. "Here comes the magician who enchanted me." He turned his head to avoid being seen, but the caliph had recognized him.

Approaching, the caliph said, "Ho! brother Abou Hassan, I greet you."

"I wish none of your greetings," Abou replied. "Go about your business."

But the caliph was not so easily put off. He knew Abou Hassan's rule never to entertain a newcomer but once, but he pretended to have forgotten it.

"Ah, brother," he said, "I do not intend to part with you so quickly. I beg you to let me partake of your hospitality once more and lodge with you again to-night. I count the hours I spent under your roof as among the most delightful of my whole life."

In spite of his vow and his determination, Abou Hassan could not resist such flattery, coming as it did from the acquaintance whom he had found so agreeable before.

"I will grant your request," he said, "provided you will not again express your good wishes for me. I have suffered much the past month on account of those same good wishes."

"I agree," said the caliph.

Abou Hassan took his guest home and had supper served as before. As before, they sat again for a long time, talking pleasantly and telling stories. Once more, when the caliph arose to retire, he asked Abou Hassan to drink with him, and put the sleeping-draught in Abou Hassan's glass. And, as on the former occasion, Abou Hassan fell into a deep slumber.

The slave carried him to the palace, dressed him in the royal robes he had worn before, and placed him in the fourth room, where he had drunk the glass of wine and fallen asleep. The officers and slaves who had been present then were commanded to be present this second time, with the women who had entertained him. They were told to pretend that the caliph had dropped asleep for a short time after the fatigue of a hard day.

All entered into the spirit of the sport. As Abou Hassan began to come from under the influence of the drug, his returning senses were greeted with sweet music. Opening his eyes, he saw around him the ladies and attendants just as they stood when he had fallen asleep the former time. Again he found himself in the magnificent chamber with the silver pitchers and the silk rugs.

Abou Hassan was almost too amazed for speech. He bit his finger to decide whether he was asleep or awake, and said, "Alas! I have fallen into the bad dream again. Now I suppose I may expect the mad house and the beatings. Allah, let me put myself in thy hands; preserve me from evil temptations!"

So saying, he turned to go to sleep again, but was prevented by two officers, who lifted him from the couch and placed him in the center of the room.

Abou insisted on knowing whether he was really the caliph. When he was assured that he was the caliph, just risen from a refreshing sleep, he sighed. "I cannot understand it," he said. "The blows I received in the mad house seemed like no dream blows, and behold, here are the marks!"

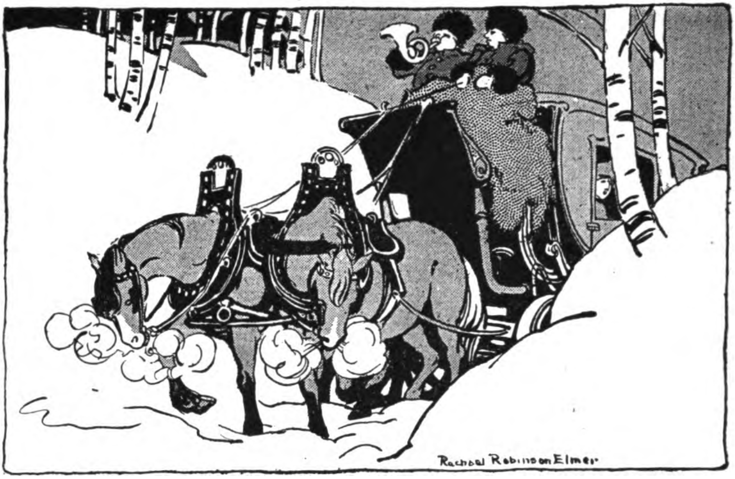
The faces of the attendants at last made Abou Hassan aware that he was the victim of a joke; he realized that he had not been dreaming but had undergone a real experience. He did not become angry, however, but laughed heartily with the others. The real caliph now came out into the room and addressed him.

"I am sorry," he said, "that the sport has caused you suffering, but I will try to repay you. You are now my brother, and whatever you wish will be granted you."

"All that I ask, Commander of the Faithful," said Abou Hassan, "is always to be near your majesty."

The caliph ordered a rich robe to be brought and a feast of many dishes. Then he gave Abou Hassan rooms in the palace and made him a companion for life. Abou Hassan dwelled there many years in all joy and happiness and was at last gathered to his fathers, full of honors and of marks of the caliph's friendship.

ARABIAN NIGHTS



THE EXPLOITS OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

(Two hundred years ago there lived in Germany a story teller who has made the whole world laugh with his fanciful and wildly exaggerated tales. His name was Baron Munchausen. It was not necessary for him to say, "This, of course, is not a true story," for his stories were always so fantastic that even the dullest people recognized them as pure fun. You may like to read a few examples of these yarns, which even yet cause us to refer to a story teller who "stretches the truth" as a "Munchausen.")

FROZEN MUSIC

I was traveling in Russia and was overtaken by a winter so uncommonly severe that ever since the sun has had a frostbitten look.

I traveled fast, to keep from freezing, and turned aside from the main road for short cuts. On one occasion the coach entered a very narrow lane where it was impossible for another vehicle to pass.

Fearing to meet a traveler in this narrow passage, I bade the postillion blow his horn, in order to warn any one at the other end of the lane to wait for us to go by.

The postillion put his horn to his lips and blew, but no sound emerged. He blew and blew for some moments, but entirely in vain; the horn remained obstinately silent.

It happened as I feared; presently we found another coach in front of us coming from the opposite direction. Passing was out of the question, and for a moment I was greatly puzzled as to what to do.

But only for a moment. I got out of the carriage and unhitched the horses. Being pretty strong, I placed the carriage, wheels and all, on my head. I then jumped over a ridge nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult), and with another jump came out into the road beyond the other carriage. I went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to the coach. After that I hitched up and journeyed to an inn at the end of my stage.

I should have told you that the horse under my left arm was young and spirited. In making my second spring over the ridge, he expressed his dislike of the performance by kicking and snorting. I was forced to confine his hind feet in my coat pocket.

At the inn my postillion and I refreshed ourselves. On entering, he had hung his horn on a peg near the hearth, where we sat warming ourselves.

Suddenly we heard a sound, "Tereng, tereng, tereng!"

We looked around and discovered that the sound came from the horn on the peg. It was at once evident to us why the postillion had not been able to blow it; his tunes were frozen in the horn and were now coming out with the thawing. The horn played the huntsman's call and a variety of tunes—"The King of Prussia's March," "Over Hill and Dale," and others—while the postillion and I sat there looking on.

At length the last tune the postillion had blown into the instrument melted and sounded, and the horn relapsed into silence.

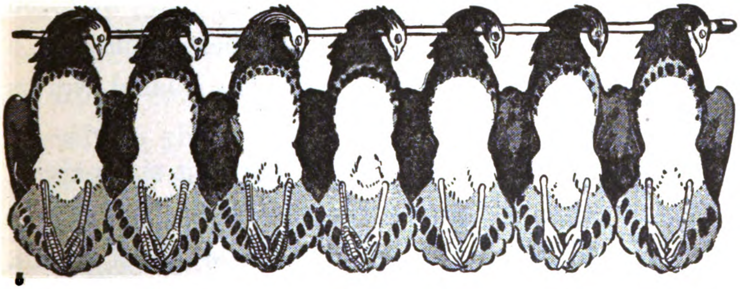
BARON MUNCHAUSEN AS A MIGHTY HUNTER.

I have hunted in all parts of the world and have killed many lions, tigers, elephants and other large beasts, but I think that no hunting adventure ever gave me greater pleasure than the one I am about to relate.

I was out hunting one day with a new gun, which I fired very frequently. My supply of shot had just given out, when, most unexpectedly, a flock of partridges rose at my feet. The desire to see some of the partridges grace my table was very strong, but how was I to shoot them without shot?

Suddenly an ᵛinspiration came to me. Was shot necessary, after all? I followed the flock to the spot where it had settled down. Quickly charging my gun with powder, I slipped my ramrod in the barrel in place of shot. Then I crept forward toward the partridges.

I fired the moment they rose. My ramrod went through seven of the birds, who found themselves, as it were, ᵛspitted. How true is the proverb, "God helps them that help themselves!"



A DUCK HUNT

(In his "A Houseboat on the Styx," John Kendrick Bangs makes the shade of Baron Munchausen tell the following story to the spirits of the other distinguished dead.)

"It happened this way," said Munchausen. "I was out for sport, and I got it. I was alone, my servant having fallen ill, which was unfortunate, since I always left the filling of my cartridge box to him and had over-estimated its capacity. I started at six in the morning, and not having hunted for several months, was in rather poor form. As no game appeared for a time, I took a few practise shots, trying to snip off with my bullets the slender tops of the pine trees that I encountered, and succeeded tolerably well for one who was a little rusty.

"I brought down ninety-nine out of the first hundred and one, and missed the remaining two by such a close margin that they swayed to and fro as though fanned by a slight breeze. As I fired my hundred and first shot, what should I see before me but a fine flock of ducks floating upon the placid waters of the bay!

"I counted them and there were just sixty-eight. 'Here's a chance for the record, Baron,' said I to myself, and then I made ready to shoot them.

Imagine my dismay, gentlemen, when I discovered that while I had plenty of powder left, I had used up all my bullets!

"Now, as you may suppose, to a man with no bullets at hand, the sight of sixty-eight fat canvas backs is vexing, but I was resolved to have every one of those birds. The question was how should I do it. I never can think on water, so I paddled ashore and began to reflect.

"While I sat there deep in thought, I saw lying upon the beach before me a superb oyster, and being hungry after my long ᵛreflection, I seized and swallowed him.

"As he went down something stuck in my throat, and, on taking it out, what should it prove to be but a pearl of ᵛsurpassing beauty!

"My first thought was to be content with my day's find. A pearl worth thousands of dollars surely was enough to satisfy the greatest lover of sport; but on looking over the lake, I saw those ducks still paddling contentedly about, and I could not bring myself to give them up. Suddenly the idea came, 'The pearl is as large as a bullet and fully as round. Why not use it?'

"Then, as thoughts come in ᵛshoals, I next reflected, 'Ah, but this is only one bullet, as against sixty-eight birds!' Immediately a third thought came, 'Why not shoot them all with one bullet? It is possible though not probable.'

"I snatched out a pad of paper and a pencil and made a rapid calculation based on the law of chances. I proved to my satisfaction that at some time or another within the following two weeks those birds would doubtless be sitting in a straight line and paddling about, Indian file, for an instant. I resolved to await that instant.

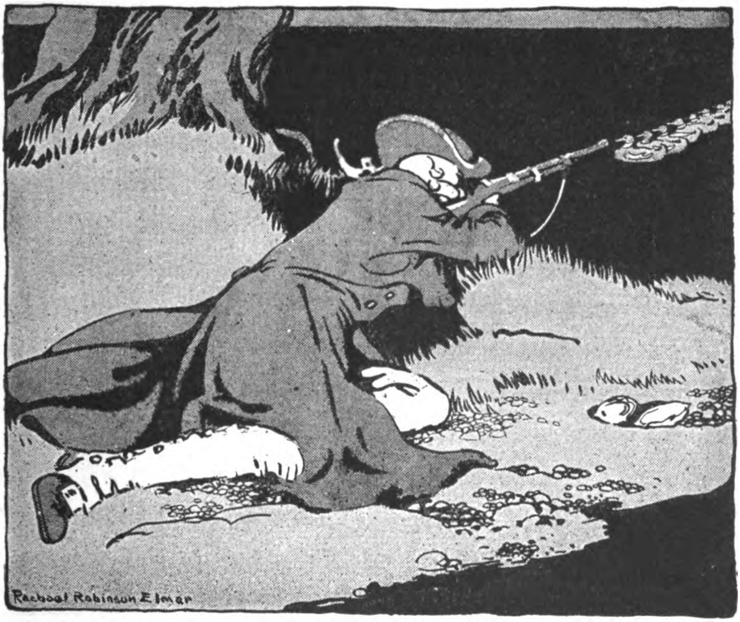
"I loaded my gun with the pearl and a sufficient quantity of powder to send the charge through every one of the ducks, if, perchance, the first duck were properly hit.

"To pass over wearisome details, let me say that it happened just as I expected. I had one week and six days to wait, but finally the critical moment came. It was midnight, but fortunately the moon was full, and I could see as plainly as though it had been day. The moment the ducks were in line I aimed and fired. They every one squawked, turned over, and died."

"Ahem!" said **Dr. Johnson.** "It was a pity to lose the pearl."

"That," said Munchausen, "is the most interesting part of the story. I had made a second calculation, in order to save the pearl. I calculated the amount of powder necessary to send it through sixty-seven and a half birds, and my estimate was strictly accurate. The pearl fulfilled its mission of death on sixty-seven, and was found buried in the heart of the sixty-eighth, a trifle discolored, but still a pearl and worth 'a king's ransom.' "

John Kendrick Bangs



A FRENCH BEAR STORY

I am going to tell you the story of a hunt which will no doubt surprise you. It must be true, for it was told me by my grandfather, a fine old fellow and a great hunter, who had the hunter's ᵛveneration for truth.

But do not expect anything exciting or heroic. If one wished to improve on the story, it would be easy to describe the shaggy monster with his big teeth and long claws—the coat ripped open, the flashing knife, and the red blood pouring on the white snow. But my grandfather had no imagination, and I shall only repeat his simple tale.

It was a queer hunt, a hunt by peasants without knife, ᵛpike, or gun—a hunt in which the hunter simply gave the game a rope and asked him to execute himself.

Now for the story.

There was to be a bear hunt. Grandfather, who was invited, had brought his gun, of course. The peasants, however, said to him, emphatically,

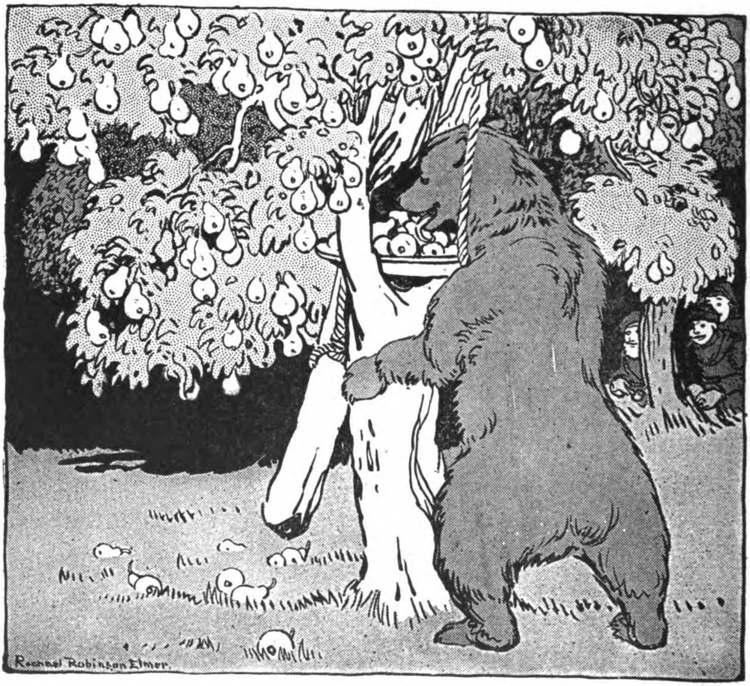
"Powder is costly and lead tears the skin. It is much better to capture the beast without all these ᵛcontrivances."

The peasants knew exactly what they intended to do. Through long experience, these mountaineers had learned two things about a bear: first, that he is irrational and headstrong; and second, that above all other food he likes boiled pears for breakfast. When he can do no better, he will feast on raw pears, but he greatly prefers them cooked in honey.

There had been prepared for this particular bear a large platter of pears cooked in honey, and this platter had been placed—about as high as a bear's nose—in the hollow of an old pear tree, to which the animal was accustomed to come every morning, just at break of day, for his favorite fruit.

A slip-knot hung around the hollow in the tree. To this slip-knot was tied a log sufficiently heavy to burden the bear if he tried to drag it by his neck, but not heavy enough to strangle him. When these preparations were complete, the hunters sat down to smoke their pipes and await the outcome.

At daybreak the bear appeared, as usual, on his way from the forest. He approached slowly and deliberately, yawning at intervals as if he had just waked up. Reaching the tree, he stopped and looked at the branches; then with an expression of surprise, he sniffed the cooked pears. Evidently he was saying, "Who has put himself to the trouble of cooking my pears?" Without pursuing this inquiry to a conclusion, he, discarding further ceremony, decided to do honor to the delicious breakfast which some kind providence of the bear family had thus placed before him. While he was eating, the noose became securely fastened around his neck.



At the end of breakfast, he licked his chops and started toward a nearby stream to get a drink of water. The log, as you well understand, began to follow at the end of the rope. The bear turned to the log and growled. In his language he meant to say, "You make me tired." Convinced that it understood, he trotted off again. The log followed him as before.

"If that is your game, wait a minute and I will lead you a chase," said the bear.

He stopped trotting and set off merrily at a gallop. The log followed in his footsteps, breaking down bushes, mowing the grass, bumping against rocks and trees, and making wild leaps in the air. The bear stopped, panted, spoke to the log again, and rolled it from one side to the other with his paws; then he sat down with a weary and thoughtful air, trying to find a way to get rid of his troublesome companion. At last he rubbed his paws together as if to say, "I have found a way."

And the bear did have an idea—a bear idea, as you will see.

He took the log in his arms, and began to carry it, walking on his hind legs. In this manner he crossed a small woodland, a meadow, and a creek, with the entire company of hunters following him. He came to a well, looked in it, and passed on—the well was not deep enough for his purpose. A rocky bank at the edge of the ^{v}plateau seemed to attract him, but after a little reflection, he decided against the bank—the slope was too gentle, and the log might climb back.

Finally he found a place ^{v}admirably suited to kill the log. It was a steep ^{v}precipice, a hundred feet high, at the foot of which roared a mountain torrent.

He hurled the log over the edge, the slip-knot tightened, and the bear followed head foremost down the cliff.

Grandfather, clinging to a bush, looked on. The bear was not dead; he came panting back, with blood in his nostrils, but still firm in his purpose. He was carrying in his arms the log, which he intended to throw over the cliff again. Three times he hurled it down, and the hunters were wild with joy. The fourth time—

But that is enough. I see you laughing, reader; you wish to know what became of the bear. I will not tell you. Perhaps he is still following the log over the edge of the precipice.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

A LINCOLN STORY

"General, do you know what the Dutch Gap Canal reminds me of? Out in Springfield, Illinois, there was a blacksmith, who one day, when he did not have much to do, took a piece of soft iron that had been in his shop for some time and for which he had no special use, and, starting up his fire, heated it. When he got it hot, he carried it to the anvil and began to hammer it, thinking he would make it into an agricultural tool. He pounded away for a time until it was fashioned into some shape, and then he discovered that the iron would not hold out to complete the implement he had in mind.

"He put it back into the forge, heated it again, and recommenced pounding it, with a notion that he would make a hammer; but after a time he came to the conclusion that there was more iron in the piece than was needed for a hammer. Again he heated it, and thought he would make an ax. After hammering and working it into shape, knocking the iron off in flakes, he concluded that there was not enough iron to make an ax that would be of any use.

"He was now getting tired and a little disgusted at the result of his various efforts. So he filled his forge full of coal, placed the iron in the center of the heap, took the bellows and worked up a tremendous blast, bringing the iron to a white heat. Then with his tongs he lifted it from the bed of coals, and thrusting it into a tub of water near by, exclaimed, "Well, if I can't make anything else of you, I can make A First-Class Fizzle!"

U. S. Grant

THE ENGLISH SENSE OF HUMOR

An English woman, visiting in America, observed extensive peach orchards.

"What do you do with so much fruit?" she asked an American.

"Oh, we eat what we can, and can what we can't," was the answer.

The English woman was delighted with this reply, and upon her return home, said: "I heard such a good joke in America. I asked what they did with all the fruit they raise, and an American replied, 'We eat what we can and *tin the rest.*' "

From "Our Language,"
By C. Alphonso Smith

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves rolled over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in the heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A dark spot on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck
And fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float.
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be brighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock;
"O God! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

IN A CALIFORNIA CANYON

I

Pony and Gun

My uncle's sheep ranch was situated in Northern California near a small stream flowing out from the spurs of the ^{v}Sierra Nevada. I visited it with my mother in the summer of my sixteenth year.

A ^{v}spinal trouble made me a puny boy; and it was in the hope that a change of climate might do me good that mother accepted an invitation from our California relatives and took me to spend a year on the Pacific slope.

Under the influence of the new, wild life of the ranch, my health showed immediate improvement and people told me that I was growing. There was room enough for growth, for I was very small for my age. But it must have been my fresher complexion and brighter spirits, rather than any slight increase in stature, that wōn for me the delightful compliment that I was actually growing.

My uncle had promised me a pony and a gun, and these had aroused my ^{v}ardent expectations, though I cannot say that they appealed so greatly to my mother. She dreaded to have her boy touch a gun or mount a horse. When she saw me shoot at a mark, however, and meet with no worse mishap than to miss, and succeed in riding the pretty little pony my uncle gave me, she conquered her fears and became willing at last to trust me out of her sight. I galloped over the range and along the bank of the creek, hunting grouse, rabbits and other small game; and although I brought home few trophies of the chase, I always returned in such a glow from healthy exercise that my mother grew entirely reconciled to the sport.

Still she cautioned me not to ride "too far away," a warning I fully intended to heed. But as my powers of endurance increased, my ideas of distance enlarged, until, one day, I met with the adventure I am going to tell you.

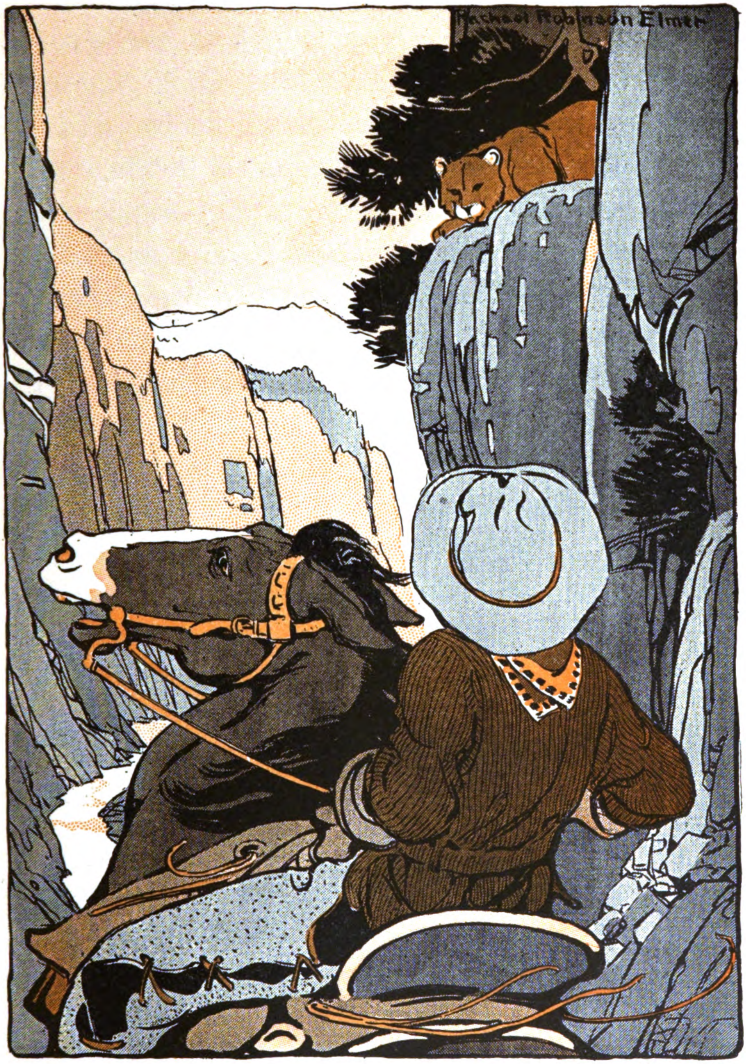
I hardly aspired to meet a grizzly bear, but it was my ambition to shoot a deer, a mountain-sheep, or at least a coyote. To ride home some day and announce to my mother and uncle that I had killed a wolf—even a cowardly western wolf—would have made me feel about as big as any other boy. Besides, the coyotes were a nuisance, for they killed stray sheep; and so the desire to repay my uncle's kindness was another motive for my hunting.

For some time nothing happened. Then, one glorious morning, I actually startled some wild creature in a clump of cotton-woods on the banks of the stream. I scarcely got a glimpse of it, however, before it darted behind a ledge and disappeared. It looked much larger than a coyote, and I concluded that I must have run across a real wolf, never having seen one.

The skittishness of my horse prevented my dashing ahead and getting a better view of the animal. I was excited and perhaps a little scared. Taking out the small shot from one barrel of my shot-gun, I ran down an ounce ball instead; the other barrel already carried a charge of buck-shot. I remember how my hand shook as I performed this simple operation.

Then I urged my pony into the clump of trees from which the beast had leaped, and here I found one of my uncle's finest sheep lying partially devoured. I supposed at the time that the horse's shyness was caused by the smell of blood. There may have been something in this; but it is also likely that a wilder instinct, inherited from his Mexican ancestors, was acting in him.

I did not examine the tracks around the carcass


Rachael Robinson Elmer

[See p. 82]

A Figure Appeared on a Ledge

of the sheep, or I might not have started so eagerly in pursuit of the game. The animal had fled toward the hills, which lay in broken and scantily-wooded masses about a mile ahead. Further beyond rose other slopes and crags, with chasms and crests, peak beyond peak, up to the snowy scalps of the Sierras, which in the distance, to my boyish eyes, looked like delicately-tinted mountains of ice-cream.

I galloped along, keeping within sight of the stream and following it up into the gorge through which it issued from the foothills. I was soon in the cool shadows of the cliffs, with the torrent plunging over its rocky bed twenty feet below me. Trees of various kinds grew among the rocks and the loveliest wildflowers imaginable.

The gorge was full of bowlders and broken rock, amidst which I looked cautiously for game as I proceeded. A jay screamed from a tree-top; red-headed woodpeckers flitted before me; and a jack-rabbit invited a shot from the other side of the stream. But I kept my lead for larger game.

The gorge, which was perhaps a hundred yards wide at the entrance, broadened farther on into a glen of wild beauty and then narrowed into a canyon cut through the very heart of the hills. I had been in the glen before, but now for the first time I pushed on into the canyon.

I was looking about for game and my sure-footed pony was picking his way among the blocks and bowlders that strewed the bank of the stream, when suddenly he stuck up his ears, gave a frightened sniff and stopped.

I let go the reins and poised my gun, trembling at the sudden prospect of meeting the big game, the scent of which had no doubt alarmed Roland. Still I could see nothing, and the pony's mysterious conduct filled me with a vague terror. He was snorting and backing so violently that I was about to resume the reins and head him down the gorge, away from danger, when all at once—stealthy, silent, crouching—a figure appeared on a ledge of the cliff less than twenty feet from me.

II

In the Lair of the Lioness

I knew the creature at a glance. It was an American mountain lion, or rather lioness, of the largest size. A heap of rocks had hidden her from view until she was in the act of setting herself to spring.

There is no word to express what I felt at that terrible moment. It was no ordinary fear; it was a sort of paralysis which so froze and benumbed me that I could neither take aim with my gun nor turn to flee. In that one instant the scene was forever photographed on my memory; and now, after many years, by shutting my eyes, I can again see the monster's softly gliding approach, the quick, nervous movement of her paws on the rock, her great catlike eyes, her writhing tail—even the beautiful white of her breast.

It could have been no more than a single moment that I was in such a state. Another moment and I had recovered myself and raised my gun to fire. But just then the pony snorted and leaped violently to the side. One wild clutch at mane and saddle—then all was blank to me for I know not how many minutes.

In falling, I must have struck my head against the ground and for a brief and blessed interval I was unconscious. On opening my eyes again, the first thing I saw was an inverted tree moving past me against the background of a cliff, along which there were other moving, inverted trees.

I wondered vaguely at this, as we wonder at dreams before we are fully awake. Then, all at once, I realized that it was not the trees that moved but myself. I was being dragged along the edge of a bank, over which my head hung helplessly.

Strange as it may seem, I no longer felt the deadly fear that had so oppressed me at first. I knew that I was in the clutch of the most ferocious of our wild beasts—one even known to kill a grizzly bear in open fight. But I remained passive, powerless, almost reconciled to my fate. I expected nothing less than to be dragged to some spot which suited the creature's ideas of convenience and safety, there to be eaten at her leisure. Once, when she snarlingly laid me down and lifted her head to look around, I said to myself, "My time has come!"

The lioness had carried me by the folds of my hunting-jacket, which was of strong velveteen and loose-fitting. I did not feel that I was seriously injured so far, and that discovery revived in me the wish to live. By this time, too, the shock of my fall had worn off and I was beginning to be myself once more. Suddenly, there came to me an indescribable rush of emotions—fear and longing and despair—all that is felt in a moment of extreme peril when the peril is fully realized.

I moved slightly, to learn whether I still had the use of my limbs. The movement was instantly answered by a growl from the lioness so deep and savage that I became as motionless as if turned into stone. The lioness clapped a paw on my shoulder, while her fangs met again in the folds of my jacket; she crouched over me in an attitude that convinced me that I was to be torn in pieces without delay. The side of her muzzle and one great flaming eye were close to my face; her whiskers tickled my cheek.

Instead of tearing me, however, she presently began to drag me along again, lifting my head and shoulders from the ground. My legs trailed; my heels knocked on the stones. I looked up into the whitish fur under her powerful neck, and felt at every step the working of her shoulder-bone against my side. Not only did she carry me in this manner with seeming ease, but, on coming to the face of a rock several feet high, she leaped up with me as a cat might leap on a window-sill with a kitten in her mouth.

The horror of the situation overcame me for a little space and I remember nothing more distinctly until something darkened over me. It was the heavily projecting ledge from the brow of a cavern. Here the lioness laid me down again, growling and giving me a couple of sharp taps on the shoulder with her paw.

These were given with the intention, I thought, of seeing whether I still lived. But I made no motion, although I felt her claws pierce my flesh. I lay on my left side, with my feet to the mouth of the cave, where I could look out into the boughs of a spruce-tree that grew on the slope. Small things strike on the mind with great force at such a moment; and I shall never forget how strange a shaft of sunlight appeared just then slanting through the spruce boughs.

Unhappily, there were other objects in the cave not so pleasant as sunlight. Right before my eyes lay a couple of well-gnawed bones, and all around on the littered floor were relics of other dinners.

Mingled with the beast's continual growling, I heard other sounds, which, together with the sight of the bones, filled me with fresh terror. They came from the depths of the cave—harsh, hungry, mewing and whining cries, as if the hollow behind me were filled with savage creatures, tumbling over and smothering one another.

The noise grew louder and louder; then three furry creatures, about the size of common cats but with a clumsy, rolling walk, came sniffing around me and uttering their loud, whining mews. I was in the lair of the lioness, whither I had been dragged to furnish sport for her young ones and practise for their infant teeth!

Fortunately my clothing was not much to their taste. They turned to the mother with a ravenous desire to which she yielded; there, in my sight, stretching herself on the floor of the cavern, she fed them.

The mind is so made that it soon grows accustomed to things which at first seem too painful or terrible to be endured. I realized to the fullest extent the frightful peril of my position, but I had regained possession of my faculties and was able to observe all that took place.

As the lioness lay before me on the ground, I could see what a lithe, superb, tremendous animal she was. Her head, lifted upright over one fore-shoulder, was opposite my knees; her back feet stretched out beyond my face. Between us were the kittens, or whelps, as we should call them if the beast were really a lion. But though dignified by that name in California, where it grows to a truly formidable size, the animal is really the cougar, or puma, or panther, found all over America.

Nothwithstanding the frightful anxiety of the moment, I noticed that the young ones were differently marked from the mother. They, too, were white, or grayish white, below; but their fur above was of a lighter tint than hers, which was reddish brown, and they had rows of black streaks and spots on their sides.

The mother seemed proud and fond of them, and purred as they nestled against her. Such a purr! Its low, slow thunder filled the cave. Now and then she put down her head and rubbed her face and the upper side of her neck against the backs of her babes. The cubs began a frolic so catlike that I was at one time almost led to believe I might gain some advantage from their good-nature.

Vain thought! I knew well enough that I owed my respite not to anything like that, but to the simple fact that the mother had but lately gorged her appetite for flesh and blood and that the young ones preferred milk. The lioness was sure to be hungry before long, when she would, without doubt, give the cubs a lesson in killing prey.

She probably thought me disabled, as I must have been but for my clothing, which had served as a ᵛfoil to her fangs. Yet even while she was most occupied with her young, I felt that for no single moment did those wild, ᵛvigilant eyes lose sight of me. I lay as she had left me, not daring to stir but beginning at length to question whether there might not be for me some small chance of escape.

III

The Rescue

The sole weapon I had about me was a common pocket-knife; but even were it possible for me to get at it and open it, I felt that it would be a mere toy in a combat with such a foe. And any attempt to escape from the cave, either by ᵛagility or stealth, would only quicken my fate. I was four miles from the ranch; it would be hours yet before my absence would cause anxiety, and even then who would think of looking for me in the lair of a lioness?

In their ᵛgambols, the kittens sometimes brushed my face with their tails; and once the mad impulse seized me to catch one and pitch it over the ledge at the mouth of the cave in the hope that the mother would follow it. Then I might fling the other two far down the canyon, and while the lioness sought them, I might make my escape.

It was a desperate thought, but my situation was desperate, and a sudden death seemed better than the prolonged agony of suspense, which, after all, must end in death. If I had been in a position to take sudden hold of one of the cubs—if there had been room enough for me to throw it, and time enough before the mother could interfere—I think I would have made the attempt. But I saw that the plan was impossible.

Then, again, I hoped that she would tire of the play, and stupefied by her recent banquet, would lie down to digest it and go to sleep, thus affording me one chance in a thousand to creep out without awakening her. After a while she indeed seemed inclined to rest. She dropped her muzzle on her paws, and only started up now and then to cuff her young ones when they tumbled over her.

Suddenly one of them turned its attention to me. The others presently followed. They sniffed at my clothing, and I could feel their sharp teeth sticking in my flesh. It was a moment of intense, torturing suspense. The lioness looked on with sleepy, half-shut eyes. I fancied that I could see in her feline features an expression of ᵛtranquil approval and enjoyment as her kittens began to tear their prey.

They had not torn much more than my clothing, when one of the cubs turned to attack my face. I could not stand this. Besides, I felt that once they had tasted blood, they would soon make an end of me unless I resisted—and if I resisted, the lioness would.

I was afraid to use anything like violence. The playfulness of the little panther encouraged me to hope that a gentle resistance might prevail. I put my arm about it, to hold it back from my face, and just as if the creature were a ᵛdomestic cat, I stroked its head with my hand. I remember having a fearful, prayerful, hopeless sort of hope that it might accept my caress, and that I might even gain the mother's good-will by my attentions to her young.

I might better have undertaken to tame the maddest torrent in the Sierras and have trusted myself to its mercies. The little spitfire snarled as it sprang back from me; and at the same instant—sudden, noiseless—the lioness leaped up. In one bound she was on me, uttering a deep growl as her open jaws, with their backward-drawn lips and glittering teeth, closed on my shoulder and clung.

It is a fearful thing to hear one's own flesh and bone crush and crunch, but that is just what I heard with terrible distinctness at that moment. I have no remembrance of suffering great pain, though I utterly despaired as I lay in her cruel clutch.

What happened in the next quarter of an hour I know only by hearsay, for by the time my friends found me I was in a swoon.

My uncle was riding over the range with a couple of visitors, when the riderless pony came galloping down from the hills. The direction of his flight indicated the gorge, so they rode up into it, and were still further guided in their search by the discovery of my gun, some drops of blood and finally by the marks made by my body as it was trailed along the ground.

Their shouts filled the canyon as they advanced; and the lioness must have taken alarm while in the very act of rending me. In her anxiety to defend her lair and her young, she came out and showed herself on a projection of the cliff, whence a couple of well-aimed shots brought her tumbling into the gorge.

What my mother suffered when I was taken home to her mangled—and, as she believed, dying—I would not undertake to tell, even if I could. I was indeed in a battered condition. My shoulder was broken so badly that it never quite came into place again; and, as you have noticed, I carry my left arm differently from the other to this day. With ^{v}surgical aid and the best of nursing, however, I recovered from my hurts, and, strange to say, from my spinal trouble as well.

The young panthers were ^{v}ruthlessly killed in the excitement of my rescue, although my uncle always regretted that my ^{v}critical condition allowed no time for their capture alive.

The mother panther was one of the largest of her kind, measuring four feet, ten and a half inches from her nose to her tail, which measured I forget how much more. My uncle had her hide made into a rug for my mother, but mother was never able to endure the sight of it—and no wonder! Such is the story of my great adventure.

John T. Trowbridge

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I

A number of years ago, before the invention of typesetting machines, the work of setting-up, or composing, the type for printing was more slowly done than it is now. A piece of printing which had to be completed in a hurry, like a morning newspaper, was divided among hundreds of men. Consequently, a composing-room was a busy and crowded place. As wages were high and as the work was pleasant and easy to obtain, the printing-trade attracted many men above the average in mind and character—men who later became congressmen, authors and college presidents. It also attracted many rogues.

On a certain bleak December afternoon in Washington, Marcus Drumm left the printing-shop where he worked in a very jubilant mood. He had the model of a new printing-press under construction in his workshop at home, and he was glad to get back to work on it. The machine was his own invention and he was making the model largely of wood. His design was strictly new, and Marcus had high hopes of being numbered among the successful inventors some day.

But he had one grave fault that was likely to prove fatal to his success as an inventor—he could not keep his ideas to himself. He was always ready to discuss with enthusiasm his most cherished plans, even with a chance acquaintance. In plain English, Marcus talked too much.

Just as the boy reached the sidewalk, some one moving in a great hurry ran into him. The man took time to stop and apologize. He was neatly dressed, with pleasant manners, and Marcus was instantly ^{v}mollified.

"It's nothing," he said. "I am used to having people butt into me; a printing-office is a crowded place, you know."

"Do you work in the Government Printing Office?" the stranger asked.

"Yes," replied Marcus. "I've been there two years. Pleasant place, short hours and good pay. I like it pretty well."

"And what is your work, may I ask?"

"I'm a ^{v}galley-boy," said Marcus readily. "I set type, too. But I'm done for to-day. I have to be on hand early in the morning to sweep out. The printers come around at eight o'clock; my day begins at half-past six. That's the reason I quit now. I'm the only one here in the morning, except the night watchman, who leaves at seven."

"I don't think I'd like that," the man said, looking keenly at Marcus. Then he passed on.

One of the most important duties of the Government Printing Office is the printing of the President's message to Congress. It is always printed a little in advance, in order that each congressman and senator may have a copy of it on his desk the day it is due; and it is printed secretly, so that the important matter it contains shall not be given to the world too soon by dishonest newspapers.

At the period of this story it was considered a great feat to obtain advance information of the President's message, by hook or crook, and large sums were sometimes paid to thieving employees for their services. In this way a rogue might make as much in a few hours as he could earn in a year.

The next morning was clear and cold, and the steam-heat of the government building was very grateful after the long walk through the snow. Marcus let himself into the composing-room with a pass-key.

He first lighted a half-dozen gas-jets, for it is dark in December at half-past six in the morning. Then he sprinkled the floor preparatory to sweeping. This was his first duty. The printers began work at eight o'clock, and Marcus had to have the type picked up from under the type-cases and the floor swept before they arrived.

Picking up the type and sorting it in the cases where the letters belonged was a tedious business, often taking an hour. In addition to this, Marcus had charge of what is called a galley section. The trial pages that are struck from type before the regular printing is done are known as galleys. It was the duty of Marcus to receive the type from the printers when it had been set up, ink it and make proofs for the proofreaders. The proofreaders would then read the galley, or trial sheets, and correct the errors in the type as set up. This was all that Marcus had to do from one week's end to another. In his leisure time he learned to set type. The government paid him ten dollars a week.

Marcus had been at work some minutes when the night watchman thrust his lantern in at the door.

"Well, everything seems to be all right," he said. "It's seven and I'm off."

"Good night, Jem," said the boy.

Marcus crawled about under the cases for a while, picking up type and scratching around with his broom. The room was very still and very dark, too, except where the gas lighted it.

"I wish Slug Thirteen would learn to set type," Marcus said. "He has thrown it all over the floor."

Printers do not go by names. They are numbered. Each man puts his number on a metal slug at the head of the column of type he is setting. When a new man comes into an office, he is given any number that happens not to be in use and is ᵛreferred to by that number instead of by name.

"Now Slug Ten is a gentleman," continued Marcus. "Never any type under his case."

II

The watchman had been gone some time, when the door of the room quietly opened. Marcus, busy under a case, failed to notice this.

As he crawled from under the case, a man stepped out into the light and asked, "Is the foreman in?"

Marcus sprang to his feet. He was in charge of the office and thus the ᵛrepresentative of the United States government. It did not then occur to him that it was most unusual for any one to ask for the foreman at that time of the day.

“No,” he replied. “We begin work at eight.”

“Need any help? Any extra work on hand?”

“I don’t know. You will have to see the foreman.”

“I thought the President’s message might be about due.”

Now Marcus knew that the President’s message had been printed only the day before. He had not been allowed to handle any of the type; but he had seen the manuscript of the message given out in sections among the old hands, and there was the usual talk in the office as to the chance of leakage. That chance seemed small, for men had been directed to watch the progress of the work from the time it left the foreman’s desk to its completion in the bindery.

The year before a dishonest galley-boy had thrust a set of proof-sheets in his shirt and had sold them for a thousand dollars. This year the office desired to run no risks. Every one who had anything to do with the printing was watched until the last copy had been locked in the safe at night.

Marcus forgot his ever-present weakness in the relief of having somebody with whom to talk.

“Only the old hands are allowed to work on that,” he said. “They’re extra careful about it. Even the

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proof-sheets are tallied. Besides you're too late. The message is printed and locked up in the vault."

"I used to work here a few years ago," said the stranger. "I'm sorry I'm too late. Has the type been taken down?"

"Not yet," Marcus replied. "It was only run off yesterday. The President may change his mind at the last moment and want something added or taken out, so they keep the type set until the message is made public."

"When I was here they used to print it on the Campbell press," said the stranger.

"They put it on the Babcock press this year," said Marcus.

The stranger looked around. Two large forms of type stood back to back, just as they had come from the press.

"Must be a long message," the man observed, "if those are the forms."

"It is a big lot of type," Marcus admitted.

"What's to hinder my taking a proof of them?"

What indeed! Marcus was speechless. His heart gave a great bound at the stranger's words and he felt the blood leave his face. The matter was simple enough. It would be easy to place the type-forms face upward, ink them, put paper over them, flatten this out with a mallet, and take an impression. Easy indeed! Marcus glanced swiftly at the clock.

"The clock won't aid you," said the stranger. "The thing can be accomplished and nobody will be the wiser. If you will help, you shall have a thousand dollars in cash. If not, I will take the proofs anyway. You dare not say anything, because your tongue made the thing possible. Which shall it be?"

Marcus's face was white, but there was a bright spot of crimson in each cheek.

"You have knocked at the wrong door," he said. "I am not for sale."

"Very well, then. I shall have to get along without you."

The stranger's manner underwent a sudden change; his voice became as hard as steel.

"If you make any fuss, it will be the worse for you. There are five of us and you can't do anything."

Though the time for beginning work was eight o'clock, Marcus knew that the foreman occasionally looked in on the way to breakfast. He thought, therefore, that he might have assistance if he could gain a little time. He determined to put every hindrance in the way of the thieves without letting them know his reason. The very fault that had brought on the disaster might now prove a virtue; he might delay matters by talking.

"You'll not take any proofs," said Marcus. "There's not a sheet of paper in the room. I am the only one who knows where the proof-paper's kept and I won't tell you. Besides, you will have to use a mallet and ink. I will never tell you where they are."

"I looked out for that," the man replied. "I have with me all the things needed."

He turned to his companions, who had come up behind him. One of them was the man who had run into Marcus the afternoon before.

"Williams, you clean off that stone. Dump the type anywhere. Johnson, you give me a lift with the forms. Evans, take care of the boy. If he calls, stuff a rag in his mouth."

"You'll not take any proofs," Marcus declared.

"I have as good as taken them already," was the sneering reply.

But the stranger did not know Marcus. From the first the boy had an idea as to what he would do when there was nothing else left to do. And it was not to shout for help.

"Now to business!" the leader called sharply.

Marcus was too quick for the thieves. Before they realized what he was about, he had made a spring forward and landed with his feet squarely in the middle of the President's message, just as if he were a clown jumping through a paper ring at the circus, feet foremost. The crash that followed was like the sound of a collapsing brick wall. Type covered the floor in piles—bushels of type—but not one word was left upon another.

Marcus fell sharply backward, striking his head on the corner of a nearby table. He felt something snap in his leg; then a million gas-jets flashed before his eyes and he knew nothing more.

When the foreman came at eight o'clock, he stumbled over a new mallet lying in a dark alley near the door.

"That's not our mallet," he cried in surprise. Then he stepped on a sheet of proof-paper. Lighting a gas-jet, he examined it closely. "I wonder where that came from," he said.

He began to call Marcus. When Marcus did not reply, he walked over to the President's message, with a great fear in his heart. Had the President's message been stolen?

He saw something he had not expected to see. Marcus lay on the floor. One of his legs was twisted back on itself, where his foot had caught in falling, and his head was in a pool of blood. The President's message had been scattered all over the floor.

"Marcus, what's this?" The foreman bent over the limp form. He looked for a moment at the mallet he had picked up and at Marcus, with his feet covered with the ruins of the precious message; then he understood.

"The scoundrels!" he exclaimed. "Poor lad!"

The printers, on their arrival a few minutes later, were pressed into service. They straightened the broken leg, brought water, washed blood from the gash in the boy's head and bathed the white face. In a short time Marcus opened his eyes.

"It's a bad mess," he said weakly, "but I had to do it. There were five of them, and they brought their own paper and ink and everything. If I hadn't done it, they would have got proofs of the President's message."

"You did just right," said the foreman. "Don't talk. We've sent for the doctor and he'll be here presently. You've hurt yourself, you see."

"Oh, I'm not hurt," Marcus denied. "I had only one kick at it, and I didn't dare try to keep my balance. I was afraid I wouldn't kick hard enough if I did."

"You did just right," the foreman repeated, "but you've broken your leg and split your head wide open. So please lie still and stop talking."

Marcus obeyed. The ambulance came to take him home, and that night he was the most famous boy in the city. The office paid his wages all the time he was sick; and the United States government paid his doctor's bill and was otherwise thoughtful of his welfare. When at last he came round to work again, the foreman gave him a type case and told him that he was to set type for the future.

All this was pleasing to Marcus, but it was nothing compared to the great honor. He received a personal note of thanks from the President! When that reached him, he could scarcely believe that his name was Marcus. It seemed to him that he must be a great man to receive notes from the President.

"I hope your new printing-press will be a success," the note read. "If it is, you need have no fear for the future. But however famous you may become, I trust that you will not forget that you were once a printer's boy and saved the President's message."

William J. Neidig

PANDORA'S BOX

I

Long, long ago, when this old world was in its tender infancy, there was a child named Epimetheus, who never had father or mother. That he might not be lonely, another child, fatherless and motherless like himself, was sent from a far country to live with him and be his playfellow and helpmate. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt, was a great box. And almost the first question which she put to him after crossing the threshold was, "Epimetheus, what have you in that box?"

"My dear little Pandora," answered Epimetheus, "that is a secret, and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here to be kept safely, and I do not myself know what it contains."

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandora. "And where did it come from?"

"That is a secret, too," replied Epimetheus.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Pandora, pouting her lip. "I wish the ugly box were out of the way!"

"O come, don't think of it any more," cried Epimetheus. "Let us run out of doors and play with the other children."

It is thousands of years since Epimetheus and Pandora were alive; and the world nowadays is a very different sort of place from what it was in their time. Then everybody was a child. There was no need of fathers and mothers to take care of the children, because there was no danger or trouble of any kind and no clothes to be mended, and there was always plenty to eat and drink. Whenever a child wanted his dinner, he found it growing on a tree. If he looked at the tree in the morning, he could see the expanding blossom of that night's supper; or, at eventide, he saw the tender bud of to-morrow's breakfast.

What was most wonderful of all, the children never quarreled among themselves; neither had they any crying fits; nor since time first began, had a single one of these little mortals ever gone apart into a corner and sulked. O, what a good time was that to be alive in! The truth is, those ugly little winged monsters, called Troubles, which are now almost as numerous as mosquitoes, had never yet been seen on the earth.

"Where did the box come from?" Pandora continually kept saying to herself and to Epimetheus. "And what on earth can be inside of it?"

"Always talking about this box!" said Epimetheus at last, for he had grown very tired of the subject. "I wish, dear Pandora, you would try to talk of something else. Come, let us go and gather some ripe figs, and eat them under the trees for our supper. And I know a vine that has the sweetest and juciest grapes you ever tasted."

"Always talking about grapes and figs!" cried Pandora, pettishly.

"Well, then," said Epimetheus, who was a very good-tempered child, like most children in those days, "let us run out and have a merry time with our playmates."

"I am tired of merry times, and don't care if I never have any more!" answered our pettish little Pandora. "And, besides, I never do have any. This ugly box! I am taken up with thinking about it all the time. I insist upon your telling me what is inside of it."

"As I have already said, fifty times over—I do not know!" replied Epimetheus, getting a little vexed. "How, then, can I tell you what is inside?"

"You might open it," said Pandora, looking sideways at Epimetheus, "and then we could see for ourselves."

"Pandora, of what are you thinking?" exclaimed Epimetheus.

And his face expressed so much horror at the idea of looking into a box which had been given to him on the condition of his never opening it that Pandora thought it best not to suggest it any more.

For the first time since her arrival Epimetheus had gone out alone. He went to gather figs and grapes by himself, or to seek whatever amusement he could find in other society than his little playfellow's. He was tired to death of hearing about the box, and heartily wished that it had been left at some other child's door, where Pandora would never have set eyes on it.

After Epimetheus was gone, Pandora stood gazing at the box. She had called it ugly a hundred times; but, in spite of all that she had said against it, it was positively a handsome article of furniture and would have been an ornament to any room. It was made of a beautiful kind of wood, with dark and rich veins spreading over its surface, which was so highly polished that little Pandora could see her face in it. As the child had no other looking-glass, it is odd that she did not value the box merely on this account.

The box, I had almost forgotten to say, was fastened, not by a lock but by a knot of gold cord. There appeared to be no end to this knot, and no beginning. And yet, by the very difficulty that there was in it, Pandora was the more tempted to examine the knot, just to see how it was made. Two or three times already, she had stooped over the box and taken the knot between her thumb and forefinger, but without actually trying to undo it.

"I really believe," said she to herself, "that I begin to see how it was done. Nay, perhaps I could tie it up again after undoing it. There could be no harm in that, surely. Even Epimetheus would not blame me for that. I need not open the box, and should not, of course, without the foolish boy's consent, even if the knot were untied."

It might have been better for Pandora if she had had a little work to do, or something to employ her mind upon, so as not to be so constantly thinking of this one subject. But children led so easy a life before any trouble came into the world that they had a great deal too much leisure. They could not be forever playing at hide-and-seek among the flower shrubs, or at blind-man's-buff with garlands over their eyes, or at the other games that were played when Mother Earth was in her babyhood. When life is all sport, toil is the real play. There was absolutely nothing to do. A little sweeping and dusting about the cottage, I suppose, and the gathering of fresh flowers—and poor little Pandora's work was over for the day. And then, for the rest of the time, there was the box!

It was really an endless employment to guess what was inside. What could it be, indeed? Just imagine, my little hearers, how busy your wits would be, if there were a great box in the house, which, as you might have reason to suppose, contained something new and pretty for your Christmas gift! Do you think that you would be less curious than Pandora? If you were left alone with the box, might you not feel a little tempted to lift the lid? But you would not do it. Oh, fie! No, no! Only, if you thought there were toys in the box, it would be very hard to let slip an opportunity of taking just one peep. Pandora was convinced that there was something very beautiful and valuable in the box; and therefore she felt just as anxious to take a peep as any of these little girls here around me would have felt. And, possibly, a little more so—but of that I am not quite sure.

II

On this particular day, however, her curiosity grew so much greater than usual that at last she approached the box. She was more than half determined to open it, if she could. Ah, naughty Pandora!

First, however, she tried to lift it. It was heavy—much too heavy for the slender strength of a child like Pandora. She raised one end of the box a few inches from the floor, and let it fall again with a pretty loud thump. A moment afterward, she almost fancied that she heard something stir inside the box. She applied her ear as closely as possible, and listened. Positively, there did seem to be a kind of stifled murmur within. Or was it merely the singing in Pandora's ears? Or could it be the beating of her heart? The child could not quite satisfy herself whether she had heard anything or no. But, at all events, her curiosity was stronger than ever.

As she drew back her head, her eyes fell upon the knot of gold cord. She took the golden knot in her fingers, and began to play with it. Almost without intending it or quite knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to undo the cord.

Just then, by the merest accident, she gave the knot a kind of a twist, which produced a wonderful result. The gold cord untwined itself, as if by magic, and left the box without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever knew!" said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again?"

She made one or two attempts to restore the knot, but soon found it quite beyond her skill. Nothing was to be done, therefore, but to let the box remain as it was until Epimetheus came.

"But," said Pandora, "when he finds the knot untied, he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?"

And then the thought came into her naughty little heart that, since she would be suspected of having looked into the box, she might just as well do so at once. O, very naughty and very foolish Pandora! You should have thought only of doing what was right, and of leaving undone what was wrong, and not of what your playfellow Epimetheus would have said or believed.

"What can be in it?" thought Pandora. "I am determined to take just one peep. Only one peep; and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever. There cannot possibly be any harm in just one little peep!"

But it is now time for us to see what Epimetheus was doing.

This was the first time since his little playmate had come to dwell with him that he had attempted to enjoy any pleasure without her. But nothing went right; nor was he nearly so happy as on other days. He could not find a sweet grape or a ripe fig. There was no mirth in his heart, such as usually made his voice gush out of its own accord and swell the merriment of his companions.

At length Epimetheus judged it best to go back to Pandora. With a hope of giving her pleasure, he gathered some flowers and made them into a wreath, which he meant to put upon her head. The flowers were very lovely—roses and lilies, and orange-blossoms and a great many more—and left a trail of fragrance behind as Epimetheus carried them along.

The wreath was put together with as much skill as could reasonably be expected of a boy.

He entered the house softly, for he meant, if possible, to steal behind Pandora and fling the wreath of flowers over her head before she became aware of his approach. But, as it happened, there was no need of his treading so very lightly. He might have trod as heavily as he pleased, as heavily as a grown man—as heavily, I was going to say, as an elephant—without Pandora's hearing his footsteps. She was too busily engaged.

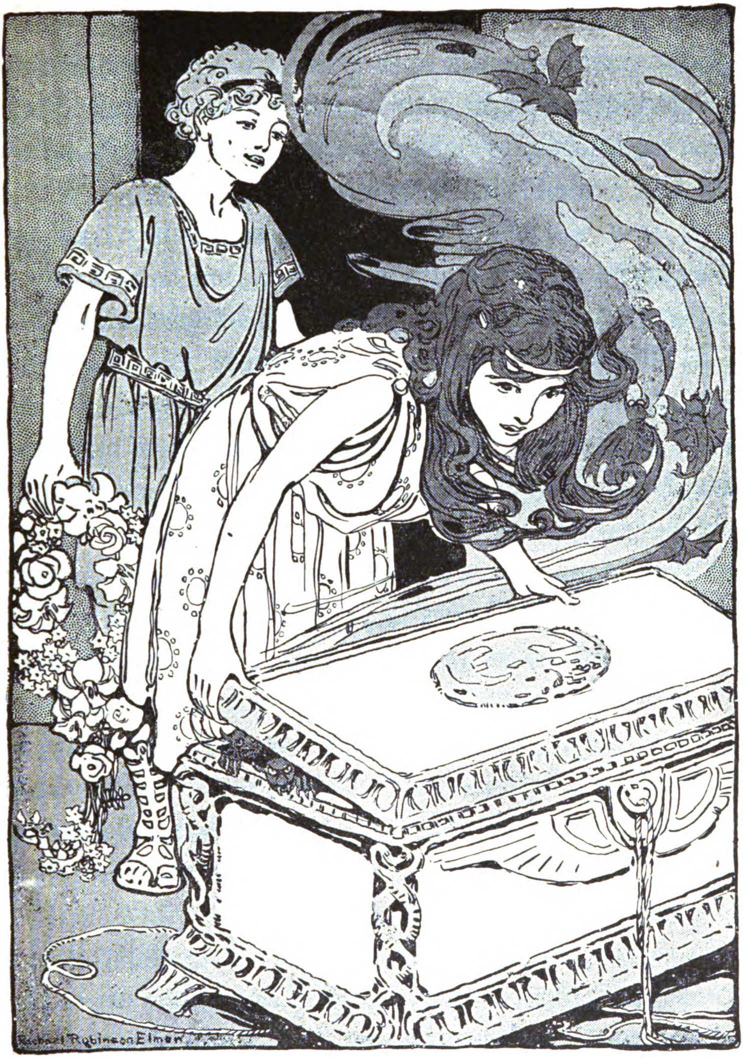
At the moment of his entering the cottage, the naughty child had put her hand to the lid and was on the point of opening the mysterious box. Epimetheus beheld her. If he had cried out, Pandora would probably have withdrawn her hand, and the fatal mystery of the box might never have been known.

But Epimetheus himself, although he said very little about it, had his own share of curiosity to know what was inside. Seeing that Pandora was resolved to find out the secret, he determined that his playfellow should not be the only wise person in the cottage. And if there were anything pretty or valuable in the box, he meant to take half of it for himself. Thus, after all his wise speeches to Pandora about curiosity, Epimetheus turned out to be quite as foolish, and nearly as much in fault as she. So, whenever we blame Pandora for what happened, we must not forget to shake our heads at Epimetheus likewise.

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark and dismal, for a black cloud now swept over the sun and seemed to have buried it alive. There had been for a little while past a low growling and muttering, which all at once broke into a heavy peal of thunder. But Pandora, heeding nothing of all this, lifted the lid nearly upright and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while, at the same instant, she heard the voice of Epimetheus crying out in pain.

"Oh, I am stung!" he cried. "I am stung! Naughty Pandora! why have you opened this wicked box?"

Pandora let fall the lid, and starting up, looked about her to find out what had befallen Epimetheus. The thundercloud had so darkened the room that she could not very clearly see what was in it. But she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies or gigantic mosquitoes were darting


Richard Robinson Elmer

Pandora Raised the Lid

about. And, as her eyes grew more accustomed to the imperfect light, she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes, with bats' wings, looking abominably spiteful and armed with long stings.

It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus. Nor was it a great while before Pandora herself began to scream, in no less pain and affright than her playfellow and making a vast deal more hubbub about it. A little monster had settled on her forehead, and would have stung her I know not how deeply, if Epimetheus had not run and brushed it away.

Now, if you wish to know what these ugly things might be which had made their escape out of the box, I must tell you that they were the whole family of earthly Troubles. There were evil Passions; there were a great many kinds of Cares; there were more than a hundred and fifty Sorrows; there were Diseases, in a vast number of miserable and painful shapes; there were more kinds of Naughtiness than it would be of any use to talk about.

In short, everything that has since afflicted the souls and bodies of mankind had been shut up in the mysterious box and given to Epimetheus and Pandora to keep safely, so that the happy children of the world might never be annoyed by them. Had they been faithful to their trust, all would have gone well. No grown person would ever have been sad, nor would any child have had cause to shed a single tear from that hour until this moment.

But—and you may see by this how a wrong act of any one mortal is a ^{v}calamity to the whole world—by Pandora's lifting the lid of that miserable box and by the fault of Epimetheus, too, in not preventing her, these Troubles have obtained a foothold among us and do not seem very likely to be driven away in a hurry. For it was impossible, as you will easily guess, that the two children should keep the ugly swarm in their own little cottage.

On the contrary, the first thing that they did was to fling open the doors and windows in hope of getting rid of them; and, sure enough, away flew the winged Troubles all abroad, and so pestered and tormented the small people everywhere about that none of them smiled for many days.

And, what was most peculiar, all the flowers and dewy blossoms on earth, not one of which had hitherto faded, now began to droop and shed their leaves after a day or two. The children, moreover, who before seemed ^{v}immortal in their childhood, now grew older, day by day; and came soon to be youths and maidens, and men and women by-and-by, and aged people, before they dreamed of such a thing.

III

Meanwhile, the naughty Pandora, and hardly less naughty Epimetheus, remained in their cottage. Both of them had been grievously stung and were in a good deal of pain. Besides all this, they were in exceedingly bad humor, both with themselves and with one another. In order to indulge it to the utmost, Epimetheus sat down sullenly in a corner with his back towards Pandora, while Pandora flung herself upon the floor and rested her head on the fatal and abominable box. She was crying bitterly, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Suddenly there was a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid.

"What can that be?" cried Pandora, lifting her head.

But either Epimetheus had not heard the tap, or was too much out of humor to notice it. At any rate, he made no answer.

"You are very unkind," said Pandora, sobbing anew, "not to speak to me!"

Again the tap! It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy's hand, knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora, with a little of her former curiosity. "Who are you inside this naughty box?"

[A sweet little voice spoke from within, pleadingly,

"Only lift the lid, and you shall see."

"No, no," answered Pandora, again beginning to sob, "I have had enough of lifting the lid! You are inside of the box, naughty creature, and there you shall stay! There are plenty of your ugly brothers and sisters already flying about the world. You need never think that I shall be so foolish as to let you out."

She looked towards Epimetheus as she spoke, perhaps expecting that he would commend her for her wisdom. But the sullen boy only muttered that she was wise a little too late.

"Ah," said the sweet little voice again, "you had much better let me out. I am not like those naughty creatures that have stings. They are no brothers and sisters of mine, as you would see at once, if you were only to get a glimpse of me. Come, come, my pretty Pandora! I am sure you will let me out!"

And, indeed, there was a kind of cheerful witchery in the tone that made it almost impossible to refuse anything which this little voice asked. Pandora's heart had grown lighter at every word that came from within the box. Epimetheus, too, though still in the corner, had turned half round and seemed to be in rather better spirits than before.

"My dear Epimetheus," cried Pandora, "have you heard this little voice?"

"Yes, to be sure I have," answered he, but in no very good humor as yet. "And what of it?"

"Shall I lift the lid again?" asked Pandora.

"Just as you please," said Epimetheus. "You have done so much mischief already that perhaps you may as well do a little more. One other Trouble, in such a swarm as you have set adrift about the world, can make no very great difference."

"You might speak a little more kindly!" murmured Pandora, wiping her eyes.

"Ah, naughty boy!" cried the little voice within the box, in a laughing tone. "He knows he is longing to see me. Come, my dear Pandora, lift up the lid. I am in a great hurry to comfort you. Only let me have some fresh air, and you shall soon see that matters are not quite so dismal as you think them!"

"Epimetheus," exclaimed Pandora, "come what may, I am resolved to open the box!"

"And, as the lid seems very heavy," cried Epimetheus, running across the room, "I will help you."

So, with one consent, the two children again lifted the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little personage, and hovered about the room, throwing a light wherever she went. Have you never made the sunshine dance into dark corners by reflecting it from a bit of looking-glass? Well, so looked the winged cheerfulness of this fairy-like stranger amid the gloom of the cottage. She flew to Epimetheus, and laid the least touch of her finger on the inflamed spot where the Trouble had stung him, and immediately the pain was gone. Then she kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her heart was cured likewise.

After performing these good offices, the bright stranger fluttered playfully over the children's heads. She looked so sweetly at them that they both began to think it not so very much amiss to have opened the box, since, otherwise, their cheery guest must have been kept a prisoner among those naughty imps with stings.

"Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am to be called Hope," answered the sunshiny figure. "And because I am such a cheery little body, I was packed into the box, to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly Troubles let loose among them."

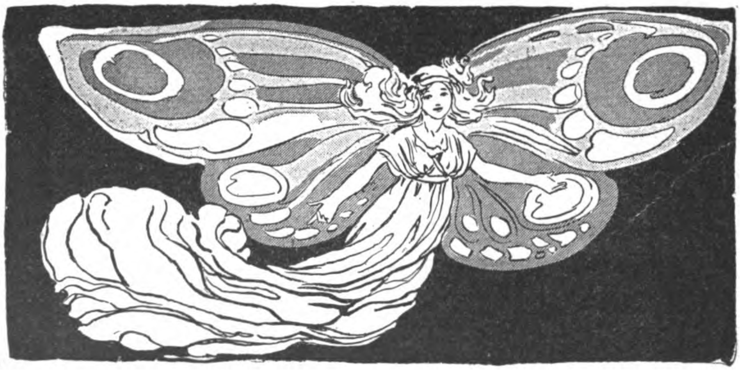
"Your wings are colored like the rainbow." exclaimed Pandora. "How very beautiful!"

"Yes, they are like the rainbow," said Hope, "because, glad as my nature is, I am partly made of tears as well as smiles."

"And will you stay with us," asked Epimetheus, "for ever and ever?"

"As long as you need me," said Hope, with her pleasant smile, "and that will be as long as you live in the world."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE



THE PYGMIES

I

A great while ago, when the world was full of wonders, there lived an earth-born giant, named ᵛAntaeus, and a million or more of curious little earth-born people, who were called ᵛPygmies. This giant and these Pygmies, being children of the same mother, (that is to say, our good old Grandmother Earth,) were all brethren and dwelt together in a very friendly and affectionate manner, far, far off, in the middle of hot Africa.

The Pygmies were so small, and there were so many sandy deserts and such high mountains between them and the rest of mankind that nobody could get a peep at them oftener than once in a hundred years. As the giant was of a very lofty stature, it was easy enough to see him but safest to keep out of his sight.

Among the Pygmies, I suppose if one of them grew to the height of six or eight inches, he was reckoned a tremendously tall man. It must have been very pretty to behold their little cities, with streets two or three feet wide, paved with the smallest pebbles, and bordered by houses about as big as a squirrel's cage. The king's palace was actually as large as a baby house, and stood in the centre of a spacious square which could have been covered by a hearth rug.

The Pygmies used to plant wheat and other kinds of grain, which, when it grew up and ripened, overshadowed these tiny people, as the pines and the oaks and the walnut and chestnut trees overshadow you and me when we walk in our own tracts of woodland. At harvest time, they were forced to go with their little axes and cut down the grain, exactly as a woodcutter makes a clearing in the forest; and when a stalk of wheat, with its great, heavy top, chanced to come crashing down upon an unfortunate Pygmy, it was apt to be a very sad affair. If it did not smash him all to pieces, at least, I am sure, it must have made the poor little fellow's head ache.

And O, my stars! if the fathers and mothers were so small, what must the children and babies have been? A whole family of them might have been put to bed in a shoe, or have crept into an old glove and played at hide and seek in its thumb and fingers. You might have hidden a baby under a thimble.

Now these funny Pygmies, as I told you before, had a giant for their neighbor and brother, who was bigger, if possible, than they were little. He was so very tall that he carried a pine tree, which was eight feet through the butt, for a walking-stick. There he used to stand, a perfect mountain of a man, with his great countenance smiling down upon his little brothers, and his one vast eye (which was as big as a cartwheel and placed right in the center of his forehead) giving a friendly wink to the whole nation at once.

The Pygmies loved to talk with Antaeus; and fifty times a day, one or another of them would turn up his head, and shout through the hollow of his fists, "Hallo, brother Antaeus! How are you, my good fellow?" And when the small, distant squeak of their voices reached his ear, the giant would make answer, "Pretty well, brother Pygmy, I thank you," in a thunderous roar that would have shaken down the walls of their strongest temple—only it came from so far aloft.

It was a happy matter indeed that Antaeus was the Pygmy people's friend; for there was more strength in his little finger than in ten million of such bodies as theirs. If he had been as ill-natured to them as he was to everybody else, he might have beaten down their biggest city at one kick and hardly have known that he did it. With the ^{v}tornado of his breath, he could have stripped the roofs from a hundred dwellings and sent thousands of the inhabitants whirling through the air. He might have set his immense foot upon a multitude; and when he took it up again, there would have been a pitiful sight, to be sure.

But the giant gave them his brotherly kindness, and loved them with as big a love as it was possible to feel for creatures so very small. And, for their part, the Pygmies loved Antaeus with as much affection as their tiny hearts could hold. He was always ready to do them any good offices that lay in his power; as, for example, when they wanted a breeze to turn their wind mills, the giant would set all the sails a-going with the mere natural breathing of his lungs. When the sun was too hot, he often sat himself down and let his shadow fall over the kingdom from one end to the other.

In short, as I said before, Antaeus loved the Pygmies, and the Pygmies loved Antaeus. The giant's life being as long as his body was large, while the lifetime of a Pygmy was but a ^{v}span, this friendly intercourse had been going on for ages.

His little friends, like all other small people, had a great opinion of their own importance and used to put on a patronizing air toward the giant.

"Poor creature!" they said one to another. "He has a very dull life of it, all by himself; and we ought not to grudge wasting a little of our precious time to amuse him. He is not half so bright as we are, to be sure; and, for that reason, he needs us to look after his comfort and happiness. Let us be kind to the old fellow. Why, if Mother Earth had not been kind to us, we might have been giants, too!"

On all their holidays, the Pygmies had excellent sport with Antaeus. He often stretched himself out at full length on the ground, where he looked like the long ridge of a hill; and it was a good hour's walk, no doubt, for a short-legged Pygmy to journey from head to foot of the giant. He would lay down his great hand flat on the grass, and challenge the tallest of them to clamber upon it, and straddle from finger to finger. So fearless were they that they made nothing of creeping in among the folds of his garments. When his head lay sidewise on the earth, they would march boldly up and peep into the great cavern of his mouth; and take it all as a joke (as indeed it was meant) when Antaeus gave a sudden snap with his jaws, as if he were going to swallow fifty of them at once. You would have laughed to see the children dodging in and out among his hair, or swinging from his beard.

It is impossible to tell half of the funny tricks that they played with their huge comrade; but I do not know that any thing was more curious than when a party of boys were seen running races on his forehead, to try which of them could get first round the circle of his one great eye. It was another favorite feat with them to march along the bridge of his nose and jump down upon his upper lip.

If the truth must be told, they were sometimes as troublesome to the giant as a swarm of ants or mosquitoes, especially as they had a fondness for mischief and liked to stick his skin with their little swords and lances, to see how thick and tough it was. But Antaeus took it all kindly enough; although, once in a while, when he happened to be sleepy, he would grumble out a peevish word or two, like the muttering of a tempest, and ask them to have done with their nonsense.

A great deal oftener, however, he watched their merriment until his huge, heavy, clumsy wits were completely stirred up by them; and then would he roar out such a tremendous volume of laughter that the whole nation of Pygmies had to put their hands to their ears, else it would have deafened them.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the giant, shaking his mountainous sides. "What a funny thing it is to be little! If I were not Antaeus, I should like to be a Pygmy, just for the joke's sake."

II

One day the mighty Antaeus was lolling at full length among his little friends. His pine tree walking-stick lay on the ground close by his side. His head was in one part of the kingdom, and his feet reached across the boundaries of another part; and he was taking whatever comfort he could get, while the Pygmies scrambled over him and peeped into his cave-like mouth and played among his hair. Sometimes, for a minute or two, the giant dropped asleep and snored like a whirlwind.

During one of these little bits of slumber, a Pygmy chanced to climb upon his shoulder, and took a view around the horizon, as from the summit of a hill; and he beheld something a long way off which made him rub his bright specks of eyes and look sharper than before. At first he mistook it for a mountain, and wondered how it had grown up so suddenly out of the earth. But soon he saw the mountain move. As it came nearer and nearer, what should it turn out to be but a human shape, not so big as Antaeus, it is true, but a very enormous figure in comparison with Pygmies, and a vast deal bigger than the men whom we see nowadays!

When the Pygmy was quite satisfied that his eyes had not deceived him, he scampered as fast as his legs would carry him to the giant's ear, and stooping over its cavity, shouted lustily into it,

"Hallo, brother Antaeus! Get up this minute, and take your pine tree walking-stick in your hand. Here comes another giant to have a tussle with you."

"Pooh, pooh!" grumbled Antaeus, only half awake. "None of your nonsense, my little fellow! Don't you see I'm sleepy? There is not a giant on earth for whom I would take the trouble to get up."

But the Pygmy looked again, and now perceived that the stranger was coming directly toward the prostrate form of Antaeus. With every step he looked less like a blue mountain and more like an immensely large man. He was soon so near that there could be no possible mistake about the matter. There he stood, with the sun flaming on his golden helmet and flashing from his polished breast-plate; he had a sword by his side and a lion's skin over his back, and on his right shoulder he carried a club, which looked bulkier and heavier than the pine tree walking-stick of Antaeus.

By this time the whole nation of Pygmies had seen the new wonder, and a million of them set up a shout all together so that it really made quite an audible squeak.

"Get up, Antaeus! Bestir yourself, you lazy old giant! Here comes another giant, as strong as you are, to fight with you."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" growled the sleepy giant. "I'll have my nap out, come who may."

Still the stranger drew nearer; and now the Pygmies could plainly see that though his stature might be less lofty than the giant's, yet his shoulders were even broader. The Pygmies, being ten times as nimble as their numskull of a brother, could not abide the giant's slow movements, and were determined to have him on his feet. So they kept shouting to him, and even went so far as to stick him with their swords.

"Get up, get up, get up!" they cried. "Up with you, lazy bones! The strange giant's club is bigger than your own, his shoulders are broader, and we think him the stronger of the two."

Antaeus could not endure to have it said that any mortal was half so mighty as himself. This latter remark of the Pygmies stung him more deeply than their swords; and, sitting up in rather a sulky humor, he gave a yawn several yards wide, rubbed his eyes, and finally turned his stupid head in the direction whither his little friends eagerly pointed.

No sooner did he set eyes on the stranger, than, leaping on his feet and seizing his walking-stick, he strode a mile or two to meet him; all the while waving the sturdy pine tree, so that it whistled.

"Who are you?" thundered the giant. "And what do you want in my dominions?"

There was one strange thing about Antaeus, of which I have not yet told you, lest, hearing of so many wonders all in a lump, you might not believe much more than half of them. You are to know, then, that whenever this great giant touched the ground, either with his hand, his foot, or any other part of his body, he grew stronger than ever he had been before. The Earth, you remember, was his mother and was very fond of him, as being almost the biggest of her children; and so she took this way of keeping him always in full strength.

Some persons say that he grew ten times stronger at every touch; others say that it was only twice as strong. But only think of it! Whenever Antaeus took a walk, supposing it were but ten miles and that he stepped a hundred yards at a stride, you may try to figure out how much mightier he was on sitting down again than when he started out. And whenever he flung himself on the earth to take a little rest, even if he got up the very next instant, he would be ten times as strong as before.

It was well for the world that Antaeus happened to be of a lazy disposition and liked ease better than exercise; for if he had frisked about like the Pygmies and touched the earth as often as they did, he would long ago have been strong enough to pull down the sky about people's ears.

Any other mortal man, except the very one whom Antaeus had now met, would have been half frightened to death by the giant's fierce looks and terrible voice. But the stranger did not seem at all disturbed. He carelessly lifted his club and balanced it in his hand, measuring Antaeus with his eye from head to foot, not as if wonder-smitten at his stature but as if he had seen a great many giants before and this was by no means the biggest of them. In fact, if the giant had been no bigger than the Pygmies (who stood looking and listening to what was going on) the stranger could not have been less afraid.

"Who are you, I say?" roared Antaeus again. "What's your name? Why do you come hither? Speak, you [v]vagabond, or I'll try the thickness of your skull with my walking-stick."

"You are a very impolite giant," answered the stranger quietly, "and I shall probably have to teach you some manners before we part. As for my name, it is [v]Hercules. I have come hither because this is my most convenient road to the garden of the [v]Hesperides, whither I am going to get three of the golden apples for a king."

"Wretch, you shall go no farther!" bellowed Antaeus, putting on a grimmer look than before, for he had heard of the mighty Hercules and hated him because he was said to be so strong. "Neither shall you go back whence you came."

"How will you prevent me," asked Hercules, "from going whither I please?"

"By hitting you a rap with this pine tree here," shouted Antaeus, scowling so that he made himself the ugliest monster in Africa. "I am fifty times stronger than you; and now that I stamp my foot upon the ground, I am five hundred times stronger!

I am ashamed to kill such a puny little dwarf as you seem to be. I will make a slave of you, and you shall likewise be the slave of my brethren here, the Pygmies. So throw down your club and your other weapons; and as for that lion's skin, I intend to have a pair of gloves made of it."

"Come and take if off my shoulders, then," answered Hercules, lifting his club.

III

The giant, grinning with rage, strode tower-like towards the stranger (ten times strengthened at every step) and struck a monstrous blow at him with his pine tree, which Hercules caught upon his club. Being more skillful than Antaeus, he paid him back such a rap upon the head that down tumbled the great clumsy man-mountain, flat upon the ground. The poor little Pygmies (who really never dreamed that anybody in the world was half so strong as their brother Antaeus) were a good deal dismayed at this. But no sooner was the giant down than up he bounced again, with tenfold might and such a visage as was horrible to behold.

He aimed another blow at Hercules, but struck awry, being blinded with wrath, and only hit his poor innocent Mother Earth, who groaned and trembled at the stroke. His pine tree went so deep into the ground and stuck there so fast that before Antaeus could get it out, Hercules brought down his club across his shoulders with a mighty thwack. This made the giant roar as if all sorts of horrible noises had come screeching and rumbling out of his enormous lungs in that one cry. Away it went, over mountains and valleys, and, for aught I know, was heard on the other side of the African desert.

As for the Pygmies, their capital city was laid in ruins by the ᵛconcussion and ᵛvibration of the air; and, though there was uproar enough without their help, they all set up a shriek out of three millions of little throats, fancying, no doubt, that they swelled the giant's bellow by at least ten times as much. Meanwhile Antaeus had scrambled upon his feet again and pulled his pine tree out of the earth; and, all a-flame with fury and more outrageously strong than ever, he ran at Hercules and brought down another blow.

"This time," shouted he, "you shall not escape me."

But once more Hercules warded off the stroke with his club, and the giant's pine tree was shattered into a thousand splinters, some of which flew among the

Pygmies and did them more mischief than I like to think about. Before Antaeus could get out of the way, Hercules let drive again and gave him another knock-down blow, which sent him heels over head but served only to increase his already enormous strength. As for his rage, there is no telling what a fiery furnace it had now got to be. His one eye was nothing but a circle of red flame. Having no weapons but his fists, he doubled them up (each bigger than a hogshead) smote one against the other, and danced up and down with absolute frenzy, flourishing his immense arms about, as if he meant not merely to kill Hercules but to smash the whole world.

"Come on!" roared this thundering giant. "Let me hit you but one box on the ear, and you'll never have the headache again."

Now Hercules (though strong enough to hold the sky up) began to be sensible that he should never win the victory, if he kept on knocking Antaeus down; for, by and by, if he hit him such hard blows, the giant would certainly, by the help of his Mother Earth, become stronger than the mighty Hercules himself. So, throwing down his club, with which he had fought so many dreadful battles, the hero stood ready to receive his foe with naked arms.

"Step forward," cried he. "Since I've broken your pine tree, we'll try which is the better man at a wrestling match."

"Aha! then I'll soon satisfy you," shouted the giant, for if there was one thing on which he prided himself more than another, it was his skill in wrestling. "Villain, I'll fling you where you can never pick yourself up again."

On came Antaeus, hopping and capering with the scorching heat of his rage and getting new vigor wherewith to wreak his passion every time he hopped. But Hercules, you must understand, was wiser than this numskull of a giant, and had thought of a way to fight him—huge, earth-born monster that he was—and to conquer him, too, in spite of all that Mother Earth could do for him. Watching his opportunity, as the mad giant made a rush at him, Hercules caught him round the middle with both hands, lifted him high into the air and held him aloft.

Just imagine it, my dear little friends. What a sight it must have been, to see this monstrous fellow sprawling in the air, face downward, kicking out his long legs and wriggling his whole vast body, like a baby when its father holds it at arm's length toward the ceiling!

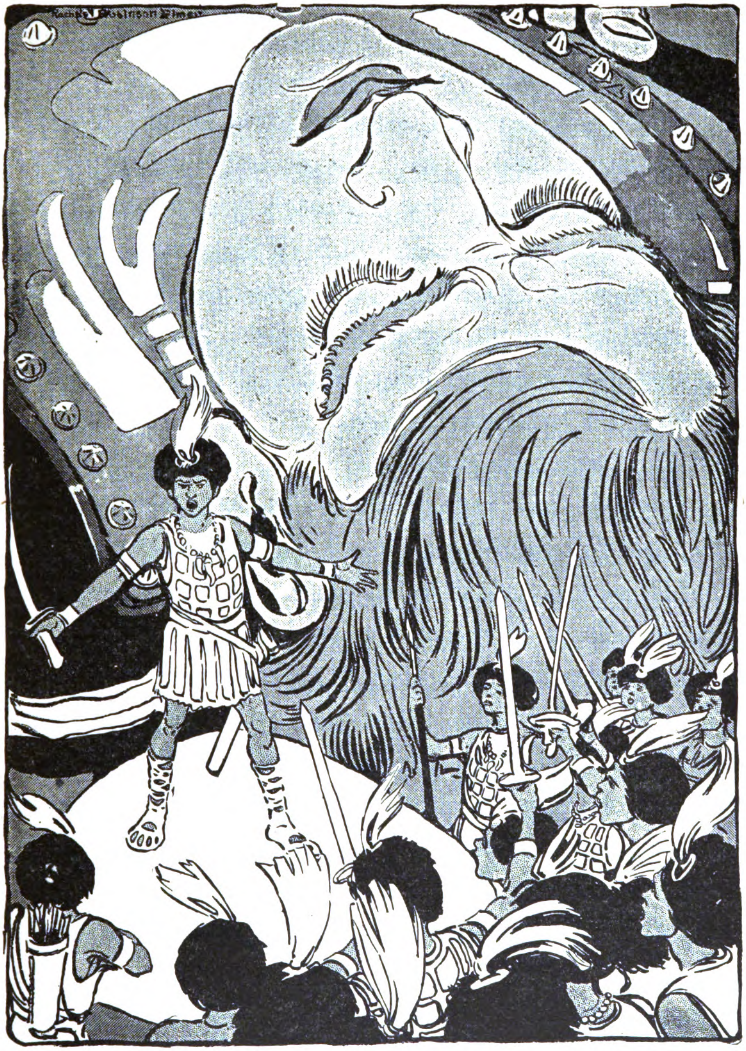
But the most wonderful thing was that as soon as Antaeus was fairly off the earth he began to lose the strength which he had gained by touching it. Hercules very soon saw that his troublesome enemy was growing weaker, both because he struggled and kicked with less violence, and because the thunder of his big voice lowered into a grumble. The truth was that unless the giant touched Mother Earth as often as once in five minutes, not only his overgrown strength, but the very breath of his life would depart from him. Hercules had guessed this secret; but it may be well for us all to remember it, in case we should ever have to fight a battle with an Antaeus.

When his strength and breath were quite gone, Hercules gave his huge body a toss, and flung it about a mile off, where it fell heavily and lay with no more motion than a sand hill. It was too late for the giant's Mother Earth to help him now; and I should not wonder if his immense bones were lying on the same spot to this very day, and were mistaken for those of an uncommonly large elephant.

But, alas me! What a wailing did the poor little Pygmies set up when they saw their enormous brother treated in this terrible fashion! If Hercules heard their shrieks, however, he took no notice, and perhaps fancied them only the shrill twittering of small birds that had been frightened from their nests by the uproar of the battle between himself and Antaeus. Indeed his thoughts had been so much taken up with the giant that he had never once looked at the Pygmies, nor even knew that there was such a funny little nation in the world. And now, as he had traveled a good way and was also rather weary with his efforts in the fight, he spread out his lion's skin on the ground, and reclining himself upon it, fell fast asleep.

IV

As soon as the Pygmies saw Hercules preparing for a nap, they nodded their little heads at one another and winked their little eyes. And when his deep, regular breathing gave them notice that he was asleep, they assembled together in an immense crowd, spreading over a space of about twenty-seven feet square. One of their most eloquent orators (and a brave warrior enough, besides, though hardly so good at any other weapon as he was with his tongue) climbed upon a toadstool, and, from that high position, addressed the multitude. His senti-


Rachel Robinson Elmer

He Addressed the Multitude

ments were pretty much as follows; or, at all events, something like this was what he said:

"Tall Pygmies and mighty little men! Yonder lies Antaeus, our great friend and brother, slain within our territory by a wretch who took him at disadvantage, and fought him (if fighting it can be called) in a way in which neither giant nor Pygmy ever dreamed of fighting until this hour. And the rascal has now fallen asleep as quietly as if nothing were to be dreaded from our wrath!

"What shall be done?

"Antaeus was our brother. He was our faithful ally, and fell fighting as much for national rights as for his own personal ones. We and our forefathers have dwelt in friendship with him, and held affectionate intercourse, as man to man, through the ages. You remember how often our entire people have rested in his great shadow, and how our little ones have played at hide and seek in the tangles of his hair, and how his mighty footsteps have familiarly gone to and fro among us and never trodden upon any of our toes. And there lies this dear brother—this sweet and amiable friend—this brave and faithful ally—this virtuous giant—this blameless and excellent Antaeus—dead! Dead! Silent! Powerless! A mere mountain of clay! Forgive my tears! Nay, I behold your own. Were we to drown the world with them, could the world blame us?

"Shall we, my countrymen, suffer this wicked stranger to depart unharmed? Shall we not rather compel him to leave his bones here on our soil by the side of our slain brother's bones? Such is the question. I put it to you in full confidence of a reply that shall be worthy of our national character."

The orator was here interrupted by a burst of cheering, every single Pygmy crying out that the national honor must be preserved. He bowed, and making a gesture for silence, wound up his harangue in the following admirable manner:

"It only remains for us, then, to decide whether we shall carry on the war as a nation—one united people against a common enemy—or whether some champion, famous in former fights, shall be selected to defy the slayer of our brother Antaeus to single combat. In the latter case, though not unconscious that there may be taller men among you, I hereby offer myself for that enviable duty. And, believe me, dear countrymen, whether I live or die, the honor of this great country shall never suffer in my hands. Never, while I can wield this sword, of which I now fling away the scabbard—never, never, never! even if the crimson hand that slew the great Antaeus shall lay me prostrate, like him, on the soil which I give my life to defend!"

So saying, this brave Pygmy drew out his weapon (which was terrible to behold, being as long as the blade of a penknife) and sent the scabbard whirling over the heads of the multitude. His speech was followed by an uproar of applause, as its patriotism and self-devotion deserved; and the shouts and clapping of hands would have been greatly prolonged, had they not been rendered quite inaudible by a snore from the sleeping Hercules.

It was finally decided that the whole nation of Pygmies should set to work to destroy Hercules—not, be it understood, from any doubt that a single champion would be capable of putting him to the sword, but because he was a public enemy and all were desirous of sharing in the glory of his defeat. There was a debate whether the national honor did not demand that a herald should be sent with a trumpet, to stand over the ear of Hercules, and after blowing a blast right into it, to defy him to the combat by proclamation.

But two or three wise Pygmies gave it as their opinion that war already existed, and that it was their rightful privilege to take the enemy by surprise. Moreover, if awakened and allowed to get upon his feet, Hercules might happen to do them mischief before he could be beaten down again. For, as these sage men remarked, the stranger's club was really very big and had rattled like a thunderbolt against the skull of Antaeus. So the Pygmies resolved to attack their foe at once.

Accordingly, all the fighting men of the nation took their weapons and went boldly up to Hercules, who still lay fast asleep, little dreaming of the harm which the Pygmies meant to do him. A body of twenty thousand archers marched in front, with their little bows all ready and the arrows on the string. The same number were ordered to clamber upon Hercules, some with spades to dig his eyes out, and others with bundles of hay and all manner of rubbish, with which they intended to plug up his mouth and nostrils so that he might perish for lack of breath. These last, however, could by no means perform their appointed duty, inasmuch as the enemy's breath rushed out of his nose in a hurricane and whirlwind which blew the Pygmies away as fast as they came near. It was found necessary, therefore, to hit upon some other method of carrying on the war.

After holding a council, the captains ordered their troops to collect sticks, straws, dry weeds, and whatever other stuff they could find easy to burn and make a pile of it, heaping it high around the head of Hercules. As a great many thousand Pygmies were employed in this task, they soon brought together several bushels of matter, and raised so tall a heap that, mounting on its summit, they were quite upon a level with the sleeper's face.

The archers, meanwhile, were stationed within bow shot, with orders to let fly at Hercules the instant he stirred. Everything being in readiness, a torch was applied to the pile, which immediately burst into flames and soon waxed hot enough to roast the enemy, had he but chosen to lie still. A Pygmy, you know, though so very small, might set the world on fire just as easily as a giant could; so that this was certainly the very best way of dealing with their foe, provided they could have kept him quiet while the conflagration was going forward.

But no sooner did Hercules begin to be scorched than up he started, with his hair in a red blaze.

"What's all this?" he cried, bewildered with sleep, and staring about him as if he expected to see another giant.

At that moment the twenty thousand archers twanged their bowstrings, and the arrows came whizzing, like so many winged mosquitoes, right into the face of Hercules. But I doubt whether more than half a dozen of them pierced the skin, which was remarkably tough, as you know the skin of a hero has good need to be.

"Villain!" shouted all the Pygmies at once. "You have killed the giant Antaeus, our great brother and the ally of our nation. We declare bloody war against you, and will slay you on the spot."

Surprised at the shrill piping of so many little voices, Hercules, after putting out the conflagration of his hair, gazed all round about, but could see nothing. At last, however, looking narrowly on the ground, he saw the band of Pygmies at his feet. He stooped down, and taking up the nearest one between his thumb and finger, set him on the palm of his left hand, and held him at a proper distance for examination. It chanced to be the very Pygmy who had spoken from the top of the toadstool, and had offered himself as a champion to meet Hercules in single combat.

"What in the world, my little fellow," asked Hercules, "may you be?"

"I am your enemy," answered the brave Pygmy, in his mightiest squeak. "You have slain the enormous Antaeus, our brother by the mother's side and for ages the faithful ally of our great nation. We are determined to put you to death; and for my own part, I challenge you to instant battle on equal ground."

Hercules was so tickled with the Pygmy's big words and warlike gestures that he burst into a great explosion of laughter, and almost dropped the poor little mite of a creature off the palm of his hand through the ecstasy and convulsion of his merriment.

"Upon my word," cried he, "I thought I had seen wonders before to-day. But here, on the palm of my hand, stands a wonder that outdoes them all! Your body, my little friend, is about the size of an ordinary man's finger. Pray, how big may your soul be?"

"As big as your own!" said the Pygmy.

Hercules was touched with the little man's courage, and could not help acknowledging such a brotherhood with him as one hero feels for another.

"My good little people," said he, making a low bow to the grand nation, "not for all the world would I do an injury to such brave fellows as you. Your hearts seem to me so very great that, upon my honor, I marvel how your small bodies can contain them. I sue for peace, and as a condition of it, will take five strides, and be out of your kingdom at the sixth. Good by. I shall pick my steps carefully for fear of treading upon some fifty of you without knowing it. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! For once, Hercules acknowledges himself ᵛvanquished."

Some writers say that Hercules gathered up the whole race of Pygmies in his lion's skin and carried them home to Greece, for the children of the king to play with. But this is a mistake. He left them, one and all, within their own territory, where, for aught I can tell, their ᵛdescendants are alive to the present day. They may still be building their little houses, cultivating their little fields, spanking their little children, carrying on their little business, whatever it may be, and reading their little histories of ancient times. In those histories, perhaps it stands recorded that a great many centuries ago the brave Pygmies avenged the death of the Giant Antaeus by scaring away the mighty Hercules.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

OCTOBER IN TENNESSEE

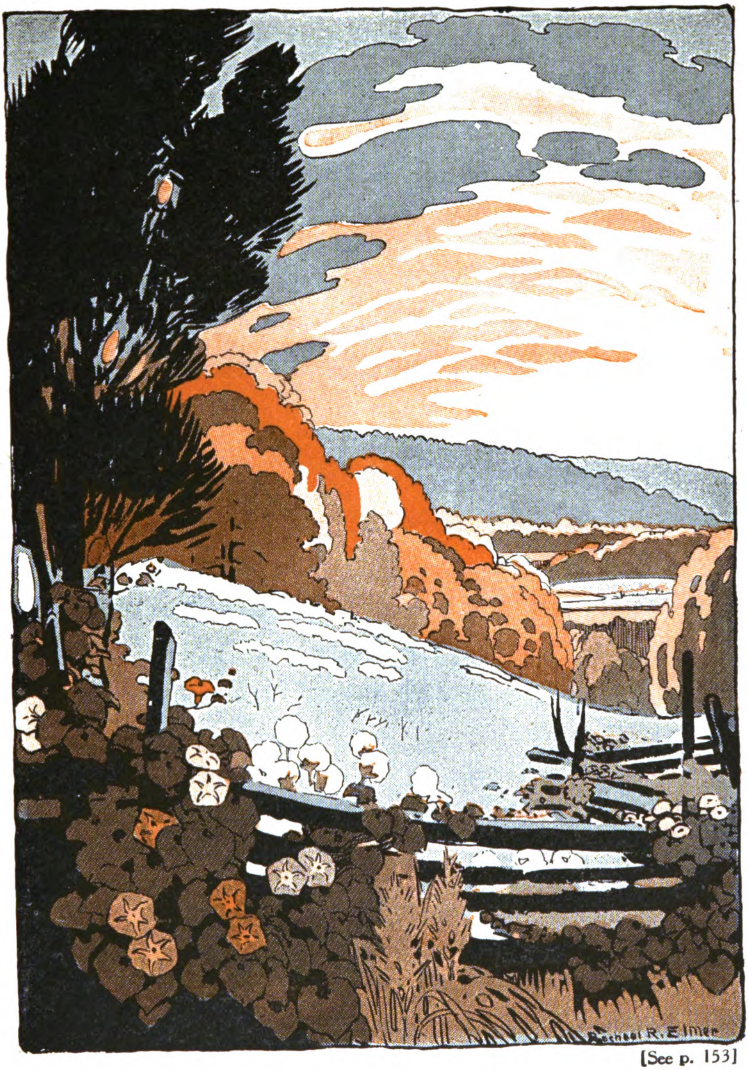
Far, far away, beyond a hazy height,
The [v]turquoise skies are hung in dreamy sleep;
Below, the fields of cotton, fleecy-white,
Are spreading like a mighty flock of sheep.

Now, like [v]Aladdin of the days of old,
October robes the woods in purple gowns;
He sprinkles all the [v]sterile fields with gold,
And all the rustic trees wear royal crowns.

The straggling fences all are [v]interlaced
With pink and [v]azure morning-glory blooms;
The starry asters glorify the waste,
While grasses stand on guard with pikes and plumes.

Yet still amid the splendor of decay
The chill winds call for blossoms that are dead,
The cricket chirps for sunshine passed away,—
The lovely summer songsters that have fled.

At last, November, like a conqueror, comes
To storm the golden city of his foe;
We hear his rude winds like the roll of drums,
Bringing their desolation and their woe.


Rachael R. Elmer

[See p. 153]

October, Like a King Resigned to Fate,
Dies in the Forests with Their Sunset Fire

The sunset, like a vast [v]vermilion flood,
Splashes its giant glowing waves on high,
The forest flames with blazes red as blood,—
A conflagration sweeping to the sky.

Then all the treasures of that brilliant state
Are gathered in a mighty funeral [v]pyre;
October, like a king resigned to fate,
Dies in the forests with their sunset fire.

WALTER MALONE

GREEN THINGS GROWING

Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!
How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing;
In the wonderful white of the [v]weird moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so,—my green things growing!
And I think that they love me, without false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,
With the soft mute comfort of green things growing.

Dinah Maria Mulock

THE FARM SONG

Over the hill the farm-boy goes.
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling;
Into the stone heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;

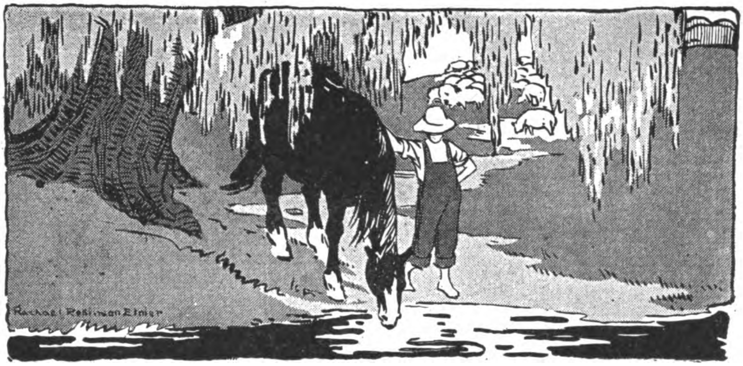
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling;
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
And the whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling:
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,

"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So, so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring "So, boss! so!"

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE



THE FARMER'S LIFE

BLESSED is he whose youth was passed upon a farm. Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall [v]savor of you and [v]radiate your virtue after your day's work is done. As the Bible says,

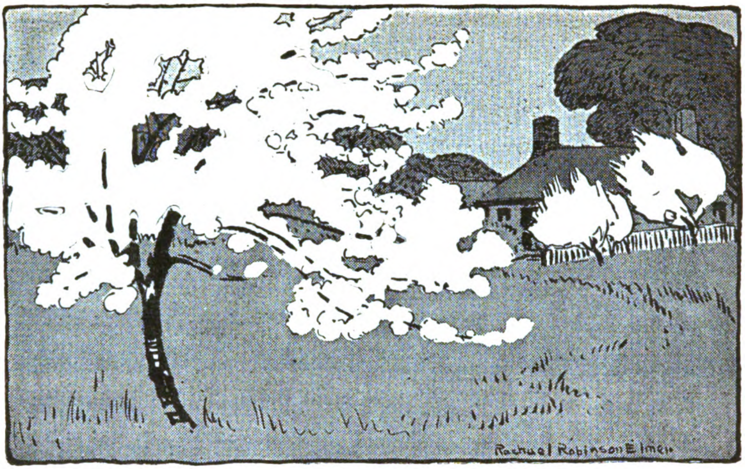
"Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds.

"Thy hay appeareth, and the tender grass showeth itself, and herbs of the mountains are gathered.

"The lambs are for thy clothing, and the goats are the price of the field.

"And thou shalt have goats' milk enough for thy food, for the food of thy household, and for the [v]maintenance of thy maidens."

JOHN BURROUGHS



A COUNTRY GIRL'S CREED

I AM glad I live in the country. I love its beauty and its spirit. I rejoice in the things I can do as a country girl for my home and my neighborhood.

I believe I can share in the beauty around me—in the fragrance of the orchards in spring, in the bending wheat at harvest time, in the morning song of birds, and in the glow of the sunset on the far horizon. I want to express this beauty in my own life naturally and happily.

I believe I can have a part in the courageous spirit of the country. This spirit has entered into the brook in our pasture. The stones placed in its way call forth its strength and add to its strength a song.

It dwells in the tender plants as they burst the seed-cases that imprison them and push through the dark earth to the light. It sounds in the nesting notes of the meadow-lark. With this courageous spirit, I too can face the hard things of life with gladness.

I believe there is much I can do in my country home. Through studying the best way to do my every-day work, I can find joy in common tasks done well. Through loving comradeship, I can help bring into my home the happiness and peace that are always so near us in God's out-of-door world. Through such a home, I can help make real to all who pass that way their highest ideal of country life.

I believe my love and loyalty for my country home should reach out in service to that larger home that we call our neighborhood. I would join with the people who live there in true friendliness. I would whole-heartedly give my aid to further all that is being done for a better community. I would have all that I think and say and do help to unite country people near and far in that great Kingdom of Love for Neighbors which the Master came to establish—the Master who knew and cared for country ways and country folk.

JESSIE FIELD

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains, with light and song.
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-
flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen [v]fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the [v]larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my step has been.

From the stream and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery [v]main,

They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Felicia Hemans

EVENING ON THE FARM

From out the hills when the twilight stands,
Above the shadowy pasture lands,
  With strained and strident cry,
Beneath pale skies that sunset bands,
  The bull-bats fly;

From woods no glimmer enters in,
Above the streams that, wandering, win
  From out the violet hills,
Those haunters of the dusk begin,
  The whippoorwills.

Adown the dark the firefly marks
Its flight in golden-emerald sparks;
  And, loosened from its chain,
The shaggy watchdog bounds and barks,
  And barks again.

Each breeze brings scent of hill-heaped hay;
And now an owlet far away,

Cries twice or thrice, "T-o-o-ho-o-o";
And cool dim moths of mottle gray
Flit through the dew.

The night is still. The slow cows chew
A drowsy cud. The bird that flew
And sang is in its nest.
It is a time of falling dew,
Of dreams and rest.

The brown bees sleep, and round the walk,
The garden path, from stalk to stalk
The bungling beetle booms,
Where two soft shadows stand and talk
Among the blooms.

The stars are thick; the light is dead
That dyed the west; and Drowsyhead,
Tuning his cricket-pipe,
Nods, and some apple, round and red,
Drops over-ripe.

Now down the road that shambles by,
A window, shining like an eye
Through climbing rose and gourd,
Shows where Toil sups, and those things lie—
His heart and hoard.

MADISON J. CAWEIN

PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through [v]fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never [v]cloy;
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,—
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains [v]jargons cease.
Leaf and [v]zephyr murmur soothingly;

Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the [v]benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,—
He plants youth;
[v]Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
Life of time, that hints [v]eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear;
New shoots, every year
On old growths appear;
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,—
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

LUCY LARCOM

BILLY TOPSAIL AND HIS DOG

I

BILLY TOPSAIL was a fisherman's son who lived in a village on the bleak northeastern coast of Labrador. Billy was brought up on the water and like all Newfoundland boys had many adventures, but his first thrilling experience came by reason of a gust of wind and his own dog Skipper.

Skipper was a Newfoundland dog, born and brought up at Ruddy Cove, which was Billy's home. He had short black hair and the broad strong shoulders of his breed. He was heavy, awkward and ugly; but he pulled with a will, looked out for himself, and, within the knowledge of men, had never stolen a fish. He was Billy's constant companion, always ready for a hard day's work or a hard day's play. When Billy was not fishing he would sit in the bow of the boat, keeping a lookout ahead. This habit gave him his name, Skipper.

Once when little Tommy Goodman tumbled over the wharf, Skipper plunged in, caught the boy by the collar and with powerful strokes towed him ashore. This made him quite a hero in the village.

Billy and Skipper were out fishing in the punt

Never Give Up one morning, but a sudden storm arose and they started for home. The little boat had been weighted with ^{v}ballast and was making good headway in spite of the changing wind and ^{v}choppy sea, when a sudden gust caught the sails and before Billy could make a move to save the boat, it turned over.

The boy and the dog were thrown into the sea—the one behind, the other forward. Billy dived deep to escape ^{v}entanglement with the rigging of the boat. He had long ago learned the lesson that presence of mind is half the fight in time of danger. The coward miserably perishes while the brave man survives. With his courage leaping to meet the ^{v}predicament, he rose to the surface.

He looked for the boat. She had been weighted with ballast, and he feared for her. What was he to do if she had been too heavily weighted? Even as he looked she sank. The tip of the mast was the last he saw of her.

The sea—cold, fretful, vast—lay all about him. The coast was half a mile to windward; the punts, out to sea, were very slowly beating towards him, and could make no better speed. He had to choose between the punts and the rocks.

A whine—with a strange note in it—attracted his attention. The big dog had caught sight of him, and was beating the water in a frantic effort to approach quickly.

"Hi, Skipper!" Billy cried. "Steady, boy! Steady!"

Billy took off his boots as fast as he could. The dog was coming nearer, still whining strangely and madly pawing the water. Billy was puzzled. What ailed the dog? He seemed to have been seized with a fit of terror. Was he afraid of drowning? His eyes were fairly flaring. Such a light Billy had never seen in them before.

In the instant he had for thought, the boy lifted himself high out of the water and looked intently into the dog's eyes. It was terror he saw there; there could be no doubt about that; the dog was afraid for his life. And Billy for his part was filled with a sudden dread which he could not crush down. Afraid of Skipper—the old affectionate Skipper—his own dog, which he had reared from a puppy!

But he was afraid nevertheless—and he was desperately afraid.

"Bad dog!" he cried. "Get back, sir!" He frantically attempted to keep the dog at a distance.

It chanced that Billy Topsail was a strong swim-mer. He had learned to swim when the water is cold—as cold as the icebergs stranded in the harbor can make it. The water was bitter cold now, but he did not fear it; nor did he doubt that he could accomplish the long swim which lay before him. It was the strange behavior of the dog that disturbed Billy—his failure to obey, which was a thing not to be explained. The dog was now within three yards and excited past reason.

"Back, sir!" Billy screamed. "Get back!"

Skipper was not stopped by the command. He did not so much as hesitate. Billy raised his hand as if to strike him, a threatening gesture which had sent Skipper home with his tail between his legs many a time. But it was without effect now.

"Get back!" Billy screamed again. It was plain that the dog was not to be bidden. Billy threw himself on his back, supported himself with his hands and kicked at the dog with his feet.

Skipper was blinded with the splashing. He whined and held back. Then blindly he came again. Billy moved slowly from him, head foremost, still churning the water with his feet. But swimming in this fashion, he was no match for the dog. With his head thrown back to escape the blows, Skipper forged after him. He was struck on the paws, in the throat, and again on the paws. But he swam on, taking every blow without complaint and gaining inch by inch. Soon he was so close that the lad could no longer move his feet freely. Then the dog chanced to catch one foot with his paw, and forced it under. Billy could not beat him off.

No longer opposed, the dog crept up—paw over paw—forcing the boy's body lower and lower in the water. His object was clear to Billy. Skipper, frenzied by terror, would try to save himself by climbing on his shoulders.

"Skipper!" he cried, "You'll drown me! Get back!"

II

It did no good to command obedience from a crazy dog. He must act otherwise, and that quickly, if he were to escape. There seemed to be but one thing to do. He took a long breath and let himself sink—down—down—as deep as he dared. Down—down—until he retained only breath enough to strike to the right and rise again.

The dog—as Bill found out later—rose as high as he could force himself, and looked about in every direction, with his mouth open and his ears straight up. He gave two sharp barks, like sobs, and a long mournful whine. Then, as if acting upon a sudden thought, he dived.

For a moment there was nothing to be seen of either boy or dog—nothing but a choppy sea. Men who were watching thought that both had followed the *Never Give Up* to the bottom. In the movement under water Billy saw that the situation was desperate. He would rise to be sure, but only to renew the struggle. How long could he keep off the dog? Until the punt came to his aid? He thought not.

He rose to the surface prepared to dive again. But Skipper had disappeared.

An expression of thanksgiving was on the boy's lips when the dog's black head rose and moved swiftly toward him. Billy had a start of ten yards.

He turned on his side and set off at top speed. There was no better seaman among the lads of the harbor, but was he a match for a powerful Newfoundland dog? It was soon evident that he was not.

Skipper gained rapidly. Billy felt a paw strike his foot. He put more strength into his strides. Next the paw struck the calf of his leg. The dog was upon him now, pawing his back. Billy could not sustain the weight; he dived again. The dog was waiting when Billy came up, on the alert to continue the chase.

"Skipper, old fellow—good old dog!" Billy cried in a soothing voice. "Steady, sir! Down, sir!"

The dog was not to be deceived. He came whining and gasping by turns. He was more excited, more determined than ever. Billy waited for him. The fight was to be face to face. The boy was resolved to keep him off with his hands until strength failed—to drown him if he could. All love for the dog had gone out of his heart. The weeks of close and merry companionship, of romps and rambles and sports, were forgotten. Billy was fighting for life. So he waited without pity, hoping only that his strength would last until he had conquered.

When the dog was within reach Billy struck him in the face. A snarl and an angry snap answered the blow. Rage seemed suddenly to possess the dog. He held back for a moment, growling fiercely, and then attacked with a rush. Billy fought as best he could, trying to clutch his enemy by the neck and force his head beneath the waves. The effort was in vain; the dog escaped his grasp and in another moment he had laid his paws on the boy's shoulders.

The weight was too much for Billy. Down he went; then he freed himself and struggled to the surface, gasping for breath. It appeared to him that he had but a moment to live. He felt his self-possession going from him, and at that moment his ears caught the sound of a voice.

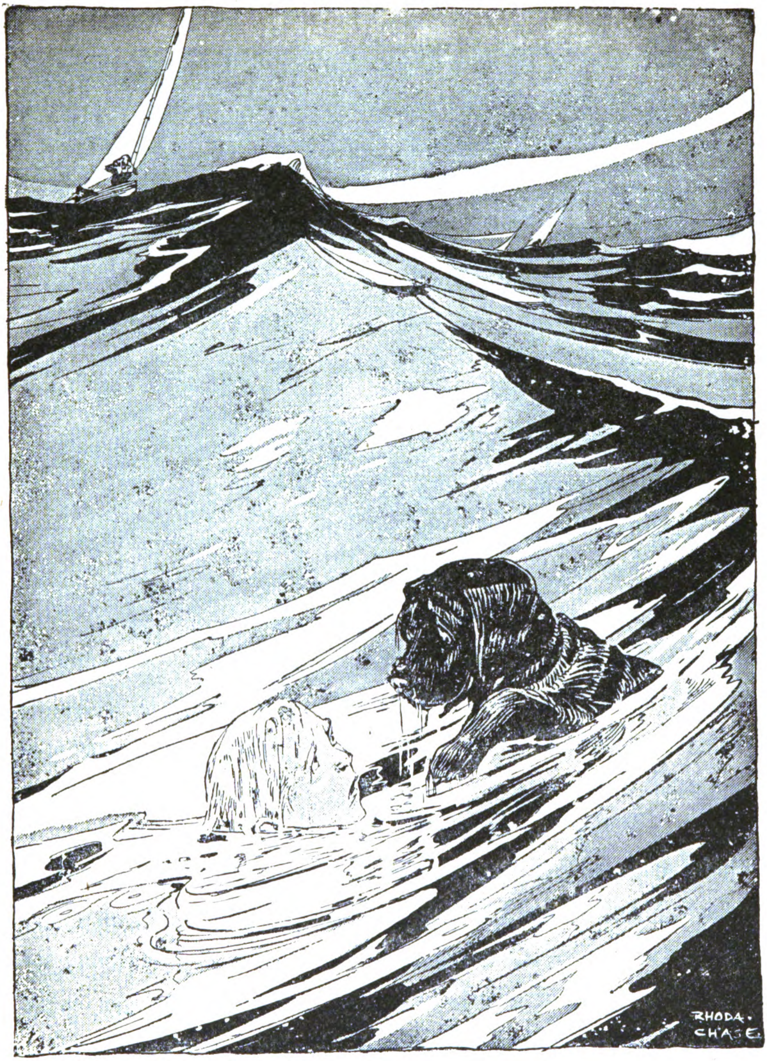
"Put your arm"—

The voice seemed to come from far away. Before the sentence was completed, the dog's paws were again on Billy's shoulders and the water stopped the boy's hearing. What were they calling to him? The thought that some helping hand was near inspired him. With this new courage to aid him, he dived for the third time. The voice was nearer—clearer—when he came up, and he heard every word.

"Put your arm around his neck!" one man cried.

"Catch him by the scruff of the neck!" cried another.

Billy's self-possession returned. He would follow their direction. Skipper swam anxiously to him. It may be that he wondered what this new attitude meant. It may be that he hoped reason had returned to the boy—that at last he would allow himself to be saved. Billy caught the dog by the scruff of the neck when he was within arm's length. Skipper wagged his tail and turned about.


RHODA.
CHASE

Skipper Swam Anxiously to Him

There was a brief pause while the faithful old dog decided which direction he would take. He saw the punts, which had borne down with all speed. Toward them he swam, and there was something of pride in his mighty strokes, something of exultation in his whine. Billy struck out with his free hand, and soon boy and dog were pulled in a boat.

Through it all, as Billy now knew, the dog had only wished to save him.

That night Billy Topsail took Skipper aside for a long and confidential talk.

"Skipper," said he, "I beg your pardon. You see, I didn't know what 'twas you wanted. I'm sorry I ever had a hard thought against you, and I'm sorry I tried to drown you. When I imagined you only wanted to save yourself, 'twas Billy Topsail you were fighting for. When I thought you wanted to climb atop of me, 'twas my collar you wanted to catch. When I thought you wanted to bite me, 'twas a scolding you were giving me for my foolishness. Next time I'll know that all a Newfoundland dog wants is half a chance to tow me ashore, and I'll give him a whole chance. But, Skipper, you might have let me do something for myself!"

At which Skipper wagged his tail.

Norman Duncan

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RED CROSS DOGS

MEN are coming to know dogs as they never knew them before. Dogs have always been the faithful companions of mankind, but it remained for war to teach us how useful our dumb friends may be.

One of the greatest evils of modern war is the difficulty of rescuing the wounded. Battles no longer last for a day or two, as they used to do, to be followed by quick relief for the wounded at the end of the fighting. Battles in the present age go on week after week over an immense area of country, and the stricken who fall in the shell-swept territory between the hostile lines often die because it is impossible to reach them. In the face of the awful artillery-fire sweeping the battlefield, rescue-parties must work swiftly, and they have little chance to explore out-of-the-way places where wounded men may lie.

A dog, however, is able to go where a man cannot. In all the great armies, therefore, dogs have been trained to look for the wounded. When a dog finds a helpless soldier, he comes back to his master and in some way conveys the information. A relief party, led by the dog, then brings in the wounded man with the least possible risk.

The Red Cross dogs are of all breeds. A cross between a bulldog and a mastiff is said to be desirable, as are sheep dogs, retrievers, pointers, Airedale terriers and out-and-out curs as well. Character and training are the things wanted; nobody has time in days of war to worry about ancestry. Character is the hardest thing to breed, and the pedigreed aristocrat with shifty eyes is rejected; in time of need democracy asserts itself. Size, weight and health may be determined. Then comes training—and there character shows.

These Red Cross dogs are first trained to distinguish between the uniform of their country and that of enemies. After that the dog must learn the importance of a wounded man as his principal business in life. News of the wounded must be brought to his master, and he is not allowed to bark, because barking attracts the enemy's fire.

There are various ways in which the dog tells his master of a discovery. One method is to trot back and lie down when no wounded have been found, whereas the dog urges the master to follow if a wounded man lies in the field. A method in use in the German army provides a short strap buckled to the dog's collar, and this the dog grasps in his mouth when he finds a wounded man on the battlefield. Returning with the strap in his teeth, the dog thus shows that a soldier in uniform is in need somewhere.

This invention was necessary in order to overcome an evil that soon became evident in dogs taught to retrieve, that is to bring back some piece of clothing or other token from the wounded man—his cap, glove, or a stone or tuft of grass in his neighborhood. The trouble with the system was that the dogs, in their abundant zeal, never returned without something from the injured man, and usually they took that which first struck their eyes. This was often a bandage, which the dog would tear off. If taught to bring back a cap and the soldier had none, the dog would very likely seize the wounded man by the hair.

These Red Cross dogs won fame for themselves in the Great War.

A French dog named Prusco, nearly white, who looked like a wolf, made a remarkable record. It is told that after one battle, he alone saved the lives of more than one hundred men by seeking out those concealed by brush or by depressions in the earth, or those too weak to make their location known. If it had not been for Prusco, they would have been left to die on the field.

At another time a French regiment advancing against the Germans received a set-back and was forced to retreat, leaving many wounded. A hail of bullets flew across the field over them. Three Frenchmen, shot in the legs, were slowly dragging themselves toward a depression to avoid the fire of rifles and machine guns. They had thrown off every thing that hindered them but they made slow progress. Prusco, seeing them, bounded to the side of one soldier, who caught him by the collar and was quickly dragged to shelter. Then he returned and brought in the other two men in the same way. This accomplished, the dog waited until the wounded men had supplied themselves with first-aid from the kit on his back, when he hastened off to render aid somewhere else where it might be needed.

Equally remarkable was the story of a German dog named Steif.

In the campaign on the eastern front, Lieutenant von Wieland one day led a party of soldiers in an attack on the Russian trenches. Seeing that the task was hopeless on account of the Russian fire, the officer signaled a retreat. He turned with the soldiers that were left and made for the trenches and safety. When he had covered about half the distance, a rifle ball shattered the bone of his leg, and he fell down amidst the stiff bodies of the men who had set out with him and now lay in the blood and muck and filth of the battlefield.

The Russian fire was so murderous that no one dared to bring him in. Presently a dark form leaped from the German trenches, rushed to Lieutenant von Wieland's side, grasped his coat between his teeth, and foot by foot, dragged him to safety. Once, but only for a moment, did the dog loosen his hold, and that was when a bullet "creased" him from shoulder to flank. The blood gushed from the wound, but notwithstanding, he took a fresh hold and finished his task at the edge of the trench, where willing hands lifted the lieutenant to safety. They had to lift the dog, too, because just then a bullet broke both of his fore-legs.

Man and beast were taken together to the hospital, and the surgeons worked as hard over one as over the other. Some time later the emperor happened to be making his rounds and he came into the room where the lieutenant lay. The attendants brought Steif in on a cot and placed him beside the officer. The emperor, who had heard the story, took an iron-cross and pinned it upon von Wieland's bosom. Then, taking another cross, he tied it to the dog's collar. There was the same reward for the dog as for the man.

MONT'REY

When the dyke first burst, letting in the river, we were all afraid that the great Mississippi would make a clean sweep of the fields for many miles. At last, however, the busy workers got the raging yellow flood under control, and the hole in the ^{v}levee was filled up beyond all chance of breaking again.

Meanwhile, the incoming torrent had crept through the orange plantation, along the lane, up the fields, into the grounds—until by the time the ^{v}crevasse was really closed, it spread an unbroken lake over ^{v}La Blanche Rose, across ^{v}Bon Soldat, and against the steps of River-View 'great house' miles away down the river. Only the rear canefields somehow escaped and stood high and dry above the water, which entirely surrounded La Blanche Rose 'great house.'

At first the waves that lapped softly against the basement windows and rippled away over the lawn and sparkled in the hot sunlight were thick and muddy. Gradually they became clear, when, as in a vast mirror, we could see the soft grass, the hedges, the rose-bushes and violet-beds, emerald green, waving back and forth with a gentle motion far below the wind-stirred surface. The partly submerged rose-hedges bloomed defiantly, their glossy leaves and waxen buds reflected in the clear pool below; the tall sugar-cane standing deep in the flood rustled its plumy tufts gayly.

We seemed to be living in a strange new world. Sometimes a fish leaped up near a trellis, showing his white glistening sides as he fell back with a splash. Then the little boys would rush headlong into the house for their poles and lines and would hang over the banisters for hours waiting for a nibble. Long, slimy, greenish snakes would coil themselves on the steps to bask in the sunshine, and would hardly take the trouble to slide off when anybody came down to the boats moored against the pillars.

Once, a monstrous alligator glided across the lawn, swimming, his rusty nose in the air, and dived under the rose-garden gate. Ten minutes later, a baby one, three or four feet long, came crawling up the steps, making a funny little puffing noise; and when he reached the veranda, he stretched himself out with a grunt and lay there, lazily opening and shutting his small eyes.

Boats darted about all day long from one part of the plantation to another. Every morning some one rowed off to a point where work might yet be done. Often a yell of derisive laughter would bring us to the back porch, and there would come a couple of dripping negroes, muddy and scolding, dragging their overturned boat after them and threatening with uplifted oars the impudent youngsters who jeered.

Every day, mother, in the ladies' boat pulled by Jerry, went to the little church at the landing or elsewhere, taking one or more of us children with her; sometimes she visited Bon Soldat, or even ventured as far as River-View to fetch something.

One night the ladies' boat, which was to carry a voyager to Bon Soldat, drew up alongside the steps. As Jerry stopped the boat, a large dog rose in the back and leaped out. He stood a moment on the lower step, as if hesitating, and then disappeared in the hall.

Next morning the little boys came down from their play-room under the roof in a high state of excitement.

"We've got a new dog," said Sam. "It isn't Madame Biron's Caesar, either."

"Such a nice dog," added Will.

"He let us play with him," explained little Percy.

They hurried away with food for their new playmate.

Mother said that the dog was really a comfort. Her mind had not been so much at ease about the boys at any time since the flood came, with its snakes and alligators and other dangers. The children were at least safe in the garret with a good-natured dog.

The boys trotted off every morning as soon as they had finished breakfast with an ample supply for Mont'rey (they called the dog Mont'rey), and shouts of gleeful laughter and joyous cries would presently come ringing down the stairs.

One day they took old Jupe up to the playroom to introduce him to the new dog. But Jupe evidently did not find the stranger to his liking, for we heard him utter a wild yell, and immediately he came tearing down the stairway, with his tail between his legs and the skin fairly quivering on his lean body. Plunging into the water, he made for Mammy's cabin, and no threats or coaxing could thereafter induce him to enter the 'great house.'

One afternoon, when the glee overhead was even louder than usual, grandma, who had a headache, said to mother, "Lucile, I wish you would go up and tell the boys to be a little more quiet."

Mother mounted to the head of the second stairway and looked in the door. The boys were playing soldier. Little Percy marched at the head of the line, beating lustily on an old tin bucket; Will followed, with his wooden sword held stiffly against his breast; Charley and Sam trod hard on his heels, their stick-guns upon their shoulders and their canteens swinging at their sides. And the new dog, with Percy's straw hat stuck on the back of his head, brought up the rear, walking on his hind legs.

Mother turned white at the sight of him and almost fainted. The new dog was a big, shaggy, half-grown black bear! He had been driven in by the overflow and tamed by the innocent confidence of his little hosts.

He dropped on all-fours and growled when mother came in, but, seeing that his comrades marched undisturbed, he stood up again; and there they went, around and around, the tin drum rattling, the small captain marking time, the 'comp'ny' keeping step.

"Boom!" said an imaginary cannon. Charley and Sam fell down groaning. The bear stood still, looking at them. But Captain Will gave him a smart slap with his sword, and down he tumbled in a heap with the others.

"Isn't he a good doggie, mother?" asked Charley, when they had all scrambled to their feet.

Mother said yes, though her knees trembled.

After that Mont'rey was brought downstairs and became one of the family. His antics kept the whole house in a roar; even grandma, who was afraid of him, could not keep from laughing.

By this time the water was beginning to drain slowly away from the plantation; the tops of the little hedges showed first, and then the leaves of the violet-beds—finally the yellowed grass.

One morning Mammy uttered a cry of dismay, when she opened the dining-room door. The floor was strewn with broken dishes; chairs and tables lay overturned; the doors of the sideboard swung open, and the lower panes of the windows were smashed. In the midst of the ruin sat Mont'rey, digging his paws into a broken honey-jar clasped in his arm and licking them with little snorts of delight. Mammy pounced upon him with her broom, and he hastily retreated.

We never saw Mont'rey again.

MARY MOORE DAVIS

HATTERAS JOE

I

On the island of Hatteras, off the North Carolina coast, there once lived a bald eagle, the fame of which still lingers among the men who sail the waters of Pamlico Sound or draw nets on the ocean beach when the blue-fish run in the spring. Morning after morning the great bird would be seen hanging on the wing above the [v]sand-dunes, as it watched for a heedless rabbit or sailed along the shore in quest of fish cast up by the breakers.

Alas, for his own safety! he was not always content with such food, but on occasions would drop from the sky like a thunderbolt into the scrub [v]palmettoes and quickly rise with one of the farmer's choicest lambs in his talons.

Then in the big [v]eyrie in the top of the great pine tree, a hundred feet tall, there would be merry times, for the two eaglets were always hungry. Here the great bird of prey would sit looking up the sound at the sails of the fishing-boats beating home from [v]Kennekeet, or turning his head to gaze out over the tumbling waters of the Atlantic. A mile away Cape Hatteras lighthouse towered two hundred feet in air. Beyond it the eagle might see the endless white-caps racing over the treacherous Diamond Shoal, while far in the offing the faint smoke of steamers along the coast was visible. Although at times the fierce gales that swept in from the ocean set the pine tree swinging and swaying, yet on the whole the nest was a pleasant home for the eagle family.

One day, however, Meekins, the farmer, arose in his wrath, shouting a vow to the four winds of heaven that the old eagle should no longer live to rob him of his lambs. He took his gun and made his way through the woods, bent on slaughter; and as I happened to be a visitor on the island at the time, I received an invitation to accompany him. The birds were nowhere in sight when we reached the tall pine, which stood on a slight elevation in the thickest and wildest part of the forest.

Concealing ourselves in the thicket, we sat down to wait. At the end of an hour the farmer had gained his revenge; the female bird lay dead and the old feathered monarch of the island had fallen wounded to the ground. Taking off my coat, I ran to the flapping bird, threw it over him, and with much difficulty, securely tied his feet with a handkerchief. Then I begged for his life.

Meekins objected ^{v}strenuously for some time but yielded in the end, and I carried the great bird on my head three miles to the farm-house. Then I untied his feet, put him on a stump in the back yard and withdrew. He instantly attempted to fly, but his efforts were in vain; finding them so, at last he settled down on the stump. We named him "Hatteras Joe," in memory of a negro hero who had once lived at the Cape. After offering the eagle meat, we left him to himself.

For two days the eagle refused all food, and with ruffled feathers and neck drawn in, sat the picture of ^{v}dejection and ^{v}outraged pride. The third day we took him a large fish, at sight of which he seemed to forget his anger, and with outstretched head called eagerly for it. From that moment there was no trouble about his appetite; the only difficulty was to find food enough to satisfy it.

One morning two weeks later I waved Hatteras Joe good-by, and climbing into a ^{v}Kennekeet shad-boat, set sail for the mainland forty miles away.

More than a year passed, in which time I heard nothing of the fallen king of the Hatteras bird-world. Then one evening just as the sun was sinking and the ^{v}curlews passed in long ranks to their roost in the outer shoals, I again landed on the island and made my way to Farmer Meekins' house. After supper, as we sat in the moonlight before the door, I inquired for Hatteras Joe. It was an odd tale that Meekins told me that evening while the mocking-birds sang in the holly trees and the dull boom of the breakers over on the ocean beach came down the wind.

It seemed that the wound in the eagle's wing did not prove serious, and in about a month he was able to fly again.

"But the bird did not leave," Meekins continued. "No, sir; he had grown so accustomed to that stump in the back yard that he came to look on it as his home."

The eagle made flights all over the island, but always came back in the evening. One day the farmer saw Hatteras Joe standing in the great nest in the big pine, scanning earth, air and water as if searching for his lost companion. Eagles, it should be remembered, mate for life; and if one of a pair is killed, the survivor sometimes fails to mate again.

After the shooting season in the spring, old Joe would fly over the salt marshes bordering the sound, and he almost always captured some crippled wild duck or goose, left behind when the great flocks departed in the spring on their journey toward the pole.

II

That his wing was now as strong as ever and that he was again king of the air, he showed one day in striking fashion. A fish-hawk, which may have come over from the mainland for a few days' fishing at the Cape, suddenly dropped into the water near the boat-landing and arose, dripping, with a two pound trout in his clutch. Holding the fish so that its head would point straight forward as he flew, he started toward the shore where a giant live oak stood. The topmost limb of this tree offered the osprey an excellent dining-room, on which he might stand and enjoy the fruit of his labor. It chanced, however, that another pair of eyes besides the farmer's had seen the bird secure the fish—the eyes of the big, brown, white-headed eagle which everybody now knew as Hatteras Joe. He launched forth from his perch near the top of a pine, his great wings measuring almost seven feet from tip to tip.

The fish-hawk instantly saw his enemy and his cries of rage and alarm filled the air. He at once changed his course, heading straight out over the sound. On came the eagle at a furious rate. Higher and higher mounted the osprey in an effort to keep above the eagle; but fast as he rose, the eagle rose faster. In three minutes he had caught up with the fish-hawk and was perhaps a hundred feet above him.

Then suddenly he dropped, and on half-shut wings shot downward. The osprey avoided the blow by dodging, and the eagle sank another fifty feet towards the water before his flight was checked. Once more he rose in a graceful curve, climbing the unseen stairway of the air to a point of vantage.

Twice he struck and twice the weaker bird dodged, still bearing his prey. At the third assault, however, the osprey was forced to let fall his fish in order to escape. Down, down it dropped, a mere speck in the air; and behind it, falling straight toward the dark blue waves, with all the combined force of gravitation and powerful wing beats, came Hatteras Joe. Thirty yards above the water a scaly yellow claw shot out and deftly seized the fish. Then deliberately and gracefully the eagle turned toward the land, heading for the top branch of the live oak where the osprey had hoped to make his dinner.

By this time no one any longer tried to shoot Joe, for people regarded him as almost a member of Farmer Meekins' family. Then, too, since he had ceased killing lambs, they looked on him as a kind of reformed robber, who was trying to lead a better life. Furthermore, in the late winter an incident had occurred which so endeared the old eagle to the dwellers in the Hatteras region that no one could have been induced to raise a hand against him.

The story goes that one time after a storm the lookout at the life-saving station saw a flock of gulls circling over Diamond Shoal, and striking down as if at some floating object. At the same moment Hatteras Joe came across the island, making straight for the screaming birds. He quickly scattered them, and all that afternoon sailed round and round in a certain place over the waves; he did not quit his station while light remained. In the morning fishermen found the body of a sailor washed up on the beach, and near by, on some wreckage, sat Hatteras Joe as if on guard.

"To-morrow, I must see this wonderful bird," I said, "and give him a fish in token of my regard."

"You cannot do that," the farmer sadly replied, "for the fine old fellow is gone. He lies buried at the foot of the big pine, which still holds his nest."

"Tell me the rest of the story," I urged. So Meekins, knocking the ashes from his pipe, told me before going to bed of the death of Hatteras Joe.

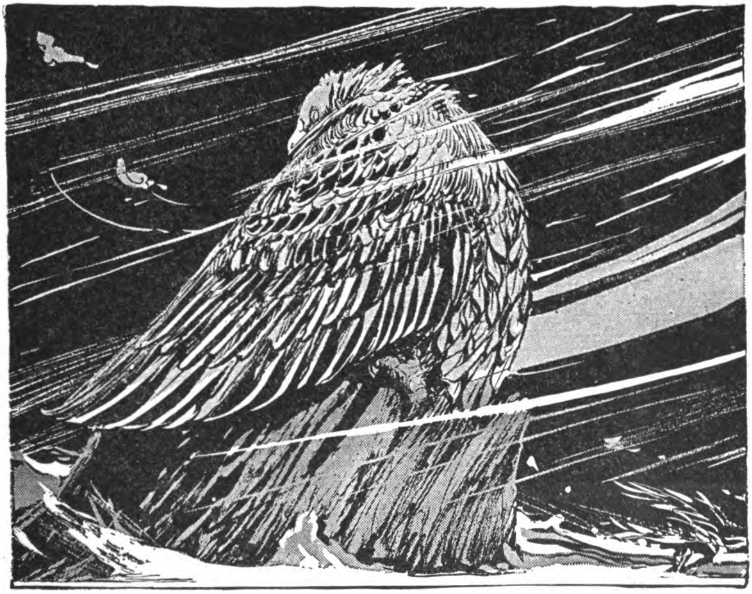
The thing happened at the time of the great August storm, which everybody along the coast remembers, for it wrought tremendous havoc and put many fine vessels on the beach. When it became apparent to the farmer that all the low part of the island would be flooded by the waves which came driving in from the Atlantic, he took his wife and children to the house of a neighbor, who lived on higher ground among the dunes.

For two days and nights the awful storm raged. At length the sun came out and the waters subsided, and Meekins went down to see what was left of his home. There, on the stump in the back yard, his talons sunk deep in the wood, lay the body of Hatteras Joe. Why the great bird did not spread his wings and fly to the mainland or soar above the clouds, no one could tell.

But this is the answer I would give.

Every creature recognizes, more or less vaguely, perhaps, the existence of some higher power than himself, on which he calls in the hour of need. The bird cries out aloud in the hawk's claws; the rabbit screams for help as the dog seizes it; and I once heard a man appeal to God as a falling tree crashed down on him. [v]Instinctively, we turn in moments of peril to the highest power we know. To Hatteras Joe, the eagle, the highest power was man, for man had laid him low. When the great storm came, the most terrific tempest the bird had ever known, with terror striking at his heart and throwing a veil across his reason, he had fled to man for safety—and had fled in vain!

T. GILBERT PEARSON



A SON OF THE DESERT

I

The tenderest words of love fell on [v]Savyrd's ears as he opened his eyes in the warm darkness of [v]Ishmail's tent. Brown [v]Arab children, as gentle as his mother, fondled the little new [v]foal that was to be their playmate.

"Thou art sweet; thou art lovely!" they murmured, echoing their elders' words.

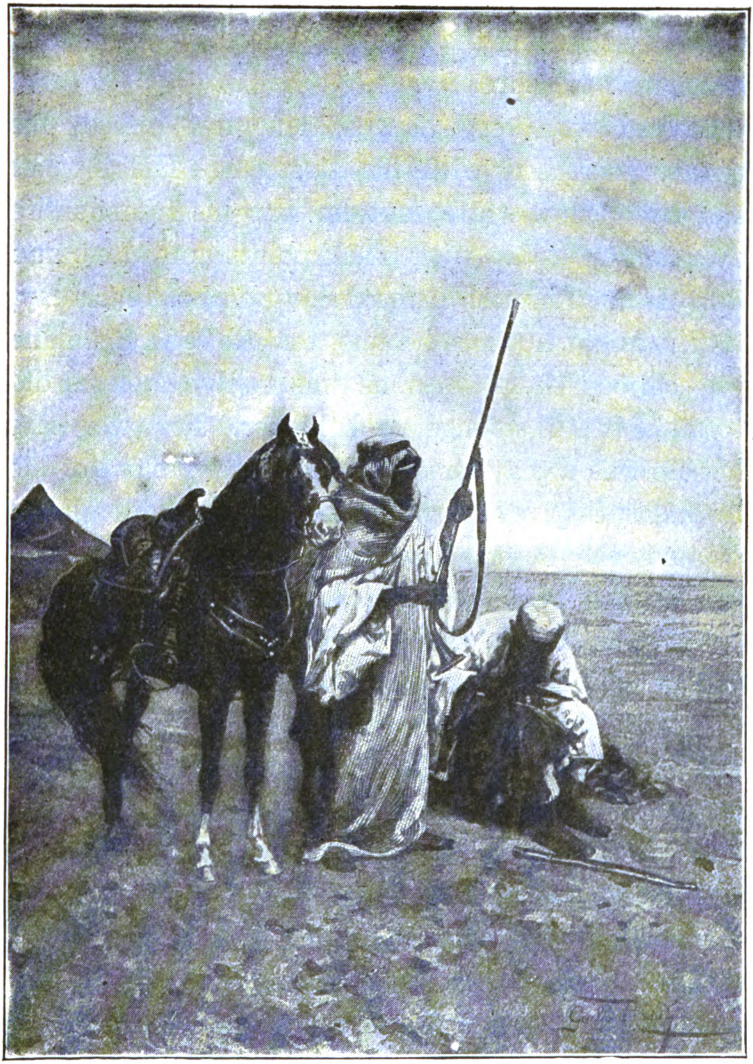
Presently Savyrd ventured to stand on his legs and looked wonderingly around him. One side of the tent was drawn back now, for Ishmail had summoned his friends to come and see the pure-bred foal. They crowded about him with extravagant approval, not wholly unmixed with envy. For never, they said, had a horse more perfect been foaled before.

"He has the courage of a lion in his countenance," cried one.

"His legs are those of a fleet [v]gazelle, and his skin is like petals of a flower," said a second.

"He has the nose of a sheep and the throat of a wolf," cried another, not to be outdone.

And the smiling Ishmail listened to them all,



A Son of the Desert

privately thinking that they had hardly done justice to his new treasure.

Savyrd was very happy and grew apace; his beauty increased with his strength. His mother had been snow-white, but he was his famous sire over again—a bay with black points and mane and tail. Ishmail himself dressed Savyrd's coat each day, that it might not lose its fine texture; and his mane was clipped short when he was twelve months old to make it still stronger and thicker. For two years his life was a play time, but toward the close of his second spring, when the grass on the pasture lands beyond the desert borders had already shriveled up, Ishmail began to train him.

"I must teach thee to follow in thy father's wake," he told the young horse proudly.

One brilliant morning when the sand was hot and the sky above them dazzlingly blue, a saddle was strapped on Savyrd's back for the breaking-in. As soon as the colt knew what his master wished, he was ready and willing to obey, and no feat of endurance asked of him was asked in vain.

His training went on for many a month, but though a creature of fire and spirit, he was as gentle and quiet as a child. He learned to stand from morn till eve, ready saddled by the Arab's tent, bearing with calm and patience the burning rays of the sun. Not until dusk was he fed and watered, but he throve on scant fare.

Often his master mounted him, and then he scoured the desert lands to ever-increasing distances. When he was ready for the test, Ishmail rode him nigh on eighty miles without stop or stay. At the end of the journey, Savyrd was plunged into ice-cold water up to his girths and then offered a feed of barley. He ate what was given him to the last grain—not hurriedly, but with good appetite. And so in the eyes of the desert tradesmen, his endurance was finally established.

He was in the fullness of his strength—so superb a hunter that the swift-footed ostrich had no chance of escaping him as he chased it across the glittering sands—when Ishmail fell upon evil times. Sickness attacked his children; and his wife, even dearer than they, fell a prey to a wasting disease. Ishmail was penniless; all he possessed he owed. And, fear fell upon him. . . . . He must sell Savyrd!

An English officer, anxious to explore a country in which no European had yet set foot, had expressed a wish to buy a pure-bred Arabian horse.

John Langston's purse was deep, and he had an open hand. With sighs and whispers, Ishmail's friends told him these facts and urged him to sell Savyrd.

Ere long poor Ishmail was forced to listen to the advice he had scorned. The choice lay between his wife and Savyrd; he must part with one or the other, for without money he could not buy the woman the things she needed. So Savyrd, the Son of the Desert, must go. The Arab buried his face in his mane and wept. They were tears of which he was not ashamed, and his tribe made moan with him.

Langston was taking his noon-day rest when he was told that Ishmail waited for him.

"The horse that my master dreamed of has come!" announced one of the friendly Bedouins who traveled with him; and the Englishman smiled behind his mustache at the impressive summons.

But when he saw Savyrd standing before him, pawing the ground in haughty pride, he gave a boyish whistle of delight.

"His price?" he asked, coming quickly to the point as he marked each curve of Savyrd's form.

Ishmail named a sum that was nearly double what Langston had expected to give.

"He is one of the nobles," the Arab patiently explained as the Englishman appeared to hesitate. And the young man, full of ambition to possess this beautiful animal, made no objection.

"I will have the gold for you tomorrow," he said, and Ishmail bowed low as he turned away.

Only Savyrd saw in what an agony of sorrow the Arab and his family passed the night. In the morning Ishmail brushed and tended him for the last time, and then led him into the village by his halter, riding him no more. No one spoke to Ishmail as he passed up the winding, irregular street, for all knew what deep suffering it means for an Arab to part with his horse.

Savyrd appeared more splendid than ever today, John Langston thought, as he accepted from Ishmail the slice of bread and the handful of salt which meant that the purchase was concluded. Looking from the horse to the horse's master, he was struck by the intense mournfulness of the Arab's face, while Savyrd's drooped head and sidelong glances showed a curious mute distress. All he had heard of an Arab's devotion to his horse flashed into Langston's mind, and moved by an impulse of pity, he held out the bread to Ishmail.

"I say," he began awkwardly, "are you sure that you really want to sell him? If you don't you needn't, you know. I—I—"

And he stopped, not knowing how to offer the loan he was ready to risk. The Arab guessed his thought, and the brilliant dark eyes in his oval face flashed with something that was very nearly hate as his hand clasped the handle of a long knife hidden in the fold of his garment. The next minute he had resumed his calm—this dog of an Englishman knew no better, and Allah would avenge the insult for him! With a stately bow, he showed that his part was done, and Langston dropped the bread into his pocket, vexed at his own want of tact.

Only then did Ishmail's pride give way. Throwing his arms round Savyrd's neck, he embraced him again and again, calling him his "heart's treasure;" then entreating Allah to pity his grief, he hurried away, alone.

"Poor chap!" sighed Langston, as he turned to Savyrd. Obedient to the Arab's last command, the horse stood still, though the quiver that shook him told that he, too, suffered from the parting.

"You are a beauty, and no mistake!" cried his new master, stroking the broad, square forehead. Savyrd's eyes met his with the melting softness that only belongs to the eyes of dumb creatures, and in their depths Langston fancied he read a question.

"Oh, I'm going to be jolly good friends with you," he said with a laugh. "You and I against any other two!" And he sprang on his back without waiting for a saddle—he had ridden since he was a child. Off they went like the wind. Langston's seat was firm, and his touch was light; Savyrd's feet made music in his ears.

II

Next day he pushed on with his Bedouins toward the interior of the country, for he was bent on tracing some ancient dam said to be still in existence. And during the long, hard ride Langston came to think that he had paid a small price for Savyrd. For this Son of the Desert had more than strength and beauty to recommend him; he was as faithful as a woman and as loving as a child, while his intelligence was very nearly human.

When the hardy Bedouins called a halt for rest during the hottest hour of the day, Savyrd, true to his early training, showed no sign of distress in the noonday glare. While his master lay on the sand, he stood so that his shade would fall upon him. Left free at night to roam where he would, he stationed himself close to Langston's tent, anxious to be still beside him. Love for love he gave in fullest measure, and the Englishman was sometimes almost ashamed of the depth of his feeling for the horse. Savyrd was the apple of his eye, even as he had been of Ishmail's, and Savyrd knew and was joyful.

"See; he would guard him even while he sleeps!" said an Arab when they stopped at a wayside village. Langston had taken up his temporary quarters in one of the low mud houses, and Savyrd stretched himself beneath his window, preferring to be near his master to the shelter of a tent or shed.

"The horse has more sense than the man," remarked another, between the puffs of his long pipe. "These Englishmen know no fear, and they tempt fate through their pride. Did you hear him say that he would hunt alone to-morrow? Yet he knows that the Walthabis haunt our trail, for I told him so with my own lips."

"If he rides forth alone, he will not return," said his neighbor, with calm conviction.

Langston woke still fully determined to have a shot at a gazelle, or at a wild cat or a leopard, perhaps, before he moved on again. The low range of mountains to the right would surely afford him game of some kind. He scoffed at the Bedouins' warnings about the Walthabis, and refused point blank to take an escort with him.

"Savyrd and I are more than a match for any of them," he boasted, and the Bedouins shook their heads. The Walthabis were mighty men, and their spears carried far.

That morning the Englishman galloped off alone, for the terrors of the desert were not for him. He only saw the beaten gold of the windheaped sands, the intense blackness of the shadows thrown across them by the broken rocks, and the blue sky.

To Savyrd, too, the clear, dry air of that early day was a delicious draught. But the Arab horse held himself well in, and as the mud walls of the village grew smaller and smaller behind him, his eyes and ears were on the alert.

"Are you on the look-out for Walthabis, too, peerless one?" cried the soldier in gay, good humor. Savyrd had swerved from his course to make a curve round an old well, looking this side and that.

Soon they reached an angle in the rocky path. As they turned it, the glare of the sun was so great that Langston saw nothing close at hand, and his lithe brown fingers did not even fondly tighten their grip on the reins. But Savyrd waited for no signal; one glance had shown him a dozen or so drowsy horsemen basking on the sand, and instinct had put him on his guard. Like a flash he turned, dashing back in the direction of the village.

The Walthabis sprang to their saddles instantly, for their horses were waiting near. They mounted with cries of triumph. Not only had they the rich Englishman at their mercy, but he was riding the horse that the chief would fain have for his own.

And now began a race for life. Savyrd had only a very few yards' start, and the walls of the village were miles away. The chief was riding a thoroughbred mare, famed for her speed and endurance, and the struggle would be between the two horses. But Fire-of-the-Wilds did not love as did Savyrd, and Langston's "Go ahead, my beauty!" was in his ears.

First one, and then the other, gained some slight advantage. Fire-of-the-Wilds was lighter than he, and her hoofs did not sink as his did when they crossed the sand. But on the rocks the gain was his; he bounded over them, and the chief could not get near enough to Langston to throw his spear.

"On! On!" he yelled to Fire-of-the-Wilds with coarse shouts, as Savyrd shot ahead. The Englishman uttered never a sound as they came to a sandy track again—only the steady pressure of his knees urged Savyrd to do his best.

And now the village was close at hand—a mud-heap in a garden of palms it looked to Langston, who would have given the world to face his foe and put a bullet through him. But the other horsemen were close behind, and with twelve to one the odds were too unequal even for an Englishman's choice.

It was well both for him and Savyrd that up to the last the Walthabis chief was certain of victory, or he would surely have taken aim at him. His spear was poised, and Langston had turned in his saddle to fire, when Savyrd cleaved a huge rock at a bound and landed just out of the Arab's reach. A watchful spy had given the alarm to the friendly Bedouins, and now the whole tribe came hurrying out of the gates. A moment's hesitation, and the Walthabis chief wheeled around, his deadly spear falling within an inch of Langston's shoulder as he galloped off.

"Allah be praised! Your horse has saved you!" the Bedouins cried, as they crowded round the rash Englishman and Langston knew it, though he only answered with a laugh,

"Savyrd and I against any other two!"

Emily Gask

TRAVELLER

Traveller was born in western Virginia and was just four years old when the War between the States broke out. He was a beautiful iron-gray colt, belonging to a man named Boone, and as fiery and high-spirited a colt as ever ran wild in the rocky pastures of the Virginia mountains. He soon became fleet of foot and able to endure any amount of labor. He had reason to be fleet, for he came of racing stock and was descended from a famous horse named Gray Eagle. He had need, too, to be strong as well as fast, because, though the colt did not know it, he had important work to do in the world.

When he was a fiery-eyed, snorting, gamboling two-year old, Traveller won a prize at the Greenbrier County Fair, where the people thought him one of the most beautiful and perfect of horses. Two years later, in 1861, Traveller began his life work.

Major Thomas L. Broun, a Confederate officer, bought the gray horse and rode him in the fighting that took place in the Virginia mountains in the fall of 1861. General Robert E. Lee was in command of the Confederate troops and he saw Traveller and liked him so much that he spoke of him as "my colt." Whenever he met Major Broun, the general would always ask after "my colt." The major, seeing that Traveller had taken General Lee's fancy, offered the horse as a present, but the offer was declined.

Early in 1862, however, General Lee had need of another horse and he bought Traveller from Major Broun for $200. The general had been given a horse by the City of Richmond, which he named Richmond, but this horse died of the exposure and fatigue to which he was subjected during the Seven Days' Battle. Traveller took his place. While General Lee owned other horses and rode them from time to time, Traveller was the horse he loved most.

Traveller soon learned to know his master's voice and would come at his call. He was full of spirit, however, and other people found him hard to manage. When the colored stable boy tried to mount him, he would throw him. It seemed as if he understood the importance of his work and refused to carry other riders than General Lee.

Sometimes even General Lee found him hard to control. Traveller did not like battle, the bursting shells and thunderous sounds making him nervous. On one occasion he was scared by a shell which exploded near by with a great noise, and plunged heavily, throwing General Lee against a stump and hurting his hands so that he could not ride for some time.

General Lee was fond of horses and took the very best care of Traveller. The gray horse soon became well-known throughout the army, for the general usually rode him in making the rounds of the camp. Whenever General Lee appeared, he was received with shouts of welcome by the troops. It was funny to see Traveller at such times, for he took a part of the applause for himself and would toss his head in the air with every shout. The soldiers relished the joke so much that they sometimes repeated the cheers to see the horse "bow" to them, as they called it.

When General Lee was obliged to give up Richmond in 1865 and to retreat westward, it was Traveller who bore him through all the danger and weariness of the march. And he was still riding Traveller when his army was surrounded at Appomattox by the Federal forces, and he surrendered.

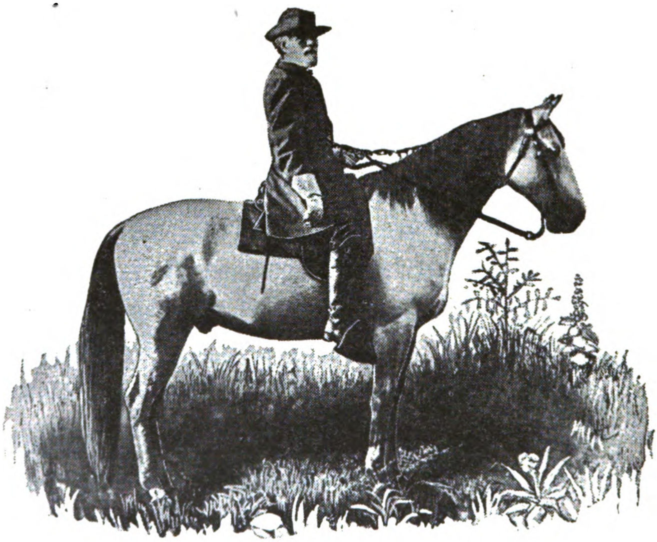
General Lee's eldest son, George Washington Custis Lee, rode another spirited horse at Appomattox. This horse had been named Joe Hooker after a Federal general, and he played his rider a curious trick. Becoming frightened at something, he ran away, and in running away, made straight for the Federal army. Custis Lee attempted to stop him, but Joe Hooker had taken the bit between his teeth and was not to be stopped. His rider, seeing that in a moment more he would be a prisoner, made a flying leap and Joe Hooker galloped in among the blue soldiers with empty saddle.

At Appomattox, as was proper, Traveller made his last bow. When General Lee appeared on the scene on this occasion, he was dressed in his best uniform and wore his yellow sash. The soldiers, seeing that something unusual was about to happen, came running from every direction. In a few minutes a wall of men lined both sides of the road as far as the eye could reach. The soldiers at first cheered General Lee, as usual, and Traveller tossed his head at every step. But presently, as the men began to understand that the army had given up—that the end had come—sobs mingled with the cheers. Traveller passed the rest of the way in front of sad-hearted, weeping men.

The gray horse carried General Lee to Richmond after the surrender, and remained with him for the rest of his master's life. In General Lee's last days, the doctor would cheer him by saying, "Traveller needs exercise. You must get out soon and ride him."

When General Lee was borne to his final rest, Traveller walked in the funeral procession, and as long as the iron-gray lived he was cared for just as tenderly as if he had been a child. Most pictures of General Lee show him riding Traveller, and in the great Lee monument in Richmond, it is the beloved gray horse that the general bestrides, as he sits there looking out over the fields of Virginia.

MARY CUSTIS LEE



THE CAT-BIRD

The tufted gold of the sassafras,
  And the gold of the spicewood-bush,
Bewilder the ways of the forest pass,
  And brighten the underbrush;
The white-starred drifts of the wild-plum tree,
  And the haw with its pearly plumes,
And the redbud, misted rosily,
  Dazzle the woodland glooms.

And I hear the song of the cat-bird wake
  In the bough o' the gnarled wild-crab,
Or there where the snows of the dogwood shake
  That the silvery sunbeams stab;
And it seems to me that a magic lies
  In the crystal sweet of its notes,
That a myriad blossoms open their eyes
  As its strain above them floats.

I see the bluebell's blue unclose,
  And the trillium's stainless white;
And the birdfoot-violet's purple and rose,
  And the poppy, golden bright:

And I see the eyes of the bluet wink,
And the heads of the white-hearts nod;
And the baby mouths of the woodland pink
And the sorrel salute the sod.

And this, meseems, does the cat-bird say,
As the blossoms crowd in the sun:—
"Up, up! and out! oh, out and away!
Up, up! and out, each one!
Sweethearts! sweethearts! oh, sweet, sweet, sweet!
Come listen and hark to me!
The Spring, the Spring, with her fragrant feet,
Is passing this way—Oh, hark to the beat
Of her bee-like heart!—Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet!
Come! open your eyes and see;
See, see, see!"

Madison J. Cawein

THE OWL

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

Alfred Tennyson

BOY SCOUTS

When a boy registers as a scout, he becomes one of a group of eight called a patrol. The new recruit is coached in scout duties and scout ideals by his patrol leader—a boy trained by a scoutmaster.

There are three classes of scouts:—tenderfoot, second class and first class. The tenderfoot is taught little beside the scout law and the oath, which give the statement of scout ideals. The training which the second class and first class scouts receive enables them oftener to apply the scout idea of service. They know more of first aid and civic duties and personal hygiene than the tenderfoot, and are, therefore, better prepared. But the tenderfoot must know all the scout law, must take the scout oath and must do his daily good turn.

THE SCOUT MOTTO

Be prepared to do a good turn daily.

THE SCOUT OATH

On my honor I will do my best—

1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the scout law.

2. To help other people at all times.

3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

THE SCOUT LAW

1. A scout is trustworthy. A scout's honor is to be trusted. If he were to violate his honor by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task, when trusted on his honor, he would be directed to hand over his scout badge.

2. A scout is loyal. He is loyal to all to whom loyalty is due: his scout leader, his home, and parents and country.

3. A scout is helpful. He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and share home duties. He must do at least one good turn to somebody every day.

4. A scout is friendly. He is a friend to all and a brother to every other scout.

5. A scout is courteous. He is polite to all, especially to women, children, old people, and the weak and helpless. He must not take pay for being helpful or courteous.

6. A scout is kind. He is a friend to animals. He will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.

Boy Scouts Signaling

7. A scout is obedient. He obeys his parents, scoutmaster, patrol leader, and all other duly constituted authorities.

8. A scout is cheerful. He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shirks or grumbles at hardships.

9. A scout is thrifty. He does not wantonly destroy property. He works faithfully, wastes nothing, and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money, so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects. He may work for pay, but must not receive tips for courtesies or good turns.

10. A scout is brave. He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear, and to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies; and defeat does not down him.

11. A scout is clean. He keeps clean in body and thought, he stands for clean speech, clean sport, and clean habits, and he travels with a clean crowd.

12. A scout is reverent. He is reverent towards God. He is faithful in his religious duties, and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

BILL'S BILL

Bill was a boy scout. He was a first-class scout, too, and every scout knows what that means. He had stood many tests, but the one I am going to tell about was the severest of all.

Bill longed with his whole heart for a motorcycle. After looking over all the motorcycles in the field, he decided that the Red Dart, which cost $190, was the machine for him. But the price! Only ten dollars less than two hundred—an immense sum, it seemed, for a boy of sixteen to save.

In the first place Bill knew that he had no chance of getting help from his father, whose business was in anything but good condition. But Bill was not dismayed by this fact; he decided to try and make money enough himself to buy that motorcycle. So he went to see Jerry O'Brien, the man who owned nearly all the newspaper routes on the North Side of Chicago.

"Jerry," he said, "I have known several boys who carried papers for you. Can't you give me a job on one of the morning routes?"

Jerry looked at him sometime before he spoke.

"Well," he drawled, "I do need a boy for the Dear-born Avenue route in the morning, and the Clark Street route in the afternoon. Each one pays a dollar a week. But think it over well, youngster. The morning route means that you've got to rise at half-past four, so as to start at five, and it will be nearly seven when you finish. The afternoon route will take from four to five-thirty. And don't forget it, either—it's cold these winter mornings. You go all the way from Chicago Avenue to North Avenue, which means you'll have to hustle. Think it over. I don't want to teach you the routes and then have you back out in a week or two."

But Bill did not require much "thinking it over." The idea of owning a Red Dart made it seem easy to climb out of bed before daylight on winter mornings, wade through snowdrifts and lose playtime after school.

"Take me, Jerry," he begged. "I won't back out. I want money for something that costs a lot—and the only way I can get it is to earn it."

Father not only showed no opposition to the plan but even helped to argue mother out of her objections, so Bill reported to Jerry the next morning to be taught the route.

It was no soft snap. In October the mornings were warm and pleasant. As winter gradually crept nearer, however, all of the boy's will power was needed to pull him out of bed into an ice-cold room. He shiveringly drew on his trousers, flannel shirt and two sweaters and made his way down the street, in the teeth of a driving gale or a sleety rain, to the alley where his stock of papers awaited him. The load was heavy enough when he started out with it, but, oddly enough, as it grew smaller it grew more leaden, until by the end of the route it was almost as tiring as at the beginning.

The morning's work over, there followed in rapid succession breakfast, school, home-work, the afternoon route. By the time the afternoon papers were delivered, it was almost supper-time. After supper, it was early to bed with Bill, in order to get sufficient sleep for rising before daybreak next morning. That was the daily round, and no time whatever was left from Monday to Saturday for football, skating, moving-pictures, or any of the other things which Bill delighted in.

There was this consolation, however. Every day brought him just a little nearer to the longed-for motorcycle.

The last snow melted and the warm spring mornings returned. Spring ran into summer and summer turned out to be pleasanter, since Bill had plenty of time for baseball, swimming and other joys, in spite of three and a half hours of carrying papers. But at last only a few weeks remained before school would reopen and the grind begin again—papers, school, papers, bed: papers, school, papers, bed!

Bill tried to keep this out of his mind as much as possible. He preferred to dwell on the ninety dollars snugly laid away. One more year—or fifty weeks—and he would have another hundred dollars and the beautiful Red Dart.

Then came the astonishing event—the finding of the $100 bill. It happened in this fashion:

One evening Bill saw in a paper a full-page advertisement of the Red Dart Motorcycle Company. It announced that the company had issued a new booklet, which would be given or mailed to anybody interested in motorcycles. Bill, being among those interested, walked all the way downtown the next afternoon to get one of the little books. After feasting his eyes on the wonderful display of motorcycles in the salesrooms, he asked for a booklet.

He opened it as he left the building. At that moment he glanced down at the pavement and saw a yellow folded slip moving in the wind. Bill stooped to pick it up, but the wind whirled it under a wagon standing by the curb of the crowded street. Reaching out quickly, the boy seized the paper. It crackled on unfolding. One long look—and Bill tingled from his head to his toes.

A hundred dollars!

No one in the passing crowd had paid him the least attention, though he felt that all Chicago was looking at him with a thousand eyes.

At last! . . . . why, it made up the sum needed for the motorcycle! It saved fifty weeks of work.

As he trudged homeward, the boy's mind was in a whirl. Every now and then he drew the banknote from his pocket and read it, as though to make sure that what had happened was real and not a dream. What luck!

Then came other and different thoughts—troublesome thoughts. The loser might advertise. Bill knew that in such an event there was nothing to do but return the money. He might not see the advertisement, however. Or the owner might believe the bill lost beyond recovery and make no effort to regain it. In that case—

All the time the boy was delivering the afternoon papers, he reasoned that if he did not look at the lost-and-found columns for several weeks, he would not see the advertisement, even if an advertisement were printed. In that case he might buy the motorcycle without any stings of conscience. He could give up the newspaper routes, which left him no time for himself.

As Bill walked the street, a small voice urged him, "Don't look at the lost-and-found column; don't look at the lost-and-found column!"

Bill made more mistakes that afternoon than he had ever made before. Where he should have left copies of the *Evening News*, angry subscribers found the *Post*; and where *Posts* were desired, copies of the *Evening News* were left. Every now and then Bill rested the bundle on his knee and felt his pocket, to make sure that the bill was still there. All the while his mind worked on the problem without rest. He thought that he must look at the lost-and-found column; then he felt that it would be very foolish to look. Should he have the motorcycle at once, without more work? Or should he throw away this splendid chance?

That night at supper Bill ate little. His mother noticed that something was troubling him. His father made no sign, however, that he had seen anything at all, but when the mother left the room, he spoke to the boy.

"Well, Bill," he asked, "are you worried because vacation is nearly over? Or has Jerry O'Brien decided to give your routes to another boy?"

"I am sorry that vacation is nearly over but—"

"But what?"

"Will you answer an imaginary question for me, Father?" asked the boy.

"Yes; what is it?"

"Well," Bill began slowly, "if you found something valuable—say money—would you look in the papers to see if it was advertised?"

"It is not polite to answer one question by asking another," the father replied, "but that is what I am going to do. Listen. Father's business is not very good at present, although he manages to make enough to take care of you and your mother, keep you at school, and let you have for your own what money you make out of school hours. Now if I lost some money—even a little—do you think that the finder should keep it or return it?"

"I suppose your question answers mine," Bill said solemnly. "When you lose anything, you feel that it ought to be returned; and when you find something, the loser feels the same way."

He went to bed without saying another word.

II

The next morning Bill dressed early and tiptoed from the house. Fifteen minutes later he reached the point where he got his papers—half of them *Tribunes*, half of them *Heralds*.

For several minutes he stared at the papers. All that he had to do, he reflected, was to open one of them quickly, locate the lost-and-found column and run his eye down it. If he did so, he might come across the owner of the yellow $100 bill that he had hidden in the bureau drawer. Then he would never be able to rest until he had restored the money. Perhaps, after all, it was best that he should not look. If people were careless, it served them right to lose things. Surely it would be foolish to look. But on the other hand, the loser might be a bank messenger, who would have to make good the loss.

The boy raised the bunch of papers, swung his shoulder strap around it and started out on his route. Whenever he rolled a paper before tossing it from the sidewalk to a vestibule, his hand paused for a second in the motion. But he always managed to throw the paper from him and to go on to the next subscriber's house. Thus *Tribune* after *Tribune* and *Herald* after *Herald* left the bundle, until finally but one paper remained—a *Tribune.*

For some time Bill hesitated in front of the last house on his route. Then he lifted the paper to throw it—without having looked at it. At that moment his eye fell on his scout badge, and the first scout law flashed through his mind: "A scout's honor is to be trusted." His arm fell slowly to his side. He seated himself on a door step and unfolded the paper.

There was the lost-and-found column. And a moment later his heart dropped down clean through to his shoes! His visions of a motorcycle, a beautiful, glittering Red Dart, vanished into thin air as he read this advertisement:

> Lost: Yesterday; a bill of large denomination; owner can identify it by giving serial number; reasonable reward if returned between 7 and 9 P. M. to John Bennet, 1400 Lake Shore Drive.

Bill went home to breakfast. His heart was light—most happily light—although he was about to lose his treasure. He realized that the tussle he had had with himself, when he held the last *Tribune*, had been a hard one. But, after all, he would not now have that money on his conscience. The coming year could not pass more slowly than the one just closed, and at its end he would have the Red Dart anyway, all paid for by the sweat of his brow. And perhaps the reward for the return of the bill would help a little.

At seven o'clock that evening Bill was on Lake Shore Drive. In a few minutes he had found "1400". He was rather surprised to see a splendid mansion, with a well-kept lawn, a drive-way, and other evidences of wealth. After fumbling nervously for a moment at the iron gate, the boy picked up courage enough to walk up the steps and ring the bell. A man in gray livery answered the summons.

"I would like—I would like to speak to Mr. John Bennet," Bill said.

"Step this way," said the servant. "Stand here; I will see if he is busy."

The butler knocked at a door at the end of the hall. It opened slightly. As it opened, Bill caught sight of a little sharp-featured man, with iron-gray hair and small piercing eyes.

"Boy to see you, sir," explained the servant.

"Tell him to come in," said the little man.

Bill did so. Mr. Bennet closed the door.

"Sit down," he invited. "What can I do for you?"

"I have found your money," Bill blurted out.

"Humph!" returned Mr. Bennet. "So you found it?" He paused. "Well, I lost it and my wife inserted the advertisement. She has an old-fashioned notion that everybody is honest. It's all nonsense! It's all nonsense! I lost a hundred dollar bill. Was that what you found?"

"Yes," Bill answered. "You said in your advertisement that you knew the number. If it's the same number that's on the bill, I will hand you the money."

The little man jerked a note-book from his pocket. He thumbed the leaves a moment.

"Always put down the numbers of big bills, boy," he said. "This is what I always do. It pays in case they get lost. Let me see—here it is. Number M17472447, Series 1902."

"It's your money, then," interrupted Bill.

He laid the crisp yellow note in Mr. Bennet's hand.

"Humph! humph!" snorted Mr. Bennet, staring at Bill as if he were some rare curiosity. "How did you happen to find it? Where did you come across it? What time of day was it? Where do you live? Do you work downtown? What is your name?"

The torrent of questions took away Bill's breath. Then he collected his wits.

"I go to school," he answered. "My name is William Carston and I live at 124 West Center street. I happened to go downtown yesterday to get a Red Dart motorcycle advertisement—I have been saving money a long time for a Red Dart. When I came out of the Red Dart office on Madison street, I looked down and saw the bill, and—"

"Motorcycle!" exploded Mr. Bennet. "Motorcycle! It's all nonsense! It's all nonsense! Do you want to get blown over the moon? I wouldn't ride one of the pesky things for a million dollars. It's all nonsense! Why, if I—"

He was interrupted by a rapping on the door. Mr. Bennet opened it, and the butler said, "Mr. Smith from New York to see you, sir."

With a quick motion of his wrist, Mr. Bennet jerked out his watch and snapped it open.

"Hm-hm-hm!" he mumbled. "Forgot all about my appointment with Smith. Hawkins, show this young gentleman out."

A big figure loomed up behind the servant.

"Is that you, Smith? I forgot all about you. Step in," said Mr. Bennet.

Bill found himself conducted through the hall and heard the door close behind him. He recovered himself as he walked down the cement path to the sidewalk.

"Well, where's the reward?" he said. "If it had been anybody but a millionaire—"

Presently, however, as he walked along homeward, he found his disappointment lightening. A feeling of great relief was coming over him. He was glad to have the bill off his hands.

The next morning Bill came into the dining-room with a bright face. His mother and father looked at him with curiosity.

"Letter for you, Bill," said his father.

Bill wonderingly tore open the envelope. At first he saw nothing inside; then he found a small white card in one corner. Taking it out, he read with perplexity the words written in red ink on one side:

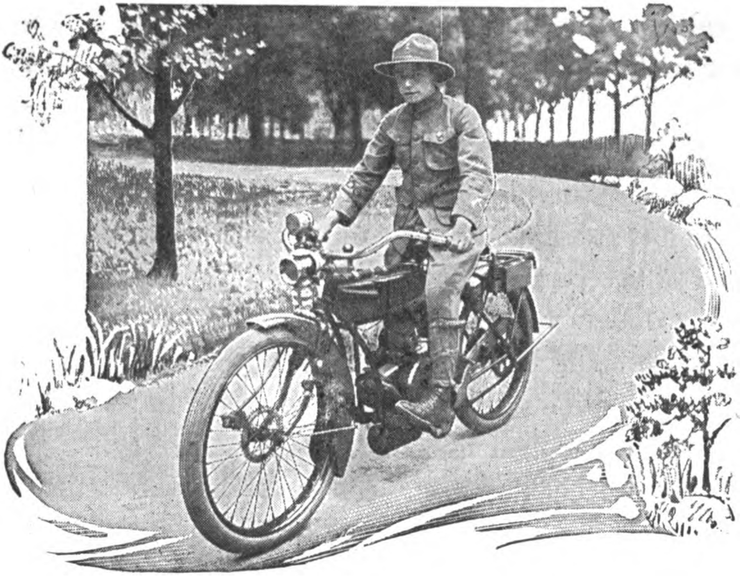
> "Sales Department: Credit bearer with $100 on purchase of any motorcycle in stock. J. B."

Quickly he turned the card over. The printed words on the other side read:

JOHN C. BENNET
Owner and General Manager
Red Dart Motorcycle Co.
CHICAGO NEW YORK LONDON

That afternoon the proudest and happiest boy in Chicago came home with the finest motorcycle in the whole world.

HARRY STEPHEN KEELER



THE BOY WHO WAS DIFFERENT

I.

"I WANT to talk with you about that nephew of yours, William," said Mrs. Waddle to her husband.

Mr. Waddle laid down his newspaper and said, "Well?"

"Dick will be seventeen years old next month."

"It isn't his fault, Mandy."

"He's getting to be a young man," Mrs. Waddle declared, paying no attention to this pleasantry. "He's had a good schooling, and he's smart and healthy. It's time he quit this foolishness of puttering with peach trees; and it's time you quit backing him up in it."

"I?"

"It isn't anybody else. You rented him that five-acre lot, and gave him the option of buying it at the end of six years, didn't you? And you loaned him forty dollars to buy trees with? And you told him that he could use your team and tools?"

Mr. Waddle shuffled his feet uneasily on the porch steps. He looked uncomfortable and guilty.

"You're Dick's uncle," continued his wife. "He's alone in the world, and you're responsible for his bringing up. You ought to squelch his peculiar notions, and make him do as other boys of his age do."

"Maybe so. Maybe."

"Other boys hire out as farm hands, or clerk in stores, or do something else that's fitting to their age. They don't have queer notions about getting land, and planting trees, and being independent."

"Dick's so *different*, that's all," said Mr. Waddle. "He's paying his board, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"He buys his clothes, doesn't he?"

"Yes—lately."

"He's a good, honest, Christian boy?"

"Yes, yes."

"He's the best strawberry picker and the smartest peach-packer in the neighborhood?"

"Well—yes."

"Then suppose we let him alone. It may be that he'll surprise us all before he's many years older."

Richard Russell certainly was different. Mr. and Mrs. Waddle were not the only ones who said it. The schoolmaster said it, and the Peachville neighbors said it. His oddness showed itself in many ways that "went contrary" to the settled notions of the good Michiganders of Peachville township.

People liked Dick, but they distrusted his oddness. They admired his frank, honest face, his reverence for his word, his industry and his cheerfulness; but they could not quite forgive the fact that he was "not like other boys." Fruit-farmers were glad to hire him by the day at picking-time because of his rapid and skillful work. But they shook their heads doubtfully when he suggested some improvement here, some change there, which, in his opinion, would either hasten the work or make the result more certain.

"Why," said Deacon Pepperton one day to Hank Peters, "what do you think that Russell fellow wanted me to do last week? He wanted me to let him build a machine that would sort peaches into four different sizes! He called the thing a 'grader', and said he'd seen a picture of one in some farm paper."

"Did you let him?"

"I? No, siree! I wasn't going to have my peaches spoiled by being run through the hopper of a machine. The idea!"

Then Hank Peters told, with many wags of the head, how Richard Russell had once urged the making ing of a basket turntable in the packing shed.

"Sounds just like him!" remarked the deacon. "What did he say the thing would do?"

"That it would save work and time," answered Hank, scornfully. "He was working for me that day, fastening on covers, and—as you know—when one end is fastened, the basket must be lifted up and turned round so that you can get at it to fasten the other end. Well, he worked away an hour or so. Then all of a sudden he said, 'Mr. Peters, I could whittle out a board the size of a basket bottom, nail an edge round the board to hold the basket in place, and mount the board on a pivot so that it would swing just even with the top of the packing-table.'

"'I suppose you could,' said I. 'What of it?'

"'Why,' he said, 'it would save lifting the basket. All I'd have to do would be to set the basket on the pivot-board, fasten one end of the cover, swing her round,—so—and there'd be the other end ready for fastening.'

"'Young man,' I said, 'I'm paying you a dollar and a quarter a day to work. Don't always be looking for easy jobs.'

"'I didn't mean it that way,' he answered. 'I was just trying to plan a way that would push the work faster.'

"'Much obliged,' I said, 'but I am not paying wages to inventors this year.' And then he shut up."

The deacon laughed heartily at the story, and ventured to predict that William Waddle would have a time with that boy before he got through.

The peach-trees in Richard's orchard had been planted three years. They had grown into thrifty, beautiful trees—the pride of Richard's heart and the delight of Richard's blue eyes. Each spring he plowed the land and pruned the branches. Every ten days throughout the season he harrowed the ground. He studied books on fruit-raising, subscribed to a gardening paper, and kept his eyes and ears open for any information about peach-culture.

At odd times he worked out for the neighbors by the day, thus earning enough money to pay the rent of his land and his living expenses. He refused several flattering offers to work by the month.

"I can't afford it," he said to one of the farmers who asked a reason for the refusal. "If I worked by the month I should have to neglect my trees, and it wouldn't pay me to do that."

The five-acre piece of land that Richard hoped some time to own was valued at seventy-five dollars an acre, and the rent he paid his uncle was four dollars an acre. The piece lay back from the road, and there were no buildings on it; but the soil was well-drained, high and sandy—ideal ground for peaches. It was bordered on three sides by prosperous orchards.

"If you should want more land," William Waddle had said, "you can have the front fifteen acres at the same figure. I'm keeping them for you."

"I'll pay for the five first," Richard had answered. He believed that if he could hold on until the trees were five years old, the first full crop would pay, or nearly pay, for the five acres.

II

Two years passed. Richard was nineteen. His trees were entering their fifth summer, and seemed to promise an excellent crop. When the trees blossomed in the spring, the sight was like a vision of promise to the boy.

Early that spring Richard bought a spray-pump, and at the proper time carefully sprayed all his peach-trees. The neighbors laughed and made jokes about the "squirt-gun that would poison all the peaches," for in those days the art of spraying fruit-trees was in its infancy. Richard had read about it, and had written to the state agricultural experiment station for instructions.

Even William Waddle looked with doubt at the squirt-gun. "Better go slowly," he said to Richard.

"But, uncle, the experiment station people are sure that spraying will prevent the leaf-curl. And last year, you know, one-third of the peach crop in the neighborhood was lost by that disease."

"Yes."

"It's an idea that seems worth trying."

"Maybe so. Maybe," said Mr. Waddle.

Later in the season the dreaded leaf-curl attacked almost every peach-orchard in the county. The leaves curled up into finer shapes, changed to strange colors, and finally dropped from the trees; many tiny peaches followed the leaves. In Richard's orchard the damage was slight, while in the orchards of his neighbors more than one-half the crop was lost.

"Have you seen Dick Russell's orchard?" asked Mr. Peters one morning, when he met the deacon on the road.

"Yes. Have you?"

"Went through it yesterday."

There was an awkward pause. Then the deacon coughed. "It begins to look," he said, "as if that Russell fellow wasn't such a ——" He paused for a word, hesitated again and coughed again.

"Yes, it does look so," admitted Hank. "Well, I must be going. Good morning, deacon! Go along, Bess! G'long!"

In early August Richard bought ten dollars' worth of lumber, shingles and nails, and built in his orchard a small, rough packing shed. Inside the shed he built a packing-table, and on that table he put a swinging pivot-board such as he had wished to make for Mr. Peters. He also made a rude peach-grader on the principle of an inclined double-track, with openings between the rails.

The openings were as narrow at the top as the width of a small peach, and gradually became wider toward the bottom of the incline. The peaches, when poured into a hopper at the top of the tracks, rolled down and dropped through the openings at different stages of the journey, according to size. The small peaches dropped through first, then the medium size, then the large ones. Only the very largest peaches reached the basket at the bottom of the incline. The others fell into one of three canvas baskets immediately beneath the tracks.

William Waddle whistled softly as he examined this contrivance. "Bruise them much?" he asked.

"Not unless they are picked overripe; and you know peaches shouldn't be picked that way," replied the boy.

In September the peach-harvest began. But no one except Richard had more than half a crop. Richard's trees were, as his uncle expressed it, "loaded." On hearing this statement, Mrs. Waddle sniffed scornfully. "He'll spoil them all in that machine of his," she prophesied, "before he gets them sold."

"Maybe," said her husband.

When it came to packing the first peaches, Richard met an unlooked-for difficulty. The shipping package used in those days was a close-sided, slat-covered basket that held one-fifth of a bushel. When packed, the buyer could see only the top layer of peaches. The custom among most growers, I regret to say, was to put little peaches in the bottom of the basket, medium-sized peaches in the middle, and big peaches on top.

Richard Russell objected to that custom; he said it was not honest. He wished to pack each size by itself, and label the basket accordingly—"Fancy," "No. 1," "No. 2," and "No. 3."

The neighbors laughed at the plan, and they laughed at his grader. "You'll have your trouble for your pains," they said. "The buyers expect to find little peaches in the bottom of the baskets, and they won't believe that your baskets are any different from others."

"I'll label each basket and guarantee it," maintained Richard.

"They won't believe you."

"I'll make them."

His first shipment he graded carefully, labeled correctly, and sent to a commission firm in Chicago. A letter explaining the system of packing went with the shipment. Within two days the sales-account came back, with a check in payment.

It was a great occasion for Richard. That pink check was the first visible return from his orchard, the first encouragement after five years of planning, working and hoping. How crisp the paper felt! How it seemed to rustle and crinkle with golden promises!

But when he came to figure the sales of his peaches in comparison with the sales made by various peach-growers in the neighborhood, he was greatly disappointed to find that he had made no more a basket on the average than his neighbors had.

"Never mind, Dick," said his uncle, consolingly; "it might have been worse."

III

Richard made no reply. In his heart he felt that his method of packing peaches was the only correct, honest method, and that it was bound to win if—

Oh, that "if"! Richard sat down in his packing-shed and thought over the matter. Picking up one of the peach baskets, he looked at it carefully. Turning it over and over, he tried to put himself in the buyer's place and imagine how he would feel if he were purchasing hundreds of baskets of peaches from an unknown shipper.

"Should I have time to unpack and examine every basket?" he mused. "No, I'm afraid I shouldn't. Would I be willing to trust a label or a guarantee in a letter? Probably not. What would I do, then? Pay the shipper the average market price for mixed packing? Of course!"

Then he thought, "If I were going to pay a shipper an extra price for an extra product, I'd want to see the fruit packed, or else I'd want to see the bottom and middle layers of every basket after it was packed."

Seizing a knife, he slashed into one side of the basket in his hand and made a long opening about an inch and a half wide in the thin wood. Then, on the other side of the handle, he made a similar opening. Turning the basket round, he cut two openings in the opposite side.

"I've got it!" he cried joyfully, and swung the basket round his head as if it were a flag of victory. And sure enough he had "got it." Experiment showed that peaches packed in such a basket could be as easily inspected underneath as on top; a buyer had only to look to be convinced. Although Richard did not realize it at the time, the open-sided basket was destined to become the ᵛstandard peach-shipping package of Michigan.

That evening Richard explained the idea to his uncle. William Waddle listened attentively, while his wife smiled ᵛcontemptuously.

"Doesn't it weaken the basket?" asked Mr. Waddle.

"Not that I can see."

"Isn't it a lot of work to cut the slits?" demanded Mrs. Waddle.

"I can do a hundred baskets in forty minutes. I tried it this afternoon."

Mrs. Waddle laid down her knitting and looked at her husband. "William, how much do a hundred baskets cost?"

"About two dollars and a half."

"I hope you haven't spoiled two dollars and a half worth of baskets," said Mrs. Waddle.

The following morning Richard shipped one hundred baskets of graded peaches packed in the new way. He sent the shipment to the same Chicago commission firm, with a brief letter of explanation.

In a few days he received a personal letter from the manager of the firm, complimenting him on his "unique, honest packing," and promising extra prices for all peaches so graded and packed. Enclosed in the letter was a generous check, based on a rate considerably higher than the regular price.

Richard, after supper that night, handed the letter to his uncle. William Waddle read it, winked one eye rapidly, and passed the letter to his wife. She took it gingerly, put on her glasses and read it through. Then she went back to her knitting.

"Eh?" said Mr. Waddle, after a long pause.

"I didn't say anything," said Mrs. Waddle.

"Are you going to say anything?" her husband asked.

"No, nothing in particular." But later in the evening she said good night to Dick in a gentler tone than usual.

At the end of the peach season Dick's bank-book showed a balance of four hundred and fifty dollars to his credit. He felt like a millionaire. It was a happy moment for the boy when one morning he handed his uncle a check for three hundred and seventy-five dollars, in full payment for the five-acre piece of land.

"I'm proud of you!" said Mr. Waddle. "I'll have a deed made out at once."

Mrs. Waddle said not a word. But that same morning she made a big spice-cake, frosted it carefully, and outlined on top, with raisins, a huge 'D.' At dinner Dick found the great cake reposing on his plate. He gave his aunt a quick look of surprise, but she seemed not to notice.

"Is it for me?" he asked, wonderingly.

She nodded.

Getting up from the table, Dick kissed his aunt affectionately on the cheek.

"Shoo-o-!" whistled William. Then, under his breath, he muttered, "I wonder whether that 'D' stands for Dick or for Different."

WALTER E. ANDREWS.

CAMP FIRE GIRLS

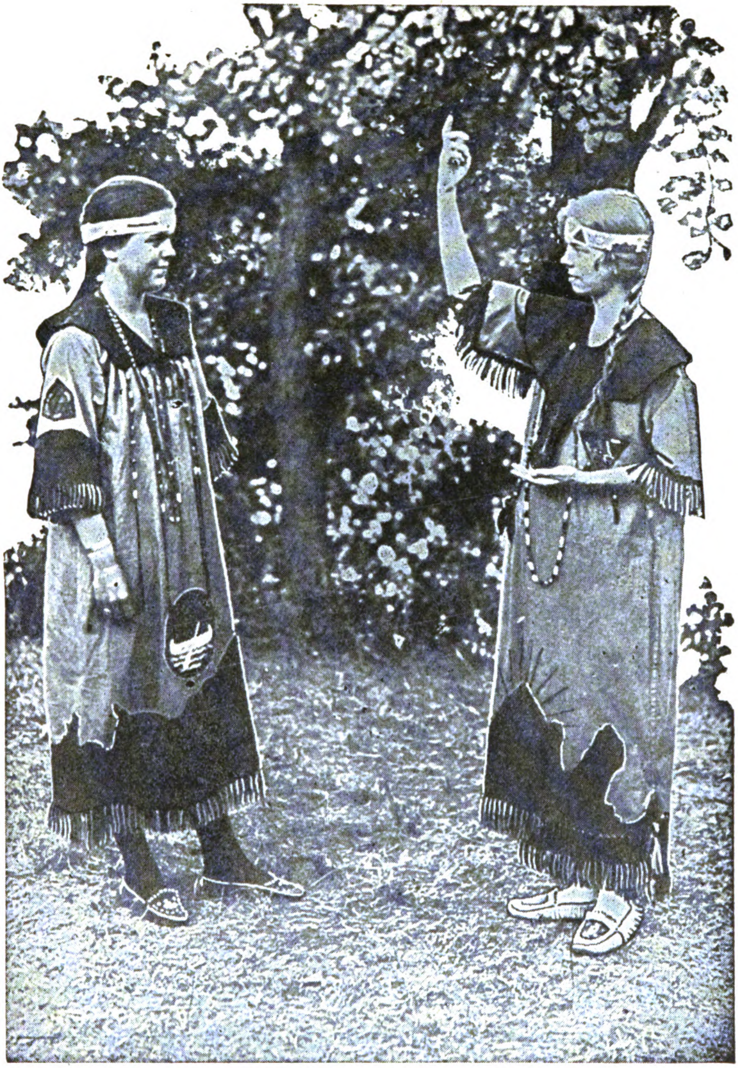
THE Camp Fire Girls keep fully abreast of the boy scouts. Scouts know how to do the good and helpful things that boys may do, and Camp Fire Girls learn the ways in which girls may be of use to the world. Just as boy scouts have a dress of their own, the Camp Fire Girls have one—a beautiful Indian dress which fits in well with camp-fires and out-door life.

Camp Fire Girls are taught to keep seven rules:

Seek beauty.
Give service.
Be trustworthy.
Pursue knowledge.
Hold on to health.
Glorify work.
Be happy.

There are three kinds of Camp Fire Girls. The first are the Wood-gatherers; the second are the Fire-makers, and the third, the Torch-bearers. It is not hard to become a Wood-gatherer, for little knowledge is needed, but a Fire-maker must know how to cook, mend, darn, keep accounts of money, and give first aid to the injured. She must sleep with open windows or out-doors, must take at least half an hour's exercise every day and must be otherwise careful of her health.

To become a Torch-bearer is very difficult and a



Making the Handsign of Fire

girl has risen high in usefulness before she is made one. The Torch-bearer must be a leader and a teacher, pointing the way to the Wood-gatherers and Fire-makers.

Camp Fire Girls are shown how to do all sorts of useful things about the house and in the community. Whenever a girl does something that she has not done before, she is given a bead. Each Camp Fire Girl must have twelve beads to be in good standing, but a girl may win as many as thirty-two.

The beads are of different colors.

Home: flame color.
Patriotism: red, white and blue.
Health: red.
Nature: blue.
Camp-craft: coral.

A Camp Fire Girl, in her Indian dress, with her string of beads around her neck, is a pleasant sight to see. And of all the girls, there are none busier and happier than the Camp Fire Girls.

When summer comes the Camp Fire Girls have the best time. Then they go out into the woods and camp in an old house or a tent, spending the hours not only in play but in learning all about woodcraft. What a happy time it is!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O! SAY, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the [v]ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the [v]rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

GOD SAVE THE KING

GOD save our gracious King!
Long live our noble King!
    God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us!
    God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise!
Scatter his enemies,
    And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix,
    God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
    Long may he reign.

May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

Henry Carey

THE MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,—
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Refrain—To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze,

And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands [v]imbruing?
REFRAIN.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The bold, [v]insatiate [v]despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To [v]mete and [v]vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
REFRAIN.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,—
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
REFRAIN.

ROUGET DE LISLE

THE LAST CLASS

THAT morning I was very late in going to school, and I feared a sound scolding, especially as ^{v}M. Hamel had told us that he would question us on ^{v}participles, about which I knew not the first word. For a second the idea came to me to 'play hookey' and go out into the country.

The day was so warm, so clear. The blackbirds whistled on the edge of the wood, and in the green meadow, behind the sawmill, the Prussians were drilling. All this tempted me more than the rule of participles, but I had the strength to resist and ran on swiftly toward school.

Passing the town-hall, I saw a crowd in front of the wire-screened ^{v}bulletin-board. For two years nothing but bad news had come to us from it—battles lost, ^{v}requisitions, orders of the ^{v}commandant. Without stopping, I thought, "What is it this time?"

As I ran by the place, the blacksmith, who was there with his ^{v}apprentice reading the bulletin, cried to me, "You needn't be in such a hurry, boy. You will get to your school soon enough."

I thought he was making fun of me, and, running on, I arrived in M. Hamel's little yard all out of breath.

Usually when school began there was a great noise—which could be heard even in the street—of desks opened and closed, of lessons repeated in a loud voice all together, with ears stopped, the better to understand, and of the master's great ruler tapping the desk, "Silence!" I counted on that noise to help me gain my bench without being seen, but to-day everything was as quiet as Sunday. Through the window I could see my school-mates ranged in their places and M. Hamel, who passed and repassed with that terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and enter in the midst of that silence. You may think that I was flushed and scared.

Well, no. M. Hamel looked at me without anger and said very gently,

"Take your place at once, little Frantz; we were about to begin without you."

I hopped over a bench and sat down at once at my desk. Then only, a little recovered from my fright, I noticed that our teacher had put on his fine green frock-coat, his frilled shirt and his cap of embroidered black silk, the attire he wore only on ^{v}inspection days or at prize-givings. Besides, the whole school had about it something out of the way and solemn.

But what surprised me most was to see, on the vacant benches at one end of the room, the people of the village seated and silent like ourselves—old Hauser with his cocked-hat, the former mayor, the old postman and many others. Everybody seemed sad, and old Hauser had brought an ancient primer, worn at the edges, which he held open on his knees, with his great spectacles placed across the pages.

In the midst of my astonishment, M. Hamel arose at his desk and in the same gentle and grave voice with which he had greeted me, said to us,

"My children, this is the last time that I shall hold the school. The order has come from ^{v}Berlin that only German shall be taught now in the schools of ^{v}Alsace and ^{v}Lorraine. The new teacher arrives to-morrow. To-day is your last lesson in French. I ask you to pay attention."

These words overwhelmed me. Ah! that was the news posted on the town hall. My last lesson in French! And I—I could scarcely write. I had never learned. And I must stop here!

How I reproached myself for the time lost, the classes cut, in order to run after bird-nests and go skating on the river. My school-books, which I had always found so tiresome, so heavy to carry—my grammar, my history—now seemed to me old friends that I felt sorry to have go. Like M. Hamel. The thought that he was about to go—that I should never see him again—made me forget the punishments he had inflicted on me. Poor man! It was in honor of his last class that he had put on his Sunday clothes, and now I understood why the old people of the village were seated at the end of the room. It was to show that they regretted they had not come oftener to the school. It was a way of thanking our master of forty years for his faithful service and of paying their respects to the native land that was going away from them.

I was plunged in these reflections when I heard my name called; it was my time to recite. What would I have given then for the power to speak out that famous rule of participles, loudly, clearly, without a mistake! But I became mixed up with the first words, and I remained standing, balancing myself against the bench, my heart heavy, without daring to raise my head.

I heard M. Hamel say, "I will not scold you, little

Frantz; you will be punished enough. Every one says, 'Bah! I have plenty of time; I will learn to-morrow!' And see what happens! Ah! it is the great weakness of our Alsace, always to put off learning until to-morrow. Now these people—the Prussians—have the right to say to us, 'What! You pretend to be French and you cannot speak or write your language?' In this matter, my poor Frantz, it is not you alone who is to blame. We all have to bear our share of it.

"Your parents have not paid sufficient attention to your schooling. They cared more about sending you to work on the farm or in the factory, in order to make a little bit more. And I—have I nothing with which to reproach myself? Have I not often sent you to water my garden instead of to work? And when I felt like going trout-fishing, have I hesitated to dismiss you?"

Then, going from one thing to another, M. Hamel came to speak to us of the French tongue, saying that it was the most beautiful language of earth, the clearest, the strongest—that it was necessary for us to cherish it and never forget it, because when a people became enslaved, so long as they kept their language they held the key to the prison. Taking a grammar, he read us the lesson. I was astonished to see how well I understood. All that he read seemed to me easy—easy! I believe that I never listened so attentively, and that never before had he explained so patiently. It seemed to me as if the poor man before going away wished to give us all his knowledge, cramming it into our heads at one stroke.

The lesson ended, we passed to writing. M. Hamel had prepared for us writing models, entirely new, on which he had written in a beautiful round hand, "France, Alsace, France, Alsace." It was as if little flags floated in the room, hung from the rods on our desks. How each one applied himself, and what a silence! Nothing was heard but the scratching of pens on paper.

June-bugs flew in, but nobody heeded them; all the children applied themselves to making the strokes, with a heart, with a conscience—as if that were something French. . . . On the roof of the school-house pigeons cooed softly, and hearing them, I said to myself, "Will they also be obliged to sing in German?"

From time to time as I raised my eyes from the page, I saw M. Hamel motionless in his chair, looking at the objects around him as if he wished to carry away in his eye all his little school-room. Think! For forty years he had been in that place, with the yard opposite and the school just the same. Only the benches and desks were worn and polished by use; the walnut-trees in the yard had grown, and the hop-vine he had planted himself engirdled the windows up to the roof. What a heart-ache it meant for the old man to leave these things and to hear his sister moving to and fro in the room below fastening the trunks! For the next day they were going to leave the country forever.

All the same, he had the courage to hold school through to the end. After the writing we had the history lesson; then the small children said together the Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu. Yonder at the end of the room, old Hauser had put on his spectacles and held his primer in both hands; he spelled the letters with them. You could see that he applied himself, too. His voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we felt like laughing and crying both. Ah! I shall ever remember that last class.

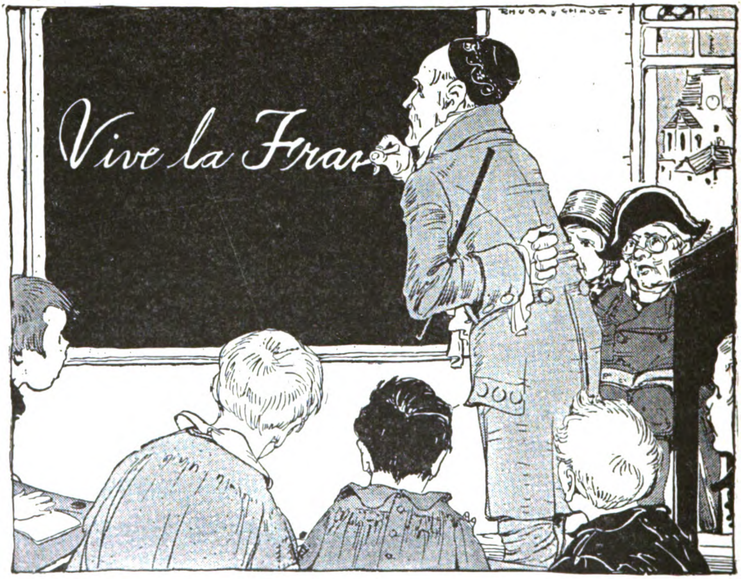
Suddenly the clock in the church-tower sounded noon, then the [v]Angelus. At the same moment the bugles of the Prussians, who were returning from drill, burst out under the windows. M. Hamel raised himself, pale as death, in his chair. Never had he seemed so tall.

"My friends," he said, "I—I" . . . but he choked; he could not finish the sentence.

He turned toward the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and bearing on it with all his might, wrote in letters as large as he could make, "*Vive la France!*"

Then he rested there, his head leaning against the wall; and not speaking, with his hand he motioned to us, "It is over . . . Go."

ALPHONSE DAUDET.



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the [v]grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the [v]belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the [v]somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town.

And suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride

On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, [v]impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and [v]spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.

And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

JACK JOUETT'S RIDE

I

JUST six years after Paul Revere's ride through the Massachusetts country-side on an April night, giving the alarm that the British were coming, a similar ride was made in Virginia. It was likewise of great importance, for thereby the cause of liberty was saved from a blow which might have proved fatal.

In the spring of 1781 the ^{v}legislature of Virginia was in session in Richmond. At that time the situation in the ^{v}Old Dominion was very gloomy indeed. The Revolutionary War, which had been going on for years, had drained the state of men and money; and to complete the troubles of the people, a British army had invaded Virginia and ^{v}threatened to conquer it. There were only a handful of troops to make resistance, and the militia were unready for war and almost unarmed. So the well-trained and well-equipped British had everything their own way, and marched up and down the state.

Lord Cornwallis, the British commander, turned toward Richmond in the early summer. The governor and legislature left in haste for Charlottesville, where they set up the government and thought themselves safe. Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, was governor at this time, and he was making every effort to raise and equip soldiers to fight the enemy. The legislature aided him in the work. So long as the Virginia government remained unharmed, there was a chance of driving out the British, but if the members of the government should be captured, Lord Cornwallis might hope to subdue all opposition and make himself master of the state.

Thomas Jefferson was living at his beautiful home, Monticello, two miles from Charlottesville, where he could consult the legislature in session in the town. Among the members present was Patrick Henry, who had stirred the whole country to oppose England with his great speech, in which he said, "As for me, give me liberty or give me death!" Besides these two, most of the leading men in Virginia were at Charlottesville with the legislature.

Patrick Henry and some of his associates put up at the Swan tavern in Charlottesville, kept by Jack Jouett. Jouett was a gay young man, fond of good living and fast horses. He was not only a tavern-keeper; he owned a fine farm forty miles east of Charlottesville, which he took great pleasure in cultivating. One day in June, Jouett rode over from Charlottesville to see his overseer and find out how the crops were doing.

He spent the night at the farm. Early next morning he mounted his swift bay horse, Prince Charlie, and turned toward the west. Cantering easily along in the sparkling summer morning, he presently came to the Cuckoo tavern, whose proprietor, Sackville King, was a friend of his.

"How are you, Jack?" cried King, beamingly. "Come in and take breakfast."

"Thank you kindly, but I've breakfasted," Jouett replied. "I just stopped by the way to ask after your good health. It has been long since I saw you."

"It has," said King. "What's the news in Charlottesville? Will the legislature do anything there? And what hear you of the red-coats who are harrying the country?"

Jouett was about to reply that news was scarce, when of a sudden he heard, in the morning stillness, the faint tramp of horses' feet in the distance. The sound came from the east and it told of many riders. What did it mean? Why should a number of horses be coming along the road leading to Charlottesville? Jack, shading his eyes, looked along the highway.

For a second he saw nothing; then a horseman wearing a red coat came into sight, followed by two more riders in red, who in turn were followed by two riders, and so on until a whole column was visible. They were not hunters. Even at a distance Jouett knew them. They were British cavalry, riding in haste, and beyond any doubt, making for Charlottesville.

In one instant he understood. This must be a raid of the famous English cavalry officer, Tarleton, who had done so many daring deeds. He was heading straight for Charlottesville, in order to capture Jefferson, Patrick Henry and the whole government.

What was to prevent him? No one in Charlottesville dreamed that Tarleton would try such a feat; in a little while Jefferson and the other patriot leaders would be sitting down to breakfast, fancying themselves secure. It would be easy for Tarleton and his fast riders to bag the whole lot of them and thus paralyze the efforts of the patriot army in Virginia.

Jouett thought of all this, as he sat on his horse watching the distant column of horsemen grow larger in the distance.

"The British!" he cried. "They are making for Charlottesville. But I'll race them; I'll race them. Hold them as long as you can, friend King, and give me a start. Cook the best breakfast man ever ate—and serve it slowly."

Just then the approaching British were hid by a depression in the road. This was the moment for action. Striking his spurs into his horse, Jouett dashed up the road and disappeared behind a bend.

Presently the red-coats clattered up to the tavern and reined in. A straight, proud-faced young man fiercely eyed the tavern-keeper and demanded breakfast. The demand was so quietly received that the officer smiled, thinking that the terror of his name had cowed the rebel.

"I will serve the breakfast as soon as I can," said King. "But it takes time to provide for so many."

There was a great bustle in the kitchen of Cuckoo tavern for the next half hour. Then Tarleton was told that all was ready, and he entered the house with his officers; the troopers ate their meal outside.

II

In this way Jack Jouett got a start. He needed it, for Tarleton and his men rode Virginia thoroughbreds, taken from their owners, and no cavalry ever traveled so fast. It was a race against fleet rivals and Jouett understood it.

And now his knowledge of the country helped him. He knew every road and by-path for many miles around, and he shrewdly guessed that Tarleton would keep to the main highway. This was the best road, but it was longer by some miles. Jouett knew of a disused road leading to Charlottesville which was a great deal shorter. It was very rough and cut up, but the shorter distance made up for that.

Presently Jouett turned aside from the highroad into this way. He found it in bad condition, as he expected, but this made no difference in his pace. He pushed his horse, dashing at full speed, up hill and down dale; and leaping the great gullies which every now and then lay across the road. The roughness must not be considered; there was no time to lose. Once in a while the horse stumbled in a bad hole, threatening to throw his rider. Sometimes the branches of the trees overhanging the narrow track almost swept Jouett from his saddle, and bushes threatened to put out his eyes. It is said that his face ever after bore the scars made by a wild brier.

Jack touched his horse lightly now and then with the spur, but more often he spoke to him kindly and patted him on the shoulder. Prince Charlie bravely responded, and in three hours Jack rode up to Monticello house. His face was torn and bleeding; his clothes were cut and mud-bespattered; his horse was covered with foam and well-nigh spent.

Jefferson, who had risen from breakfast, was standing on the porch looking toward the east. At first he did not recognize the rider.

"Why, Mr. Jouett," he cried on a closer look, "what brings you here in such a state?"

"The British, governor!" gasped Jack. "Tarleton was at Cuckoo tavern at six o'clock this morning on his way here. I have ridden—"

"Surely," interrupted Jefferson; "surely you have not ridden from Cuckoo tavern since six o'clock!"

"Yes," Jack answered, "and I will ride on into town and warn the legislature. You must leave at once, governor. Tarleton rides fast."

"But not so fast as Jack Jouett," said Jefferson, the color mounting in his cheek. "My friend, the American cause owes you a very great debt."

"Hasten, governor," urged Jack. "You have no time to spare."

Jefferson hurriedly entered the house, in which, a moment later, a great stir and bustle broke forth as the servants ran hither and thither preparing for the hasty departure. In a very few minutes the governor and his family had taken their places in the coach and the driver cracked his whip. Away for the mountains the carriage rattled, to a place that was beyond Tarleton's knowledge.

Meanwhile Jack galloped into Charlottesville. There was no thought of danger in the little town. People went about their business that beautiful June morning, just as if Tarleton were a thousand miles away instead of drawing nearer every moment.

Jack rode up to his own tavern and leaped from the staggering horse.

"What's the matter, sir?" asked a hostler.

"Matter enough!" replied Jack. "I have just won the biggest race I'll ever run in this world. Tell me, is Patrick Henry within?"

"He is at breakfast," was the answer. "But what has the race to do with Patrick Henry?"

Jack laughed. "A great deal. Give Prince Charlie a rub down and put some brandy in the water he drinks. He has run a good race."

A moment later Patrick Henry and other members of the legislature came from the house in haste. There was a great hubbub in the inn-yard as horses were led out and saddled. In a surprisingly short space, the men who governed Virginia met in session and adjourned to Staunton. Then, without delay, they mounted their horses and turned toward the west.

The last of them had scarcely cleared the town when Tarleton and his troopers rode in the eastern end. A party had been detached to seize Jefferson at Monticello, while the main body hurried on to Charlottesville. But the bird had flown, and nobody met the British soldiers but negro servants.

The same luck awaited Tarleton in Charlottesville. The troopers clattered through the streets and stopped before the Swan tavern. From this point parties were sent out to seize the members of the legislature. In a short while they all came back empty-handed; the legislature had been warned in time.

Tarleton stormed and raved, but it was no use. He had to recognize the fact that his most daring stroke had failed. Slowly and sullenly, angrily eyeing the women and children who looked on from the houses along the streets, the British rode back.

Jack Jouett had saved the government! Cornwallis retreated to the sea. Only a few months later, the American and French armies swooped down from the North, catching him unawares. Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and American liberty was won.

THE SWAMP FOX

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
  His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
  We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
  Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
  For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day and shun its light,
  But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
  And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
  The flashing saber blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
  And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
  That will not ask a kind caress,
To swim the Santee at our need,
  When on his heels the foemen press—
The true heart and the ready hand,
  The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore, the smiting brand—
  And we are Marion's men, you see

Now light the fire and cook the meal,
  The last perhaps that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
  And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
  You hear his order calm and low—
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
  And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
  God help 'em should they find the strife!
For they are strong and fearless men,
  And make no coward terms for life;
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
  And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then—not till then—they turn their steeds,
  Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire, and lie at ease,
  The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the Colonel bend his knee,
  To take his slumbers, too—but hush!
He's praying, comrades; 'tis not strange:
  The man that's fighting day by day
May well, when night comes, take a change,
  And down upon his knees to pray.

Now pile the brush and roll the log;
  Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
That's half the time in brake and bog
  Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
  The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the flashing light
  Tells where the alligator sank.

What! 'tis the signal! start so soon!
  And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
  And we, Heaven help us! half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
  The Swamp Fox takes us out to-night;
So clear your swords and spur your steeds,
  There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
  We leave the swamp and cypress tree;
Our spurs are in our courser's sides,
  And ready for the strife are we.
The Tory camp is now in sight,
  And there he cowers in his den;
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
  He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

William Gilmore Simms

LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the [v]focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of [v]grapeshot and [v]gangrene—
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen!)
[v]Specter such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome!" the [v]surgeons said;
"Little the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him and brought him where
The [v]balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter [v]Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with 'bated breath,—
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't. Nay, more, in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then

"Dear captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
"ᵛJohnston pressed at the front," they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of
the fight;
But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where ᵛRappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the [v]random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted;

When on the [v]fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With the day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of [v]cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band
With movement light and tricksy
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
[v]Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with [v]burnished glow,
  Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
  With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
  The trumpet pealed [v]sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
  To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
  To kiss the shining pebbles,—
Loud shrieked the swarming boys in blue
  Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
  Above the stormy [v]riot;
No shout upon the evening rang,—
  There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad slow stream its noiseless flood
  Poured o'er the glistening pebbles:
All silent now the Yankees stood,
  All silent stood the Rebels:

No [v]unresponsive soul had heard
  That [v]plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
  The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
  As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
  The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
  Bend in their beauty o'er him,
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes
  His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
  In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
  And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
  Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,—
  Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
  That bright celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
  Gave this one touch of nature.

John R. Thompson

HOW I SERVED MY APPRENTICESHIP AS A BUSINESS MAN

Why did I become a business man? I am sure that I would never have selected a business career if I had been left to choose.

The eldest son of parents who were themselves poor, I had, fortunately, to begin to perform some useful work in the world while still very young, in order to earn an honest livelihood. I was thus shown even in early boyhood that my duty was to assist my parents, and like them, to become, as soon as possible, a bread-winner in the family. What I could find to do, not what I wished, was the question.

When I was born, my father was a well-to-do ^{v}master-weaver in ^{v}Dumferline, Scotland. He owned no less than four ^{v}damask looms and employed apprentices. This was before the days of steam factories for the manufacture of linen. A few large merchants took orders and employed master-weavers, such as my father, to weave the cloth; the merchants supplied the materials.

As the factory system developed, hand-loom weaving naturally declined, and my father was one of the sufferers by the change. The first serious lesson in my life came to me one day when he had taken the last of his work to a merchant and returned to our little home, greatly troubled because there was no more work for him to do. I was just about ten years of age, but the lesson burned into my heart, and I resolved then and there that the wolf of poverty should be driven from our door some day.

The question of selling the old looms and starting for the United States came up in the family council, and I heard it discussed from day to day. It was finally resolved to take the plunge and join relatives already in Pittsburgh. I well remember that neither father nor mother thought the change would be otherwise than a great sacrifice for them; nevertheless they finally came to the conclusion that "it would be better for our two boys."

In after life, if you can look back as I do and wonder at the complete surrender of their own desires which parents make for the good of their children, you will reverence their memory with feelings akin to worship.

When we arrived in Allegheny City, the four of us,—father, mother, my younger brother and myself—father entered a cotton factory. I soon followed, and served as a "bobbin boy;" this is how I began the preparation for my apprenticeship as a business man. I received one dollar and twenty cents a week, and was then just about twelve years old.

I cannot tell you how proud I was when I received my first week's earnings. One dollar and twenty cents, made by myself and given to me because I had been of some use in the world! No longer entirely dependent upon my parents, but at last admitted to the family partnership as a contributing member and able to be of help! I think this makes a man out of a boy sooner than almost anything else; and a real man, too, if there be any germ of true manhood in him. It is everything to feel that you are useful.

I have had to deal with great sums. Many millions of dollars have since passed through my hands. But the genuine satisfaction I had from that one dollar and twenty cents outweighs any later pleasure in money-getting. It was the direct reward of honest, manual labor; it represented a week of very hard work—so hard that but for the aim and end which sanctified it, slavery might not be much too strong a term by which to describe it.

For a lad of twelve to rise and breakfast every morning except the blessed Sabbath morning; go into the streets and find his way to the factory; begin work while it was still dark outside, and not be released until after darkness had come again in the evening (forty minutes only being allowed at noon for lunch) was a terrible task.

But I was young and had my dreams, and something within me always told me that this would not and could not last—that I should some day get into a better position. Then again, I felt myself no longer a mere boy, but quite a little man.

A change soon came, for a kind old Scotsman, who knew some of our relatives, took me into his bobbin factory before I was thirteen. Here, for a time, it was even worse than in the cotton factory, because I was set to fire a boiler in the cellar and, actually, to run the small steam-engine which drove the machinery.

The firing of the boiler was all right, for fortunately we used wooden chips instead of coal, and I always liked to work in wood. But the responsibility of keeping the water right and of running the engine, and the danger of making a mistake and blowing the whole factory to pieces, caused too great a strain, and I often awoke at night to find myself sitting up in bed trying the steam-gauges. I never told the folk at home, however, that I was having a hard tussle. Everything must be bright to them.

This was a point of honor, for every member of the family was working hard except, of course, my little brother, who was then a child; we were telling each other only the bright things. Besides, no man would whine and give up—he would die first.

There was no servant in our family, and several dollars a week were earned by the mother, who bound shoes after her daily work had been done! Father was also hard at work in the factory. And could I complain?

My kind employer, John Hay (peace to his ashes!), soon relieved me of the strain. He needed someone to make out bills and keep his accounts, and finding that I could write a plain, schoolboy hand and could "cypher," he employed me as his only clerk. But still I had to work hard upstairs in the factory, for the clerking took but little time.

People moan about poverty as a great evil; and it seems to be an accepted belief that if people only had plenty of money, they would be happy and useful and get more out of life. As a rule, there is more genuine satisfaction in life and more obtained from life in the humble cottages of the poor man than in the palaces of the rich. I always pity the sons and daughters of rich men, who are attended by servants, and have governesses at a later age; at the same time I am glad to think that they do not know what they have missed.

It is because I know how sweet and happy and pure the home of honest poverty is, how free from perplexing care and from social envies and jealousies—how loving and united its members are in the common interest of supporting the family—that I sympathize with the rich man's boy and congratulate the poor man's son. It is for these reasons that from the ranks of the poor so many strong, [v]eminent, [v]self-reliant men have always sprung and always must spring. If you will read the list of the "Immortals who were not born to die," you will find that most of them have been born poor.

It seems nowadays a matter of universal desire that poverty should be [v]abolished. We should be quite willing to abolish luxury; but to abolish honest, industrious, self-denying poverty would be to destroy the soil upon which mankind produces the virtues that will enable our race to reach a still higher [v]civilization than it now possesses.

I come now to the third step in my apprenticeship, for I had already taken two, as you have seen—the cotton factory, and then the bobbin factory: and with the third—the third time is the charm, you know—deliverance came. I obtained a situation as messenger boy in the telegraph office at Pittsburgh when I was fourteen. Here I entered a new world. Amid books, newspapers, pencils, pen and ink and writing pads, clean office, bright windows, and [v]literary [v]atmosphere, I was the happiest boy alive.

My only dread was that I should some day be discharged because I did not know the city, for it is necessary that a messenger boy should know all the firms and the addresses of men who are in the habit of receiving telegrams. I was a stranger in Pittsburgh. However, I made up my mind that I would learn to repeat in succession the business houses in the principal streets; consequently, in this way I was soon able to shut my eyes and begin at one side of Wood Street and call every firm to the top; then I would pass to the other side and call every firm to the bottom. Before long I was able to do this with the business streets generally. My mind was then at rest upon that point.

Of course, every ambitious messenger boy wishes to become a telegraph operator, and before the operators arrived in the early morning the boys slipped up to the instruments and practised. This I did, and was soon able to talk to the boys who were also practising in the other offices along the line.

One morning I heard Philadelphia calling Pittsburgh and giving the signal, "Death Message." Great attention was then paid to death messages, and I thought I ought to try to take this one. I answered the call and took the message. Then I went off and delivered it before the operator came. After that, the operators used to ask me to work for them.

Having a sensitive ear for sound, I soon learned to take messages by the ear, which at that time was very uncommon; I think only two persons in the United States could then do it. Nowadays every operator takes by ear, so easy is it to follow and do what any other boy does—if you only have to. This brought me into notice, and finally I became an operator and received the—to me—enormous salary of twenty-five dollars per month, three hundred dollars a year!

This was a fortune—the very sum I had fixed on when I was a factory worker as the income I wished to possess, because the family could live on three hundred dollars a year and be almost, or quite, independent. Here it was at last! But I was soon to be in receipt of extra pay for extra work.

The six newspapers of Pittsburgh received telegraphic news in common. Six copies of each dispatch were made by a gentleman who was paid six dollars a week for the work, and he offered me a gold dollar every week if I would do it. I was very glad, indeed, to have this employment, because I always liked to work with news and scribble for newspapers.

The reporters came to the room every evening for the news which I had prepared, and this brought me into the pleasant society of these clever fellows; besides I got a dollar a week as pocket-money, for this extra money was not considered family revenue by me.

I think this last step of doing something beyond one's task is fully entitled to be called business. The other revenue, you see, was simply salary obtained for regular work; but here was a little business operation upon my own account.

Shortly after this the Pennsylvania Railroad was finished to Pittsburgh, and that genius, Thomas A. Scott, was its superintendent. He came often to the telegraph office to talk to his chief, the general superintendent at Altoona, and in this way I became known to him.

When that great railway system put up a wire of its own, he asked me to be his clerk and operator. Thus I became connected with the railway.

The new place was accompanied by a—to me—tremendous increase of salary. It jumped from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a month. Mr. Scott was then receiving one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, and I used to wonder what on earth he could do with so much money.

I remained for thirteen years in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and was at last superintendent of the Pittsburgh division of the road. I succeeded Mr. Scott, who had in the meantime risen to the office of vice-president.

One day, Mr. Scott, who was the kindest of men and had taken a great fancy to me, asked if I had or could find five hundred dollars to invest. Here the business instinct came into play. I felt that since the door was opened for a business investment with my chief, it would be a wilful flying in the face of Providence if I did not jump at it; so I said,

"Yes, sir, I think I can."

"Very well," he said; "get it. A man has just died who owns ten shares in the Adams Express Company, which I wish to buy for you. They will cost sixty dollars each, and I can help you with a little balance if you cannot raise the full amount."

Here was a queer position. The total funds of the whole family were not so much as five hundred dollars. But there was one member of the family whose ability, pluck, and resource never failed us, and I felt sure the money could be raised somehow or other by my mother.

Indeed, had Mr. Scott known our position, he would have advanced it himself; but the last thing in the world the proud Scot will do is to reveal his poverty and rely upon others. In order to save rent, the family had managed by this time to purchase and pay for a small house. My recollection is that it was worth eight hundred dollars.

The matter was laid before the council of three that night and my mother spoke. "It must be done," she said. "Mortgage our house. I will take the steamer tomorrow morning for Ohio. I will see uncle and ask him to arrange it. I am sure he can." This was done. Of course her visit was successful—where did she ever fail?

The money was procured and paid over, and ten shares of Adams Express Company stock were mine, but no one knew that our little home had been mortgaged "to give our boy a start."

Adams Express stock then paid monthly dividends of one per cent., and the first check for ten dollars arrived. I can see it now, and I well remember the signature of "J. C. Babcock, cashier," who wrote a big round hand.

As the next day was Sunday, we boys—myself and my companions—took our usual Sunday afternoon stroll in the country, and I showed them this check, saying, "Eureka! We have found it."

It was a novelty to all of us, for none of us had ever received anything but from toil. A return from capital was something strange and new. How money could make money, how without any attention from me this mysterious golden visitor should come, led to much talk upon the part of the young fellows, who hailed me as a "capitalist."

You see, I was beginning to serve my apprenticeship as a business man in a satisfactory manner.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

COMMERCE

I come no more in grey disguise,
With grasping hands and greedy eyes,
Living on larceny and lies.

No longer do my mighty hosts
Of ministers and servants boast
Of giving least and getting most.

But now, with eyes greed cannot blind,
With open hands and willing mind
I live in service to mankind.

And hold him first among the rest
Who bears this motto on his breast:
He profits most who serveth best!

THE BREAKING OF THE LIGHT

[You are now going to read a true story of a wonderful American woman, Helen Keller, who was born in Tuscumbia, a little town in northern Alabama. For nineteen months her life was like the life of any normal baby; then she was taken seriously ill with a sickness that left her both deaf and blind. Since she could neither hear nor see, she soon forgot the few words she had already learned.

But in spite of blindness and deafness, as the child grew older she showed such a desire to know things that her parents secured a specially trained teacher for her. At that time she was seven years old. To-day Helen Keller is one of America's best educated women. In her book, "The Story of My Life," she tells of the beginning of her wonderful fight for knowledge.]

I

I cannot recall what happened during the first months after my illness. I only know that I sat in my mother's lap or clung to her dress as she went about her household duties. My hands felt every object and observed every motion, and in this way I learned to know many things.

Soon I felt the need of some communication with others and began to make crude signs. A shake of the head meant "No" and a nod, "Yes;" a pull meant "Come" and a push, "Go." Was it bread that I wished? Then I would imitate the acts of cutting slices and buttering them. If I wanted my mother to make ice-cream for dinner, I made the sign for working the freezer and shivered, indicating cold.

My mother, moreover, succeeded in making me understand a good deal. I always knew when she wished me to bring her something, and I would run upstairs or anywhere else she indicated. Indeed, I owe to her loving wisdom all that was bright and good in my long night.

I understood a good deal of what was going on about me. At five I learned to fold away the clean clothes when they were brought in from the laundry, and I told my own from the rest. I knew by the way they dressed when my mother and aunt were going out, and I always begged to go with them. I was sent for when there was company, and as the guests took their leave, I waved my hand to them, with a vague remembrance of the meaning of the gesture.

One day some gentlemen called on my mother, and

I felt the shutting of the front door and other sounds that indicated their arrival. On a sudden thought I ran upstairs before any one could stop me, to put on my idea of a company dress. Standing before the mirror, as I had seen others do, I anointed my head with oil and covered my face thickly with powder. Then I pinned a veil over my head, so that it covered my face and fell in folds down to my shoulders; and tied an enormous bustle round my small waist, so that it dangled behind, almost meeting the hem of my skirt. Thus attired, I went down to help entertain the company.

I do not remember when I first realized that I was different from other people, but I knew it before my teacher came to me. I had noticed that my mother and my friends did not use signs as I did when they wanted anything done, but talked with their mouths. Sometimes I stood between two persons who were conversing and touched their lips. I could not understand and was vexed. I moved my lips and gesticulated frantically, without result. This made me so angry at times that I kicked and screamed until I was worn out.

In those days a little colored girl, Martha Washington, the child of our cook, and Belle, an old setter and a great hunter in her day, were my constant companions. Martha Washington understood my signs, and I seldom had any difficulty in making her do just as I wished.

The guinea-fowl likes to hide her nest in out-of-the-way places, and it was one of my greatest delights to hunt for the eggs in the long grass. I could not tell Martha Washington that I wanted to go egg-hunting, but I would double my hands and put them on the ground, which meant something round in the grass, and Martha always understood. When we were fortunate enough to find a nest, I never allowed her to carry the eggs home, making her understand by signs that I feared she might fall and break them.

Martha Washington had as great a love of mischief as I. Two little children were seated on the veranda steps one hot July afternoon. One was as black as ebony, with little bunches of fuzzy hair tied with shoestrings sticking out all over her head like corkscrews. The other was white, with long golden curls. One child was six years old, the other two or three years older. The younger child was blind—that was I—and the elder was Martha Washington.

We were busy cutting out paper dolls; but we soon wearied of this amusement, and after cutting up our shoestrings and clipping all the leaves off the honeysuckle that were within reach, I turned my attention to Martha's corkscrews. She objected at first, but finally submitted. Thinking that turn and turn about was fair play, she seized the scissors and cut off one of my curls, and would have cut them all off but for my mother's interference.

About this time I found out the use of a key. One morning I locked my mother up in the pantry, where she was obliged to remain three hours, as the servants were in a distant part of the house. She kept pounding on the door, while I sat outside on the porch steps and laughed with glee as I felt the jar of the blows. This most naughty prank of mine convinced my parents that I must be taught as soon as possible. After my teacher, Miss Sullivan, came to me, I sought an early opportunity to lock her in her room. I went upstairs with something which my mother made me understand I was to give to Miss Sullivan; but no sooner had I given it to her than I slammed the door to, locked it, and hid the key under the wardrobe in the hall. I could not be induced to tell where the key was. My father was obliged to get a ladder and take Miss Sullivan out through the window—much to my delight. Months after I produced the key.

II

The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me. I am filled with wonder when I consider the very great contrast between the two lives which it connects. It was the third of March, 1887, three months before I was seven years old.

On the afternoon of that eventful day, I stood on the porch, dumb, expectant. I guessed vaguely from my mother's signs and from the hurrying to and fro in the house that something unusual was about to happen, so I went to the door and waited on the steps. The afternoon sun warmed the mass of honeysuckle that covered the porch, and fell on my upturned face. My fingers lingered almost unconsciously on the familiar leaves and blossoms which had just come forth to greet the sweet Southern spring. I did not know what the future held of marvel or surprise for me. Anger and bitterness had preyed upon me continually for weeks and a deep languor had succeeded this struggle.

Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog, when it seemed as if a thick white darkness shut you in, and the great ship, tense and anxious, groped her way toward the shore with sounding-line, while you waited with beating heart for something to happen? I was like that ship before my education began, only I was without compass or sounding-line, and had no way of knowing how near the harbor was. "Light! give me light!" was the wordless cry of my soul, and the light of love shone on me in that very hour.

I felt approaching footsteps. I stretched out my hand, as I supposed, to my mother and I was caught up and held close in the arms of her who had come to reveal all things to me, and more than all things else, to love me.

The morning after my teacher came, she led me into her room and gave me a doll. The little blind children at the Perkins Institute had sent it and a lady had dressed it; but I did not know this until afterward. When I had played with it a little while, Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand the word "d-o-l-l." I was at once interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letters correctly, I was flushed with childish pleasure and pride. Running downstairs to my mother, I held up my hand and made the letters for doll. I did not know that I was spelling a word or even that words existed; I was simply making my fingers go in monkey-like imitation.

In the days that followed I learned to spell in this unknowing way a great many words, among them pin, hat, cup, and a few verbs like sit, stand and walk. But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.

One day, while I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan put my big rag doll into my lap also, spelled "d-o-l-l," and tried to make me understand that "d-o-l-l" applied to both. Earlier in the day we had had a tussle over the words "m-u-g" and "w-a-t-e-r." Miss Sullivan had tried to impress upon me that "m-u-g" is mug and that "w-a-t-e-r" is water, but I persisted in confounding the two. In despair she had dropped the subject for the time, only to renew it at the first opportunity.

I became impatient at her repeated attempts, and seizing the new doll, dashed it upon the floor. I was keenly delighted when I felt the fragments of the broken doll at my feet. Neither sorrow nor regret followed my outburst. I had not loved the doll. In the still, dark world in which I lived there was no strong feeling or tenderness. I felt my teacher sweep the fragments to one side of the hearth, and I had a sense of satisfaction that the cause of my discomfort was removed. She brought me my hat, and I knew that I was going out into the warm sunshine. This thought, if a wordless feeling may be called a thought, made me hop and skip with pleasure.

We walked down the path to the well-house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Some one was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cold stream gushed over one hand, she spelled into the other the word water, first slowly, then rapidly.

I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers. Suddenly I had a misty feeling as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought—and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that "w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. The living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy—set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house every object I touched seemed to quiver with life. That was because I saw everything with the strange, new sight that had come to me. On entering the door I remembered the doll I had broken. I felt my way to the hearth and picked up the pieces. I tried vainly to put them together. Then my eyes filled with tears, for I realized what I had done, and for the first time I felt repentance and sorrow.

I learned a great many new words that day. I do not remember what they all were; but know that mother, father, sister, teacher were among them—words that were to make the world blossom for me, "like Aaron's rod, with flowers." It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

HELEN KELLER

SANTA MARIA
PINTA
NINA

COLUMBUS

BEHIND him lay the gray [v]Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave [v]Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and on!' "

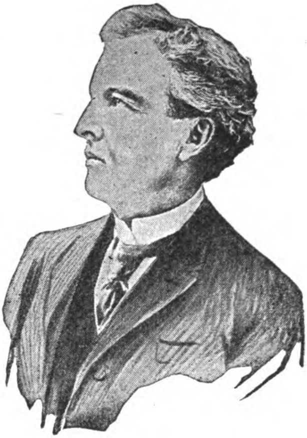
"My men grow [v]mutinous day by day;
My men grow [v]ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his [v]swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!' "

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget the way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
  He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
  With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
  "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
  And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
  A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its greatest lesson: "On! sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER



LUTHER BURBANK AND HIS FRIENDS

Did you ever have a pet dog or cat or rabbit or canary, which you raised and cared for and played with and loved till you really understood his language and his acts? A man and his horse sometimes live on such friendly terms that they bridge over the chasm separating man from beast and come to know each other.

But have you ever made friends with a plant?

"Friends with a plant!" you will say. Yes. There is a man in America who from childhood has made pets of plants, just as most children have animals for pets. He is Luther Burbank, whose name is known throughout the world for his feats in plant-culture.

The friend of plants is a quiet, hard-working man living on a farm at Santa Rosa, California. This farm is the machine-shop of his inventions.

Burbank is sometimes called the "plant ᵛwizard," but there is no secret in his magic save his constant association with plants from his boyhood up and his knowledge of their ways. You have all heard of the Burbank potato. This fine white potato was developed from the seed in the fruit that sometimes grows on the top of a potato plant. The discoverer sold the seed for only a hundred and fifty dollars, though the new potato now adds great sums to the wealth of the world.

The wizard has created and developed new varieties of plums and prunes which are worth millions of dollars a year to California alone. He has educated the common prickly pear until it is a smooth-leaved ᵛcactus, making a fine food for cattle and bearing a delicious fruit for man. Through this plant, the desert may be made to bloom and ᵛhabitations to fill the waste places. California has been one of the leading gold-mining centers of the world, but Luther Burbank, through his labor with vegetation, has given the state greater wealth than is dug from its mineral veins.

His friendship with plants has not only helped to feed the world, but is also filling it with a new beauty. He has changed the common field daisy into the magnificent Shasta daisy. The rose, the poppy, and hundreds of other flowers have taken on new forms, for he has mastered the art of making new plants from old.

You may wonder how Burbank creates a plant.

Have any of our farm boy readers ever planted white corn and yellow corn side by side? Farmers who are so unwise as to do this notice that the two varieties cross, or "mix;" and if the seed of this corn is planted, the next crop will be neither white nor yellow but a mixture of the two. This is easy to understand. Corn bears two kinds of flowers, the tassel and the silk. The tassel produces a very light yellow powder which we call the pollen. Before grains can form on the cob, it is necessary for a little of the pollen to fall on the silk; then the combination brings about the earing of the corn. If a hot dry wind kills the tassels, the stalk may produce a cob but there will be no grains of corn. It will be seen that if the pollen from a stalk of yellow corn falls on the silk of a stalk of white corn, the resulting ear will be a cross, or mixture of the two kinds of corn.

When a cross is desired, the procedure is rather simple. The farmer plants a row of white corn next to a row of yellow. As soon as the corn planted in the two rows grows up and bears flowers, he cuts off the tassels of the row of yellow corn. Then the ears of corn in the untopped, or white, row are pure white, being the product of white tassels and white silk. The yellow row will not bear pure yellow corn, because the yellow tassels have been cut off, leaving no yellow pollen; but some of the pollen from the untopped white tassels will fall on the yellow silk, producing a cross or new variety. This process is called plant breeding.

The ears of the new variety of corn will differ in many ways—some will be good and others poor, and some will be of a special type and others of different sorts. The farmer will take the best ears of the particular type he wishes to encourage, or develop, and plant them. When the corn grows up, the peculiar type will be found to have developed a little more. By repeating this performance several times, the farmer ends by getting a variety of corn differing in certain respects from other varieties. This process is known as improvement by selection.

These two processes, breeding and selection, are the main forces in Burbank's creations. In the same way, the methods which produce a new grain will produce a new fruit or flower. And Burbank, the friend of the plants, has been able to do even more. He has found that it is possible, not only to produce varieties by crossing two plants of a like kind, but that entirely new plants may be created by crossing plants that are wholly unlike.

He has united the plum and apricot to make a new fruit, which he has called the plum cot. His primus berry is a blending of the raspberry and the blackberry. He took an English walnut and a common California black walnut and crossed them, developing a variety of walnut in which the trees grow as much in one year as the original walnut grows in thirteen years. This kind of walnut tree is very valuable for its lumber. Turning back in his experiments, Burbank then produced a walnut tree with particularly fine nuts.

The ordinary chestnut tree does not bear until it is twenty-five years old. By crossing two kinds of chestnuts, Burbank succeeded in producing a kind which begins to bear when eighteen months old. By crossing two kinds of poppy, he grew a new plant with blossoms eight or ten inches in size.

He has changed the native California poppy from gold to crimson. Burbank's method of doing this well illustrates creation by selection. He was one day looking over a field of the yellow flowers, when he noticed a poppy with a faint line of crimson in its golden cup. He transplanted this flower and watched over it with tender care; the seeds were saved and planted. The next crop of poppies showed many more red-lined cups.

The flowers which remained obstinately yellow lost their heads by way of punishment; the red-marked flowers were rewarded by careful attention and by having their seeds planted. The experiment went on year after year, until, at last, the miracle was complete and the flower had changed into a lovely red.

In carrying out such experiments, Burbank deals with thousands and thousands of specimens of each flower. He finds one starting in the right direction, and from the descendants of this flower finds another which has gone a little way farther on the desired path. The firm, wise, loving master of the flowers says, "Come with me." Those that follow his call are rewarded with life and made the ancestors of a new race of flowers on earth.

W. K. Tate

PEARLFEATHER

Once there lived a bold and wicked giant. He sent disease and famine to kill the Indians. He sent the fever that brought death to many a warrior, squaw and child.

None were bold enough to fight this enemy, but Hiawatha said,

"I will go and kill this wicked one. I will save my people from the fever—save them from want and famine."

Straightway then my Hiawatha
Armed himself with all his war-gear,
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing;
With his palm its side he patted,
Said with glee, "My dear, my darling,
O my birch-canoe! leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
Where you see the black pitch-water!"

And the canoe did leap forward. It sailed out toward the west, until it came to the water filled with fiery serpents.

Then the fearless Hiawatha cried,

"Let me pass, O fiery serpents,
Let me go upon my journey."

But the serpents hissed and answered, "You cannot pass; go back home, Faintheart."

This made Hiawatha angry, so he drew his bow and shot arrow after arrow among the serpents. When he had done this, his canoe passed safely onward until it came to the black pitch-water. Here it stopped, for it could go no farther. Then Hiawatha smeared the sides with magic oil, and the canoe glided easily through the black pitch-water.

All night he sailed upon this water.

When the sun rose, there lay an island just in front of him. Quickly he ran his boat upon the beach and leaped out on the sand.

The tent of Pearlfeather, the wicked giant, glistened in the sunshine. Then Hiawatha aimed an arrow at the tent, crying as he let it fly,

"Come forth from your lodge, Pearlfeather!
Hiawatha waits your coming!"

The flap of the door was lifted and out strode the mighty giant.

"Well I know you, Hiawatha!" he cried in a voice of thunder. "Go back home, Faintheart, or I will kill you as I have killed many another warrior."

For answer Hiawatha sent an arrow buzzing through the air. It hit Pearlfeather's shirt of wampum and fell harmless to the ground. Again and again did Hiawatha hit him with his arrows. Again and again they fell harmless to the ground.

But if Hiawatha could not hurt Pearlfeather, neither could Pearlfeather hurt Hiawatha. All day they fought there together. They fought until Hiawatha was exhausted and stopped to rest beneath a pine tree.

As he leaned against the tree, he heard a woodpecker. It was talking to him. It said loudly,

"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha, at the head of Pearlfeather. Strike the tuft of hair upon his head. It is only there that he can be wounded."

Quickly Hiawatha raised his bow, and steadily he took aim at the head of Pearlfeather. Swiftly the arrow flew and struck the mighty giant on the head, just as he was about to hurl a great stone at Hiawatha. Down the giant sank upon the ground. A second and a third arrow followed the first, and Pearlfeather lay dead at Hiawatha's feet.

One moment Hiawatha looked at the lifeless form of his enemy. Then he thought of the little woodpecker.

"Come, my little friend," he called. "You shall have a tuft of red hair upon your head, that all may know how you have proved a friend to me this day."

Saying this, he took some of Pearlfeather's hair and put it on the head of the woodpecker. The little bird was proud of his small tuft of feathers, and even to this day he wears it.

Hiawatha took Pearlfeather's wealth from his wigwam—skins and wampum, furs and quivers filled with silverheaded arrows. These he put into his canoe and sailed away homeward.

On the shore the people waited for his coming. They welcomed him with shouts of joy and gladness. They said,

"Honor be to Hiawatha!
He has slain the great Pearlfeather,
Him who sent the fiery fever,
Sent disease and death among us!"

But Hiawatha said,

"Honor to the little woodpecker. He it was who showed me where to aim my arrow."

Henry W. Longfellow (Adapted)

THE TRIUMPH OF BEOWULF

Long, long ago, there lived in ^{v}Daneland a king called ^{v}Hrothgar. When he had overcome all his enemies and peace reigned in the land, he built a great hall in which his warriors might gather for feasting and merriment. Every evening at the coming of darkness, the knights gathered in the hall.

Now it happened that there lived in the bogs by the sea a cruel monster named ^{v}Grendel. Since he hated joy and light, the laughter from the merry warriors and the brightness which gleamed from the high windows aroused his wrath and hate.

One night as the warriors slept in the great hall after their feast, the monster stole upon them, and with his claw-like hands, killed thirty of the bravest and bore them away to his home in the dark waters. When morning came there was grief and sorrow in the land of the Danes.

The next night the monster came again, and there was none brave or strong enough to protect himself or his fellows against the cruel foe. For twelve years the land was stricken with the foul crimes of the monster, so that the joy of Hrothgar was turned into dismal mourning.

Now there lived in ᵛGothland a hero, a man strong in war and mighty among his people, whose name was ᵛBeowulf. The news of Grendel's deeds and the woes of Hrothgar reached Gothland, and Beowulf offered to go to Daneland and fight the monster. With fifteen trusty companions he took ship, came to the castle of Hrothgar and offered his services. The king, believing in Beowulf, welcomed him as the deliverer of his people. Once more he gathered his remaining warriors in the Hall of Light and merrily they feasted with Beowulf. When the feast was over, Hrothgar and his band of warriors went forth from the hall, and Beowulf and his companions were left to guard it through the night.

Beds were spread around the walls, and while his campanions slept, Beowulf, alone, watchful and waiting for the foe, longed for the coming battle.

Then out of the creeping mists that covered the ᵛmoorland forth strode the Evil Thing. Right onward to the hall he came, goaded with fearful wrath. The bolts and bars he burst asunder with but a touch, and stood within the hall.

Out of the dark, Grendel's eyes blazed like fire. Loud he laughed, wild, demon laughter, as he gazed around on the sleeping warriors. Here truly was a giant feast spread out before him. And ere morning light should come, he meant to leave no man of them alive. Loud he laughed.

Beowulf, watchful and angry, curbed his wrath. He waited to see how the monster would attack. Nor had he long to wait. Quickly stretching forth a hand, Grendel seized a sleeping warrior. Ere the unhappy one could wake, he was torn asunder.

Again the ᵛgoblin stretched forth his claws, hungry for his feast. But Beowulf, raising himself upon his elbow, reached out his hand and caught Grendel.

Then the giant felt fierce wrath and pain. Never before had he made trial of such a hand-grip, in the clutch of which he writhed and struggled vainly. Hotter and hotter grew his anger, deeper and deeper his fear. He longed to flee, to seek his demon lair. But though his strength was great, he could not win free from that mighty grasp.

Beowulf, remembering his boast that he would conquer this ruthless being, stood upright, gripping the ᵛogre yet more firmly. Awful was the fight in the darkness. This way and that the ogre swayed, but he could not free himself from such a clutch.

The noise of the contest was like thunder. The hall echoed and shook with demon cries of rage, until it seemed that the walls must fall. The benches, overlaid with gold, were torn from their places. Fear and wonder fell upon the Dane folk. Far and wide the din was heard, until the king trembled in his castle and the slave in his hut.

The knights of Beowulf awoke, arose, drew their sharp swords and plunged into the battle. They fought right manfully for their master, their great leader. But though they dealt swift and mighty blows, it was in vain. Grendel's hide was so thick that not even the keenest blade wrought of steel could pierce it through. No war-axe could wound him, for by enchantments he had made himself safe. Nay, by no such means might death come to him.

Louder and louder grew the din, fiercer and wilder the strife, hotter the wrath of those who strove. At length the fight came to an end. The sinews in Grendel's shoulder burst, the bones cracked. The ogre tore himself free, and fled, wounded to death, leaving his arm in Beowulf's mighty grip.

Sobbing forth his death-song, Grendel fled over the misty moorland, until he reached his dwelling in the lake of the Water Dragons, and there plunged in. The dark waves closed over him; he sank to his home.

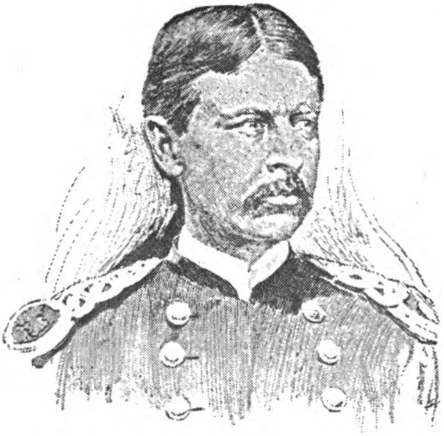
Loud were the songs of triumph in the hall, great the rejoicing. For Beowulf had made good his boast. He had cleansed the hall from the ogre; henceforth might the Dane folk sleep peacefully therein. And so the Goths rejoiced; and over the doorway of the hall, in token of his triumph, Beowulf nailed the hand, and arm and shoulder of Grendel.

When morning came and the news spread over all the land, there was much joy among the Dane folk. From far and near, many a warrior came riding to the hall to see the marvel. Over the moor they rode, too, tracking Grendel's gory footsteps, until they came to the lake of the Water Dragons. There they gazed upon the water as it boiled and seethed, colored dark with the poisonous blood of the ogre.

With light hearts they sped back, praising the hero. "From north to south," they cried, "between the seas, all the world over, there is none so valiant as he, none so worthy of honor!"

With loosened rein, they galloped in the sunshine. All along the way minstrels made songs, and sang of the mighty deeds of the Goth hero, praising him above the heroes of old. In the whole land there was song and gladness.

ANGLO-SAXON MYTH



A MODERN GIANT KILLER

You have read how Hiawatha, the Indian hero, sailed through the black pitch-water and slew the evil giant, Pearlfeather, who sent disease and death to the people.

The old English story of Beowulf tells how the champion of his race conquered Grendel, the monster that came in the darkness of the night and devoured the sleeping warriors of the king.

Throughout the ages, men have had to fight cold, hunger, disease and other evils which threatened to destroy them. In the olden days they did not understand, as we do, the hidden causes of the diseases which prey on the human race. In ancient times when the ^{v}pestilence appeared and thousands died mysteriously, men thought that some wicked, invisible giant passed through the land, breathing out death and destruction.

We are somewhat wiser. We have learned that the cause of sickness is not a giant, but a living ^{v}germ so small that it can only be seen by a powerful ^{v}microscope. But these minute enemies are more deadly than all the Grendels and Pearlfeathers. They have killed millions and millions of people.

One of the most fearful of these strange diseases is yellow fever, which for years swept at certain periods over ^{v}tropical and semi-tropical countries.

The disease usually appeared early in the summer on some vessel which had arrived from South or Central America. It would spread slowly at first but then more rapidly, until a whole city was filled with the dead and dying. Nobody knew how the disease was carried from one to another, and without this knowledge people could not protect themselves against the unseen enemy which struck in the dark. Terror came with the fever. Everybody who could get away left the stricken city. But the lines of quarantine were soon drawn by neighboring cities and states, and armed guards prevented people from leaving the infected districts.

You may imagine how you would feel if you were shut up in the prison-like limits of a great, hot city with a pestilence, which, like an invisible monster, might strike you or your loved ones any minute and whose unseen arrows you could not avoid but must await in silent terror. Business was paralyzed, churches and schools were closed, men avoided each other, and fear made it difficult even to secure decent burial for the dead. Through the long hot days, people lived like hunted beings. With the coming of the frost, the disease disappeared as mysteriously as it had come and people crept back, to reckon up their sorrows and their losses and to pray that the coming summer might not bring the plague again.

But all this is passed. Yellow fever is now a dying Grendel. People do not fear it any more. If a ship were to bring into the harbor at New Orleans a man sick with the yellow fever, no one need leave the city in fear. A health officer would take charge of the case in the absolute certainty that the disease would be kept under control.

This deliverance from death and terror is the deed of a band of American heroes more valiant than any knight of chivalry or fabled giant killer. The captain of the band was Dr. Walter Reed, who discovered how the disease is passed on from one man to another and how it may be prevented. The story of his achievement is one of the bright pages in American history.

Walter Reed was born in Virginia in 1851. He grew up during the troubled period of the War between the States. He was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1869—the youngest man ever given a diploma by that institution. He became a surgeon in the United States Army and spent many years of his life in the army posts on the frontier, where he ministered to the sick soldiers and to the Indians and pioneer settlers of the west.

During the Spanish-American War, the camp of the volunteer troops of the United States in Cuba was stricken by yellow fever. Major Reed was selected to study the causes and the spread of the disease, with a view to its control. In June, 1900, he went to Cuba with three assistants.

For a year and a half the United States government had attempted to control the disease by clean-ing up, providing good drinking water and by other sanitary work. While these measures had improved the general health, they had not in the least lessened yellow fever. The disease was steadily on the increase.

Dr. Reed at once decided that the disease was probably carried by an insect, perhaps the mosquito.

Before this time there was a theory that the fever was borne from victim to victim by minute particles floating in the air. There was no way to test the new theory except by allowing an infected mosquito to bite a man and to note whether or not the bite produced the disease. To the everlasting glory of the American army, volunteers offered themselves freely. The members of the commission decided that it was their duty to run the risk before letting others go into the danger. During Dr. Reed's temporary absence in the United States, the experiments were begun by Dr. Lazear, one of the assistants. He applied a number of infected mosquitoes, hatched from eggs furnished by Dr. Finlay of Havana, to several persons, himself included, but without result. Not enough time had elapsed since the mosquitoes had bitten the person sick with yellow fever.

Finally, Dr. Carroll, another of the assistants, was bitten by a mosquito, which had twelve days before bitten a fever patient. He had a severe case of the fever, from which he slowly recovered. The same mosquito was allowed to bite other persons, and they afterwards had cases of fever. Lazear, in the meantime, had been bitten again, and he died, the first ^{v}martyr to the trial.

The results of these experiments convinced Dr. Reed that a common variety of the mosquito was the carrier of the yellow fever germ from the sick to the well. Further experiments were necessary and other brave volunteers offered their services, without pay, for the ^{v}advancement of science, an exhibition of moral courage never surpassed in the army of the United States.

As long as these volunteers lived in a screened room away from the mosquitoes, they did not take the fever, even though the beds and soiled clothing of persons who had died of the disease were placed in the room with them. Dr. Reed decided that the mosquito is the only means by which yellow fever is ^{v}communicated.

It followed from his conclusions that yellow fever could be absolutely controlled, either by killing the mosquitoes or by screening the sick person so that the mosquitoes could not bite him and carry the disease to others. He decided that a house could be infected only when it contained mosquitoes which had bitten yellow fever patients.

Dr. Reed's theories have worked in practise. Havana was freed from yellow fever in ninety days.

In 1905 the disease broke out in New Orleans. Dr. Joseph H. White, of the United States Public Health Service, took charge of the fight against it. The number of cases rapidly decreased, and the disease disappeared before frost through the use of three rules:

1. Screen the patient so that he cannot be bitten by mosquitoes.
2. By ᵛfumigation, kill the mosquitoes in the infected house..
3. Prevent mosquitoes from breeding by oiling all ᵛcisterns, or anything else containing water.

Through the heroic work of Dr. Reed and his brave associates, another enemy of mankind has been conquered. All honor to these fearless, modern champions of humanity, who dared to enter the den of the dragon, to deliver mankind from the fear of the pestilence that walketh in darkness!

W. K. Tate

TUBAL CAIN

Old [v]Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his [v]brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the Spear and Sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

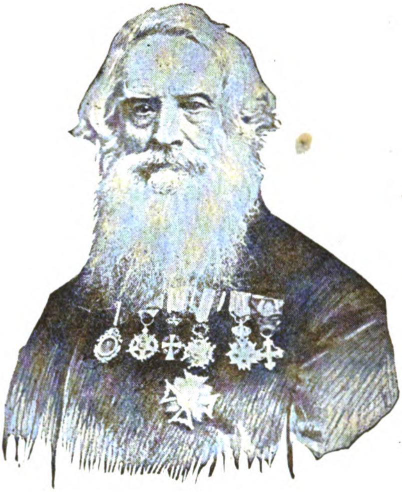
But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for [v]carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan

The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellowman!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
As the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"—
As he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he.
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be."

Charles Mackay



TALKING ACROSS SPACE

I

Among the names of the world's greatest inventors, none stands higher than that of Samuel Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. It is difficult for us to understand what the world was like before the invention of the telegraph. In those days, when an important message was sent, it could not be delivered at a point hundreds of miles distant in a single hour as it present. Letters were the only means of communication, and it took many days for a letter to cross the country. The man who made quick communication possible, the man who "annihilated space," as the saying is, was Samuel Morse.

Samuel Morse was a New England boy whose ambition in life was to become a great painter. At the age of fifteen he was a good enough artist to earn money by painting miniatures, in order to help pay his way through college. After graduating at Yale, Morse sailed to England in 1811 to study art. There he came into contact with Benjamin West, the great American painter, who did much to aid and encourage him.

Morse gave his time and attention to painting a picture of the death of Hercules. When he had finished the picture to his satisfaction, he showed it to West.

"Go and finish it," was West's comment.

"But it is finished," said Morse.

"No, no. See here and here and here are places where you can improve it."

Morse went to work on the painting a second time, only to meet the same criticisms when he again showed it to West. This happened over and over again. When the young artist had finally brought the picture to a stage which West was convinced was the best he could do, a lesson in patience and thoroughness had been learned that Morse never forgot—a lesson destined to have an important bearing on his future life.

After four years in London, Morse returned to New England, where he set to work to make a living as an artist. He had a very hard time of it, as artists usually do. He journeyed from town to town, painting the portraits of persons who were willing to pay anything, but even at low prices work was hard to find. Morse at last became so discouraged that he moved to Charleston, South Carolina. He had better success in the South, but returned to the North after four years spent in Charleston. Failure was again his portion. He devoted most of his time to painting great historical pictures, which the public would neither buy nor pay to see on exhibition. Another voyage to Europe for further study brought no change in his fortunes, and after many years of hard work, Samuel Morse appeared to be a failure in life.

But the failure of a first venture often seems to point the way to success in some new line of effort of far greater moment. It was so with Morse. He is not named among the noted painters of America, but he has won immortal fame as an inventor.

It was on board the ship *Sully*, on his second trip to Europe, that Morse conceived the idea of the telegraph. As a student at Yale he had given attention to electricity, and had been especially impressed by the statement that "if the electric current be interrupted at any place, the fluid will become ᵛvisible, and when it passes it will leave an impression upon any ᵛintermediate body." This idea—that electricity can be made to give out flashes by interrupting the circuit—remained ᵛdormant in his mind through all the years of his art career.

One afternoon on the *Sully*, Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, was amusing the passengers by showing them an ᵛelectro-magnet he had obtained in Europe. Some one asked about the speed of electricity, and he replied that it was almost ᵛinstantaneous. The talk brought back to Morse his collegiate studies. He remarked that if the circuit were interrupted in some way, the electric current became visible; and that he thought these flashes might be used as a means of communicating over long distances.

The idea of using an electric current to carry messages became fixed in his mind; he pondered over it through the remaining weeks of a slow and tiresome voyage. The same thought had occurred to other men, but it remained for Morse to work it out to a successful end. Before he landed from the ship, he had made plans for a telegraph that printed. A current was to run through an electro-magnet, on the end of which was fixed a rod, and the rod marked dots and dashes on a moving tape of paper.

Thus the idea came into existence. The telegraph was very far from an accomplished fact, but the principle had been discovered. Morse, on his return to America, set to work in dead earnest in this new field. He was greatly hindered by poverty, however, and had to spend most of his time in painting in order to eke out a living. A chemist, Professor Gale, gave him some help, and brought to his attention the discoveries of another American, Professor Joseph Henry.

The latter had devised a telegraph somewhat similar to Morse's, by which he signaled through a mile of wire. His receiving apparatus was an electromagnet, and a bell sounded the signals. Thus the messages were read by sound, instead of being recorded on a moving strip of paper according to Morse's system. Henry was the ablest American electrician of his time, but it is unlikely that he would have invented a practical telegraph if Morse had not appeared; he was a scientist rather than a real inventor.

By the year 1837, Morse had completed a model, had improved his apparatus and had secured stronger batteries and longer wire. In this year the house of representatives ordered the Secretary of the Treasury to look into the matter of establishing a system of telegraphs. It was therefore of the utmost importance for Morse to complete his machine and place it before the government. He was sadly handicapped, however, by the difficulty of getting proper materials and fixtures. Electrical machinery was very little known in those days, and Morse had to search for the materials he needed and then make them into the parts required for the telegraph, with such rude tools as he found at hand. All this took time, but the inventor went ahead steadily if slowly.

In this period of discouragement, aid at last came to Morse. A young man, Alfred Vail, grew interested in the invention and brought some money and an able mind to the completion of the enterprise. It was Vail who devised the code of dots and dashes, to represent the letters of the alphabet, still used in telegraph offices.

II

Finally Morse and his helpers completed a telegraph which stood the tests—one which they believed would prove successful. Messages could be sent for long distances and read with ease. But the work of introducing the wonder to the public—of stirring up general interest and securing the help of business men—remained to be done. This burden rested mainly on Morse himself, and had he not been a strong man, full of determination, the telegraph might not have been introduced to the world until much later.

The new invention was shown in New York and Philadelphia without arousing popular interest. It was viewed as a scientific toy; few realized its usefulness. Morse later took it to Washington, where he set up his instruments in a committee-room in the capitol. Here, as before, a majority of the people who saw the telegraph refused to believe in it as a thing of practical value and looked on Morse as a crank.

This was one of the darkest hours of his life. His work on the invention had forced him to give up art almost entirely, and he had but few pupils left. We are told that he called one day on a student whose tuition was overdue.

"Well," said Morse, "how are you off for money?"

The student explained that he was out of funds just then but would have the money the following week.

"Next week!" exclaimed Morse. "Next week I shall be dead—of starvation!"

"Would ten dollars be of any service?" the student asked, surprised and distressed.

"Ten dollars would save my life," Morse answered.

The youth paid the money, and Morse ate his first meal in twenty-four hours.

All this time he was making great efforts to have a bill put through Congress granting money to build a short telegraph line. A bill appropriating $30,000 passed the house of representatives but seemed to have small chance of succeeding in the senate. Morse haunted the senate gallery, anxiously awaiting the fate of the measure which meant so much to him. The end of the session of Congress was at hand, and his anxiety very great. A senator, who had noticed his constant attendance, came up to him one day and said,

"There is no use in your staying here. The senate is not in sympathy with your project. I advise you to go home and forget all about it."

The inventor went back to his house with as heavy a heart as man ever bore in his breast. The future seemed hopeless. When he paid his board bill that night, he found himself with thirty-seven cents in the world! He prayed long and earnestly, however, before going to bed, and then fell into the sleep of exhaustion.

Early next morning, Annie Ellsworth, the daughter of his friend, the Commissioner of Patents, came into the house to see Morse.

"Professor, I have come to congratulate you," she said.

"Congratulate me!" exclaimed Morse. "On what?"

"Why," she replied, "on the passage of your bill by the senate."

The bill had passed without debate in the closing hours of the session. As Morse later declared, this was the turning-point in the history of the telegraph. His resources were reduced to the lowest ebb, and there seemed little likelihood that he would be able again to come before Congress with his invention. So happy was he over the appropriation and so grateful to Annie Ellsworth for bringing him the good news, that he promised to let her send the first message over the telegraph when the line was completed.

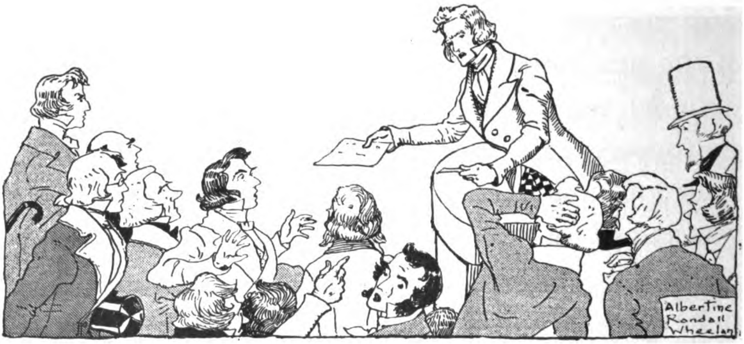
With the government's money in his hands, Morse went to work at once to build the Washington-Baltimore line. Before long the task was finished; a string of queer-looking poles led from the capital city to the Maryland metropolis.

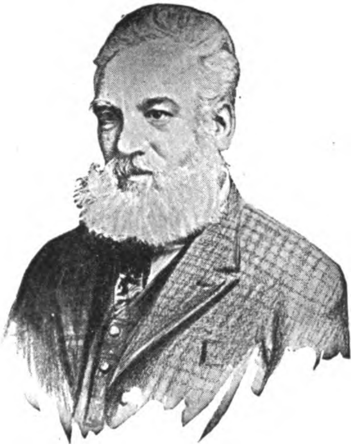
On May 24, 1844, the first message was sent over the first telegraph line in the world. Remembering his promise to Annie Ellsworth, Morse called on her to give the message. She chose "What hath God wrought?" Morse, sitting at the machine in the capitol, telegraphed these words to Vail in Baltimore. The message was received without difficulty and was sent back to Morse in Washington. Thus the telegraph was a reality at last.

Still the public remained unconvinced. Some incident was needed to show the world the great usefulness of the new invention. At this time the democratic national convention happened to be in session in Baltimore. After an exciting struggle, James K. Polk was nominated for president, and Silas Wright was named for vice-president. Wright was in Washington, and in those days it took some hours for news to be carried from Baltimore to Washington by train.

Immediately after Wright's nomination, however, Vail, in Baltimore, telegraphed the news to Morse, who at once informed Wright. In this way the latter heard of his nomination almost as soon as it took place.

Wright stated that he would decline the nomination, which statement Morse telegraphed to Vail, who gave it to the convention. The delegates, intensely surprised, could not believe that Wright had been communicated with in this short space of time, and appointed a committee to make inquiries. The committee, on coming to Washington, learned from Wright himself that the message was genuine. The value of the telegraph was now established, once for all, in the eyes of the country, and Morse reaped a rich reward in wealth and honors.





HOW THE TELEPHONE WAS INVENTED

I

Most discoveries have come about because there are people in the world so intensely interested in some object of study that they give their time and attention to it, in spite of ridicule, opposition and every other discouragement. They set their teeth and go to work—and oftentimes the world wakes up to the fact that they have made some great and wonderful achievement. You have read of the telegraph; the telephone is now to follow.

For thirty years after the telegraph was in use, the telephone remained undiscovered. People sent telegraphic messages from city to city, but they had no way of talking directly to each other at a distance, as they have to-day. Men living within the same city visited each other whenever they wished to consult, and this meant a great waste of time in a busy world like ours. The age was ripe for the telephone, but the idea had not yet been born.

Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, was a teacher of expression. His father, who was also an elocutionist, had devised a system of teaching the deaf to speak and understand spoken words by reading the lips of those speaking. Bell taught the deaf for some years in Boston, and felt such a sympathy for the poor people who go through life without hearing that he thought of giving his whole self to their service. He made a great success as a teacher, after a time becoming a professor in Boston University.

His own genius, however, was gradually bearing him in a new direction. He lived in Boston with a family named Sanders, whose little deaf son he taught, along with others. Bell had already conceived the idea of sending sounds along an electric current, and when he came to live in the Sanders home, he fixed up the basement as a workshop. Here he conducted his experiments for several years, with the aid of such crude machinery as he was able to secure.

Among his friends was a noted Boston lawyer, Gardiner G. Hubbard, who had a deaf-mute daughter. This man was destined to be Bell's business partner and one of the pioneers who brought the telephone to a successful conclusion. Hubbard first came to know Bell's inventive talent one evening while the young teacher was calling at his home in Cambridge. Bell amused the company by illustrating the laws of sound on the piano.

"Do you know," he remarked, "that if I sing the G note close to the strings of the piano, the G string will answer me?"

Hubbard asked what this meant.

"It is a fact of very great importance," Bell answered. "It is an evidence that some day we may have a musical telegraph which will send as many messages at the same time over one wire as there are notes in a piano."

This idea of a musical telegraph—of sending musical sounds along an electric current—impressed Hubbard and he encouraged Bell to study the problem. The elocution teacher set to work on the musical telegraph, but little by little he became possessed of a much greater idea—the idea of sending human speech along a wire from one place to another. Hubbard laughed this thought to scorn when he heard of it, but the inventor refused to give it up.

"If I can make the deaf talk," he said, "I can make iron talk."

He had, however, only a very vague and hazy notion as to how to go about the task. The idea was in his mind, but he could think of no way of working it out. Then, in the summer of 1874, the right method was brought to his attention. In his plans for teaching the deaf, Bell had been working on a deaf machine, by means of which the vibrations of air caused by sounds were made visible to the eye—by speaking into a disk in different tones, a recording-instrument was moved. It moved a little for low sounds and more for louder tones, and Bell hoped in this manner to teach the deaf to talk by sight.

A physician whom he knew advised him to use a real ear for his experiments. Bell agreed, and the surgeon supplied him with an ear and the accompanying bones. It was from his study of the effect of sound waves on the ear drum that Bell gained the first real idea of the telephone.

He saw that the ear drum, though thin, sends vibrations through heavy bones, and it occurred to him to make a metal disk resembling an ear drum. Then, with two such iron disks, or ear drums, placed at some distance from each other and connected by a wire bearing an electric current, sounds made in front of one disk would be carried along the wire and given out by the disk at the other end. In this way a man might talk into one disk and be heard by some one holding the other disk to his ear.

II

For a whole year Bell worked away at his idea, in spite of every hindrance caused by lack of means. He was now very poor, for he had given up his teaching to devote himself to invention. His friend Hubbard would not back the enterprise, all the time urging him to give it up. But still the young inventor kept up his experiments, and one hot afternoon in June, 1875, he heard an almost inaudible sound—a faint twang—come from the machine near by.

For an instant Bell was almost overcome. He had expected just such a sound for months, but when at last it came, it astonished him all the same. His eyes blazed with delight, and he sprang in a passion of eagerness to the next room, where the young mechanic who was assisting him stood. There was one of the odd-looking machines in each room, and the two were connected by an electric wire. The assisttant had snapped a spring in front of one of the machines, and Bell had heard from the other machine exactly the same sound.

"Snap that spring again, Watson!" cried the inventor.

Watson obeyed, and again the little sound was given out by Bell's machine in the other room. It was no more than the gentle twang of a clock-spring, but it was the first time in the history of the world that a complete sound had been carried for some distance along a wire and perfectly reproduced. The twang of the clock-spring was the first tiny cry of the new-born telephone, uttered in the din of a machine-shop and heard by an ear hopefully awaiting it.

This success, imperfect as it was, encouraged Bell to persist in his efforts. He won Hubbard over to help him, and struggled along for many months more, hoping for better results. Then, on March 10, 1876, the telephone talked. The machine distinctly said, "Mr. Watson, come here; I want you." Watson, the assistant, who was in the basement at the other end of the wire, dropped his receiver and rushed into the room where Bell was.

"I can hear you," he shouted. "I can hear the words!"

On his twenty-ninth birthday, Bell received his ^{v}patent from the United States government—"the most valuable single patent ever issued," as it has been described. But the telephone, though now a reality, had still to win its way as a thing of value in practical life. And here fate stood the friend of the inventor.

In this year, 1876, the great ^{v}Centennial Exposition—the first ^{v}international exposition held in America—was in progress in Philadelphia. Bell's telephone was exhibited in the ^{v}Department of Education in a narrow space between a stairway and a wall, where, amidst the thousand wonders all around, it seemed completely lost.

The inventor himself was in such straits for money that he actually boarded a train for Philadelphia without a ticket, but succeeded in reaching the Centennial nevertheless. He arrived at a most fortunate time. The judges were about to make a special tour of inspection, and Hubbard, after much trouble, induced them to give a few minutes to Bell's telephone. As yet, nobody at all had paid it the least attention.

All the afternoon of the inspection, Bell stood waiting by his machine, but the judges failed to arrive. They had been so interested in the examination of the first electric light, the first grain-binder and other marvels that by the time they reached the telephone the hour was late and they were tired and hungry. They grudged even a moment's attention to the unadvertised telephone and seemed about to pass it over with half a glance. Just then one of those strange things happened which occur oftener in the pages of romance than in real life.

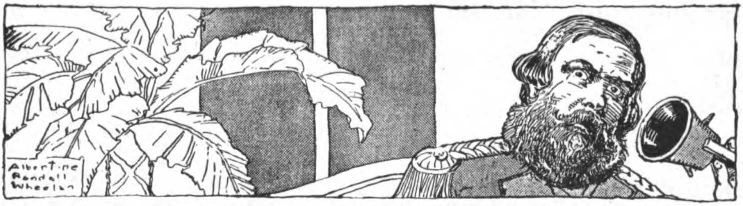
While the judges wearily eyed the curious-looking machine, the Emperor of Brazil, who was visiting the exposition, chanced to come into the room. Without a moment's hesitation, he walked up to the inventor and held out his hand.

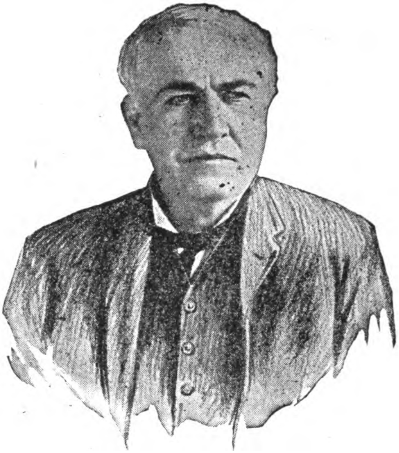
"Professor Bell," he said heartily, "I am delighted to see you again."

The judges looked up in astonishment. They did not know that the Emperor of Brazil had once visited Bell's class of deaf-mutes in Boston and had been deeply impressed by what he saw. He had never forgotten the teacher of the deaf, and now turned to examine the telephone with great interest.

Bell went to the other end of the wire far down the long building, while the Emperor took up the receiver and placed it to his ear. It was a tense moment, for no one knew what to expect and the judges now looked on in eagerness. Suddenly the Emperor raised his head from the receiver with a look of utter amazement and said, "My God—it talks!"

This was the supreme moment of the telephone. From the hour the Emperor talked over it, the invention became the chief exhibit of the Centennial, and thousands of people examined it with curiosity and awe. Its fame soon spread round the world. Years of hardship and struggle still awaited Bell, but the telephone itself had taken its place as one of the wonders of civilization and the great boons of mankind. It is pleasant to know that after the long, weary fight, Alexander Graham Bell reaped a rich reward in money and glory for the invention for which his name will be forever famous.





EDISON'S FIRST CHECK

I

If a number of people were asked, each to make out a list of America's greatest men, the lists would vary considerably, but there is one name which would almost certainly be found in all of them—that of Thomas A. Edison. Edison, the inventor of the phonograph, the incandescent electric light and a hundred other things, may well be ranked among the greatest men of all times.

The famous inventor, however, only reached the height of fame and fortune after many years of the hardest kind of labor. Hard work is to his taste, however. He is happier in the workshop, solving some problem, than other men are when engaged in the ordinary pleasures of life.

Like many another inventor, Edison was a very bright and active boy, trying all sorts of things. His childhood years were spent at Port Huron, Michigan, where the future discoverer started out to make his living as a newsboy on a train. Already at this early period, he dabbled in chemistry and electricity in odd hours, eagerly looking forward to the time when he might work as a telegraph operator. In his keen interest, he even fitted up a little laboratory on the train, where he worked away with his chemicals while the train moved along. In a small space, a few feet square, Edison made his first experiments.

One day, however, as the train happened to be running over a rough piece of track, a stick of phosphorous was jarred from its shelf and fell to the floor. It instantly burst into flames, setting the car on fire. Edison was vainly endeavoring to quench the flames, when the conductor, rushing in with a bucket of water, saved the car. The conductor was so enraged over the accident that he boxed Edison's jaws severe-ly and put the boy off the train at the next station, together with his chemical laboratory and entire outfit.

This incident had an important bearing on Edison's life, for the blows he received made him deaf for all time. Most people would have found this a sad infirmity, but it aided rather than hindered the famous inventor's career. "This deafness has been of great advantage to me in various ways," Mr. Edison once said. "When in a telegraph office I could hear only the instrument directly on the table at which I sat, and, unlike the other operators, I was not bothered by the other instruments. Again, in experimenting on the telephone, I had to improve the transmitter so that I could hear it. This made the telephone commercial. It was the same with the phonograph. . . . . Then, my nerves have been kept ᵛintact. Broadway is as quiet to me as a country village is to a person with ᵛnormal hearing."

Up to this time Edison had tried his hand at many things—at publishing a little newspaper, as a newsdealer, an amateur locomotive engineer and a chemical experimenter. Now he took up the profession which was destined to lead him in the path of greatness; he began the serious study of telegraphy.

Working eighteen hours a day, he soon learned enough to become a telegraph operator at Port Huron, where the work was not so hard but that he found much time for experimenting. In 1863, when sixteen years old, Edison received the night telegrapher's position at Stratford Junction, Canada. Besides his regular work at night, he gave much attention to experiments.

An occurrence which might have resulted in a serious accident drove him from Canada before he had been at Stratford Junction very long. "This night job suited me," Edison says, "as I could have the whole day to myself. I had the faculty of sleeping in a chair any time for a few minutes at a time. I taught the night yardman my call, so I could get half an hour's sleep now and then between trains, and in case the station was called by some other station, the watchman would awaken me. One night I got an order to hold a freight train, and I replied that I would. I rushed out to find the signalman, but before I could find him and get the signal set, the train ran past. I ran to the telegraph office, and reported that I could not hold her. But the train dispatcher, on the strength of my message that I would hold the train, had let another train leave the last station in the opposite direction. There was a lower station near the junction, where the day operator slept. I started for it on foot. The night was dark, and I fell into a ^{v}culvert and was knocked senseless."

Fortunately the two engineers stopped their trains in time to avoid an accident. Edison, however, was summoned to the general manager's office for trial for neglect of duty. While the trial was in progress, he took advantage of a delay to slip away, jumped on a freight train and returned to the United States.

He now entered on the life of a wandering telegraph operator. The War between the States, then in progress, had called a large number of operators to the front, and ^{v}substitutes were in demand in many places, so that Edison was always able to find work. He held positions in various towns and underwent many experiences. Finally he landed in Cincinnati, in which city he obtained a place with the Western Union Telegraph Company at a salary of sixty dollars a month.

Even at this time Edison showed an important trait which has helped so many men to success in life —the ability to meet some demand greater than the regular round of daily work. The telegraphers held a convention one day, with great merrymaking, and when evening came a number of them failed to show up for duty. Edison, almost alone in the office, worked hard all night, taking the place of the absent men.

At that time he was considered a "plug," that is, an inferior telegraph operator—largely on account of his youth and rather small experience. But having determined to be second to none at his work, he had formed the habit of going to the office at night and acting as substitute for any man who wished to get off. Thus he had unconsciously prepared himself to meet the emergency caused by the absence of the regular operators. Next morning the manager came over to Edison, where he sat at his instrument, and said, "Young man, I want you to work the Louisville wire at night; your salary will be a hundred and twenty-five dollars." In this manner Edison rose from "plug" to first-class man, a rise typical of his progress through life.

II

He was now about eighteen years old, a thin, rawboned youth, with ill-fitting clothes and an unattractive manner. But the eagerness for knowledge burned within him—the desire to explore the unknown world of science and discover its secrets.

He made his living as a telegraph operator and wandered from city to city; but all the time he could spare from rest and all the money he did not need for living expenses were spent in his experiments, which went on year after year.

This passion for investigation got him into trouble again, just as it had when he was a newsboy on the train. It was his custom to use the batteries and chemicals in the telegraph-office for his experiments. One night he went into the battery-room to obtain some sulphuric acid. The jar holding the acid tipped over; the acid ran out, went through to the manager's room below and ate up his desk and carpet. The next morning Edison was discharged, with the explanation that the company needed operators and not experimenters.

But at last Edison's studies were beginning to bear fruit. He invented a double telegraph instrument for sending two messages over a single wire at the same time. This was a great convenience, since before this invention only one message was sent over a wire at a time. Edison now went to New York, hoping to push his invention. He had no money, no employment and was almost starving. Some friend loaned him a dollar, and he gave serious thought as to the best food to buy with it. Finally he decided on coffee and apple dumplings, which, he says, made the most enjoyable meal he had ever eaten. Having only what was left of the dollar to live on, he got permission to sleep in the battery-room of the Gold Indicator Company.

The nights spent in this place for lack of means to pay for a lodging led to important results. At that time money was not all of the same value as it is to-day. A gold dollar would buy about one and a half times as much of anything as a paper dollar, but the value of gold dollars in comparison with paper ones changed very rapidly. It was necessary for the brokers—the men who dealt in gold—to know the changes in the value of money at the earliest possible moment, and the Gold Indicator Company had been formed to meet this demand. From its office in New York, it telegraphed the prices of gold everywhere as these changed.

In sending out this news, complicated instruments were used. Edison, who slept in the battery-room, amused himself by studying this machinery until he came to know more about it than anybody else.

One day the machinery in the Gold Indicator Company stopped with a tremendous crash. Confusion followed. Edison thus describes the scene: "Within two minutes three hundred boys—a boy from every broker in the Street rushed up-stairs and crowded the long aisle and office that hardly had room for one hundred, all yelling that such and such a broker's wire was out of order and to fix it at once. It was pandemonium, and the man in charge became so excited that he lost control of all the knowledge he ever had. I went to the indicator, and having studied it thoroughly, knew where the trouble ought to be, and found it. . . . The president appeared on the scene, the most excited person I had seen. He demanded of the man the cause of the trouble, but the man was speechless. I ventured to say that I knew what the trouble was, and he said, 'Fix it! Fix it! Be quick!' . . . . In about two hours things were working again. The president came in to ask my name and what I was doing. I told him, and he asked me to come to his private office the following day. . . Next day, on my arrival, he stated at once that he had decided to put me in charge of the whole plant, and that my salary would be three hundred dollars a month! This was such a violent jump from anything I had ever had before that it paralyzed me for awhile."

So, for a second time, Edison secured promotion. His employment with this company brought him into close connection with money matters. Before long he was working to improve the stock ticker, which is a machine that receives the prices on the New York Stock Exchange by telegraph and prints them on a moving strip of paper. Edison made a great improvement in this instrument and told his employer of it. The latter summoned him some days later and said to him, "Now, young man, I want to close up the matter of your invention. How much do you think you should receive?"

Edison says, "I had made up my mind that, taking into the consideration the time and killing pace I was working at, I should be entitled to five thousand dollars, but could get along with three thousand. When the moment arrived, I hadn't the nerve to name such a large sum, so I said, 'Well, General, suppose you make me an offer?' 'How would forty thousand dollars strike you?' he said. This caused me to come as near fainting as I ever got. I was afraid he would hear my heart beat. I managed to say that I thought it was fair. 'All right,' he said, 'I will have a contract drawn; come around and I will give you the money.' "

Edison was then handed the first check he had ever received—one for forty thousand dollars! Going to the bank, he presented the check to the teller, who handed it back with some remark, which Edison, in his deafness, could not hear. He returned in haste to the giver of the check, only to learn that he had not endorsed it, and that checks must be endorsed.

The money was finally paid him in small bills, which the inventor stowed away in his overcoat pockets and all his other pockets; he was literally running over with money. He went to Newark and sat up all night with his wealth for fear it might be stolen. Next day he returned to New York, where he was told that his money would be much safer in a bank than stuffed in his pockets.

In such fashion, at the age of twenty-two, Thomas A. Edison won his first success. It was but a starting point in a career that was destined to bring him world-wide fame and vast riches, but no other achievement ever gave him so much pleasure as this early invention, which pointed him the way to greatness.

THE FIRST AVIATORS

Daedalus and Icarus

You have all heard of the wonderful flying-machine, or ^{v}aeroplane, and perhaps some of you have seen one skimming swiftly through the air and looking for all the world like a giant bird of some novel kind. Nowadays flying-machines are to be found in every country, but it has not been many years since two great Americans invented them. Before this time men were wholly unable to fly. They have sailed the seas for ages, but they looked up enviously to the sky and wondered whether they would ever be able to cleave the air like birds.

Men have always longed to fly. The creature of all others whom they most admire is the eagle—the king of birds—who has been used as the ^{v}symbol of power and glory in every age. And many men in many periods have tried to learn the secret of flying—the secret that comes to birds at their birth but which has been withheld from men until the present time.

These attempts to fly go far, far back into the misty past of ^{v}myths and ^{v}legends. The first story of a flying-machine comes to us from Greece. It shows us that the wonderful Greeks, those inventors and ^{v}inquirers of the past, were thinking of flying, just as the people of the nineteenth century were thinking of flying and trying to find out how to do it.

^{v}Daedalus was an architect and inventor living on the Island of ^{v}Crete many and many a hundred years ago. He built a wonderful structure for King ^{v}Minos of Crete, called the Labyrinth, in which was kept a terrible monster, the ^{v}Minotaur. The Minotaur could have broken out of any ordinary prison, but the Labyrinth was so made, with such confused and winding passages, that the monster was never able to find the outlets and escape. Finally, however, King Minos grew tired of Daedalus, or jealous of him, and shut him up in the Labyrinth which Daedalus himself had built. Daedalus escaped from the Labyrinth, but could find no way to leave the island, for the king's soldiers and slaves guarded every seaport and kept him from boarding a ship. It seemed as if Daedalus, and his young son, Icarus, must live and die on the island, longing to escape but held prisoners by the sea.

The inventor, however, was not to be balked by obstacles which an ordinary mortal would have found too difficult to ^{v}surmount. Since the water was closed to him, Daedalus resolved to try to reach Greece by air. He would seek to fly as birds fly!

Day after day Daedalus watched the birds flutter past him and studied their wings, until at last he learned the secret of flying. He took a great quantity of feathers which he had gathered and began to build wings in imitation of birds' wings. He laid even rows of large feathers and sewed them together with strong thread; then he added many more rows of small feathers fastened together with wax. When finished, there were two great wings like birds' wings, only larger than any birds' wings on this earth—two great curved wings made of thousands of feathers held in place by thread and wax.

Daedalus placed his arms in holds he had made underneath the wings and took his stand on a rock several feet above the earth. Flapping the wings in the manner of birds, he leaped from the rock. The first time he failed to support himself and came down heavily on his knees, but a second time he alighted lightly, and before long he was actually flying for short distances.

In a few days Daedalus was able to fly as well as the birds which hovered over the island or skimmed along the shining surface of the sea. Now Icarus must be provided for. So Daedalus made wings for his son and carefully taught him to use them, until Icarus at last came to fly better than his father.

It was now high time to make the venture—to try to reach Greece far away to the north. The summer morning invited them, for the air was still, but a heavy mist lay on the sea and the sun overhead was fearfully hot.

As father and son put on their wings for the start, Daedalus gave Icarus a last caution. "Remember, my son," he said, "to fly at a moderate height. If you go too low, the damp will clog your wings. If you fly too high, the heat of the sun may melt the wax and then you will fall into the sea. Follow where I lead and all will be well with you."

Icarus promised and Daedalus sprang out into the air from a high cliff by the seaside. He was buoyed up like a bird and hung suspended in the air far above the dashing waves, which seemed to be foaming in rage because they could not reach him. Icarus followed, and they struck out over the broad sea toward Greece. Swift as swallows they flew along over the blue sea, whose sound reached them only as a low murmur. Far below lay the green islands, gleaming like emeralds in a blue setting.

In such fashion they made their way for hours; no birds ever flew more lightly or easily than Daedalus and Icarus. Indeed it was so delightful to cleave the soft air, without fatigue and with all the joy of rapid motion, that Icarus at last forgot his father's warning. Thus far he had closely followed Daedalus, who flew a little in front guiding the way. Now Icarus began to soar upward, little by little at first, but, after a time, higher and higher, until at last he pointed straight at the sky and reached a vast height. The sea looked black beneath him, and his father appeared as a speck far below.

Suddenly Icarus realized that something was wrong. It had grown difficult for him to fly, and he noticed that feathers were falling from him. All at once he understood. He had gone too near the sun, just as his father had feared, and the heat had melted the wax in his wings; the feathers were falling and the wings were coming apart. He was in mid-air without support.

Icarus fluttered his arms desperately, but in spite of his utmost efforts, he could no longer hold himself up. He felt that he was falling, and cried out, "Father, father, save me!" but Daedalus was ahead of him and could not hear. So Icarus plunged down the dizzy height, faster and faster, until at last he fell into the sea and was drowned.

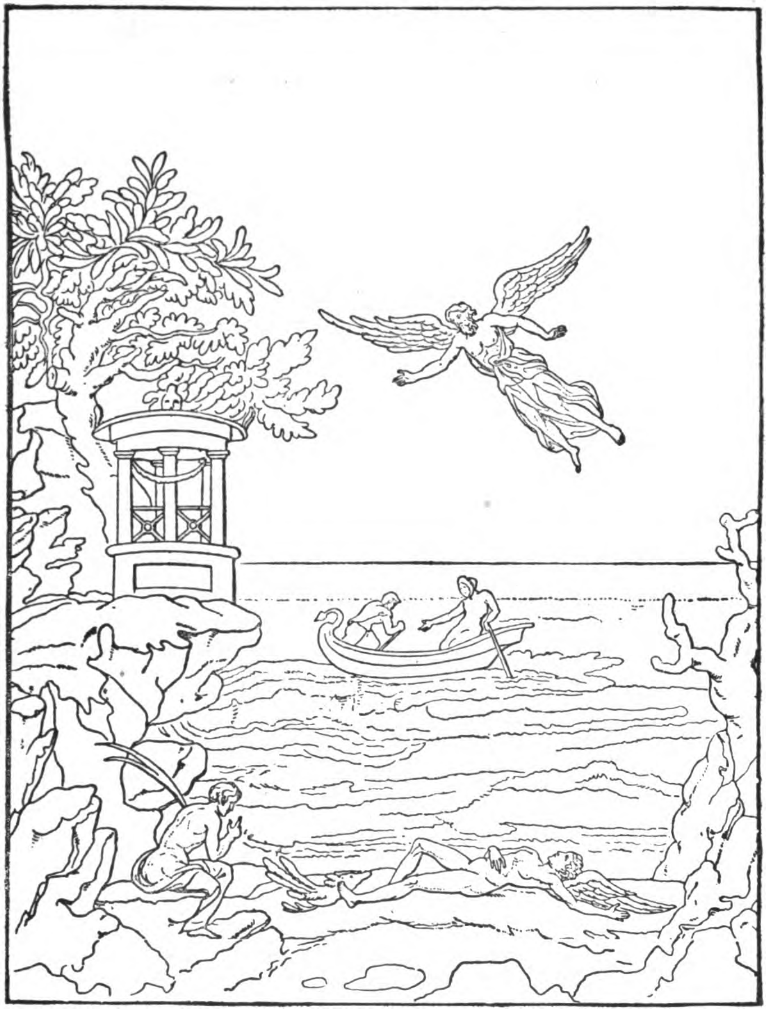
Some time afterwards Daedalus, turning around, found no Icarus following him. He flew back the way he had come, calling, "Icarus, where are you?" but no boy's voice answered him. At last he found the dead body of his son washed up on an island. Daedalus buried it, and then went to Sicily, where the king received him with kindness. Here Daedalus resolved to pass the remainder of his days, and here he built a temple to ᵛApollo, in which he hung the wings as an offering.

It was hundreds and hundreds of years after this before anybody tried to fly again. Perhaps people were warned by the fate of Icarus and feared that they would fall into the sea and be drowned, or strike against the earth and be dashed to pieces.

H. J. ECKENRODE

Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and, with the setting sun,
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the ᵛAegean isle.

JOHN MILTON



Daedalus Finding the Body of Icarus.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake to stump,
  Or, spreading the tail
  Of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post to rail,
    And wonder why
    He couldn't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try—
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
The son of a farmer, age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean,—
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry.

And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,

Excepting Daedalus of yore
And his son Icarus who wore
Upon their backs
Those wings of wax
He had read of in the old [v]almanacks.
Darius was clearly of the opinion
That the air is also man's dominion,
And that, with paddle or fin or [v]pinion,
We soon or late shall navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
And if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it,

"The birds can fly and why can't I?
Must we give in," says he with a grin,
"That the bluebird and [v]phoebe
Are smarter'n we be?
Just fold our hands and see the swaller
And blackbird and catbird beat us holler?
Does the little chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
Just show me that!
Or prove 't the bat
Has got more brains than's in my hat,
And I'll back down, and not till then."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and
planned,
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To 'nummies that never can understand
The first idea that's big and grand."
So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Saftly buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as genuises use;—
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal pot and a pair of bellows;
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
And a big strong box,
In which he locks,
These and a hundred other things.

So day after day
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
Till at last 'twas done—
The greatest invention under the sun!
"And now," says Darius, "hooray for some fun!".
'Twas the Fourth of July,
And the weather was dry,

And not a cloud was in all the sky,
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
    Half mist, half air,
Like foam in the ocean went floating by—
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

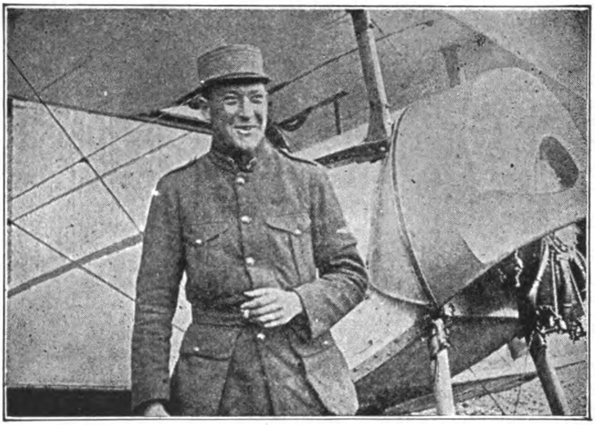
As knights of old put on their mail—
    From head to foot an iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
    And under the chin the bail,
(I believe they called the thing a helm),
Then sallied forth to overwhelm
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm—
    So this *modern* knight
    Prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight;
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light—
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip;
Ten feet measured from tip to tip!
And a helm had he, but that he wore,
Not on his head, like those of yore,
    But more like the helm of a ship.

Stepping careful, he travels the length
Of his spring-board and teeters to try his strength.
Now he stretched his wings, like a monstrous bat;
Peeks over his shoulder; this way and that,
For to see if anyone's passing by;
But there's only a calf and a [v]gosling nigh.
They turn up at him a wondering eye,
To see—The dragon! he's going to fly!

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere—
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels—
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting-stars and various things!

I have just room for the [v]Moral here:
And this is the moral—stick to your sphere.
Or if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is—take care how you light.

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE (Abridged)



BATTLE IN THE SKIES

The daily work of an air-fighter goes on without much change. Whenever the weather permits—that is, when it is not raining and the clouds are not too low—we fly over the great battlefield at the hours appointed by General Headquarters. As a rule the most successful flights are those in the early morning.

We are called while it is still dark. A few minutes later, having swallowed some coffee, we motor to the field. The east is turning gray as the curtains of the shed are drawn apart and our machines trundled out by the mechanicians. All the pilots whose aeroplanes are in commission—save those remaining behind on guard—prepare to leave. We average from four to six machines on a ᵛsortie, unless too many flights have been ordered for that day, in which case only two or three go out at a time.

Now the east is pink, and overhead the sky has changed from gray to pale blue. It is light enough to fly. We don our fur-lined shoes and ᵛcombination garments, and adjust the leather flying-hoods and ᵛgoggles. A good deal of conversation occurs—perhaps because, once aloft, there is nobody to talk to.

The chatter is silenced by a deafening roar as the motors are tested. Quiet is briefly restored, only to be broken by a series of rapid explosions due to the trying out of machine guns. You loudly inquire at what height we are to meet above the field.

"Fifteen hundred yards—go ahead!" comes an answering yell.

"Oil and gas!" you call to your mechanician, adjusting your gasolene and air ᵛthrottles while he grips the ᵛpropeller.

"Contact!" he shrieks, and "Contact!" you reply. You snap on the switch, he spins the propeller and the motor begins. Drawing forward out of line, you put on full power, race across the grass and take the air. The ground drops away from you, and you seem to be going more and more slowly as you rise. At a great height you hardly realize you are moving. You glance at the clock to note the time of your departure, and at the oil gauge to see its throb. The altimeter registers 650 feet. You turn and look back at the fields below and see others leaving the ground.

In three minutes you are about 4,000 feet in the air—well on toward a mile. You have been making wide circles over the field and watching the other machines. At 4,500 feet you throttle down and wait on that level for your companions to catch up. Soon the squadron of fliers is bunched and off for the enemy's lines. You begin climbing again, gulping to clear your ears in the rapidly changing air pressure. Looking at the other machines, you recognize the pilot of each by the marks on its sides, or by the way it flies. One machine bears the word "Bert" painted in large letters on the side.

The country below has changed into a flat surface of varicolored figures. Woods are irregular blocks of dark green, like daubs of ink spilled on a table; fields are designs of different shades of green and brown, forming a kind of monstrous painting; roads are thin white lines, each with its own windings and crossings—from which you learn your location. The higher you are, the easier it is to read the country.

In about ten minutes you see the river sparkling in the morning light, and on either side the long line of sausage-shaped ^{v}observation balloons far below you. Red-roofed ^{v}Verdun springs into view just beyond. There are spots in it where no red shows and you know what has happened there. In the green pasture land bordering the town, round flecks of brown indicate the shell holes. You cross the river.

Immediately east and north of Verdun there lies a broad, brown band. Peaceful fields and farms and villages adorned that landscape not so long ago —when there was no battle of Verdun. Now there is only that sinister brown belt, a strip of murdered nature, which seems to belong to another world. Every sign of ^{v}humanity has been swept away; the woods and roads have vanished like chalk wiped from a black-board. Two great forts are outlined faintly, like the tracings of a finger in wet sand. No distinct ^{v}shell-craters can be made out here, as on other battlefields; the whole plain is one ^{v}interlocked area of shell-craters, blending into a confused mass of troubled earth.

Columns of muddy smoke spurt up continually as explosives tear deeper into this [v]ulcered territory. A smoky pall covers the section under fire, rising so high that at a height of 1,000 feet one is [v]enveloped in its mistlike [v]fumes. Now and then monster shells hurtling through the air close by leave one's airplane rocking violently in their wake. Planes have been cut in two by them.

For us the battle passes in silence, the noise of one's motor deadening all other sounds. In the green patches behind the great brown belt, numbers of tiny flashes tell where the guns are hidden; and those flashes, and the smoke of bursting shells, are all we see of the fighting. It is a weird combination of stillness and [v]havoc—the Verdun conflict viewed from the sky.

Far below us, the observation and range-finding planes circle over the trenches like gliding gulls. At a feeble height they follow the attacking infantrymen and flash back wireless reports of the engagement. Sometimes it falls to our lot to guard these machines from the enemy, eager to swoop down on their backs. Sailing about high above a busy flock of them makes one feel like an old mother hen protecting her chicks.

The pilot of a fighting-machine does not concern himself with the ground, which is all important to the men in the observation, ᵛartillery-regulating and ᵛbombardment machines; the fighting ᵛaviator has an entirely different sphere. His field is the blue heavens, the glistening roll of clouds below the fleecy banks towering above—the vague air horizon—and he must watch it as carefully as a sailor watches the storm-tossed sea.

On days when the clouds form almost a solid flooring, one feels very much at sea, and wonders if he is in the navy instead of aviation. The air-planes skirt the white expanse like boats in anᵛarctic sea, and sometimes, far across the cloud waves, one sights an enemy ᵛsquadron, moving as a fleet.

Our work chiefly consists of keeping hostile airmen from our lines, and in attacking them when opportunity offers. We cross the brown band of earth and enter enemy territory in the face of an ᵛanti-aircraft cannonade. Most of the shots are wild, however, and we pay little attention to them. When the ᵛshrapnel comes too close, one shifts position slightly to change the range. One glances up to see if there is another machine higher than one's own. Low, and far within the enemy's lines are several planes, a dull white in appearance, resembling sand flies against the mottled earth. High above them are mosquito-like forms of other kinds of aircraft. We approach the enemy machines ahead, only to find them slanting at a rapid rate into their own country.

Getting started is the hardest part of an attack. Once you have begun diving, you are all right. The pilot just ahead turns his machine tail up like a trout dropping back to water, and swoops down in curves and circles. You follow at an angle so steep that your feet seem to be holding you back in your seat. Now the black marks on the hostile machine stand out clearly. You think of it as some sort of big bug. Then you hear the rapid tut-tut-tut of his machine gun. The comrade that dived ahead of you becomes mixed up with the topmost enemy. He is so close that it looks as if he had hit the other machine. You hear the barking of his machine-gun and see him pass from under the end of the enemy aeroplane.

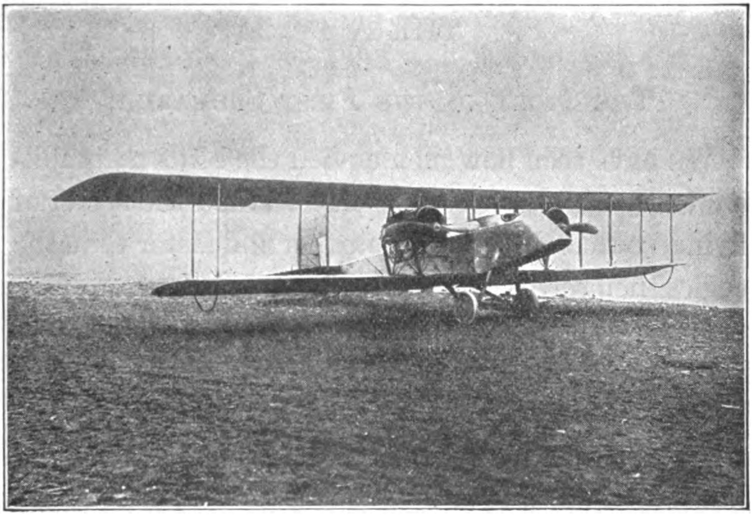
The rattle of the gun that is aimed at you leaves you undisturbed. Only when the bullets pierce the wings a few feet off do you become uncomfortable. You see the gunner crouched down behind his weapon, but you aim at where the pilot ought to be—there are two men aboard the enemy craft—and press the release to fire your gun.

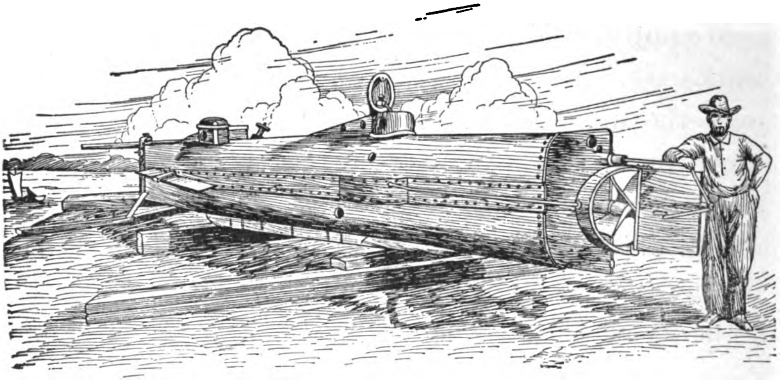
Your machine gun hammers out a stream of bullets as you pass over the other craft and dive, nose down, to get out of range. Then, hopefully, you turn your plane and look back at the foe. He ought to be dropping earthward at the rate of several miles a minute. As a matter of fact, however, he is sailing calmly along. He has an annoying habit of doing that. Indeed the enemy often seems to bear a charmed life.

A little later, however, I had a chance of seeing an aeroplane hit in combat and fall. As I was returning to our lines, I began to make a southward turn, and caught sight of an airplane falling out of the sky. As it turned over, it showed its white underside for an instant, then seemed to straighten out and sailed down in big zig-zags. The pilot must have gripped his controls even in death, for his craft did not tumble as most do. It passed between my line of vision and a wood, into which it disappeared. Just as I was going down to find out where it landed, I saw it again skimming across a field and heading straight for the brown belt beneath me. It was outlined against the shell-racked earth like a tiny insect until, just northward of one of the forts, it crashed down on the battle-field. A sheet of flame and smoke shot up from the tangled wreckage, marking the end of some brave-hearted flyer.

We now return to our starting point, the morning's work over. We usually go into the rest tent and talk over the details of the raid. Then some of us lie down for a nap, while others read or amuse themselves in some way. After two hours' flying we return and rest until dinner-time. At nine o'clock the movement in the direction of bed begins. Such is the life of a fighter of the air.

JAMES R. MCCONNELL





THE A 1

The Story of the First Submarine

We have seen how men envied the birds their ability to fly and how at last they learned the secret of flying, so that they now fly farther and faster than the eagles themselves. But men did not stop with envying the birds; they also wished to move like the fish beneath the surface of the water. They long ago realized what an advantage it would mean in time of war to be able to approach hostile ships unseen and take them unawares.

For a hundred years or so, a man here and there worked on the problem of inventing a craft that would move beneath the surface of the sea, but the first real ᵛsubmarine was built in the year 1863, while the War between the States was raging. This first submarine, which sailed out and ᵛtorpedoed a man-of-war, was the ancestor of all the fleets of submarines in existence to-day.

At the beginning of 1864, Charleston, the main seaport of South Carolina, was besieged by a great Federal fleet, which lay in the outer harbor and ᵛbombarded the forts and other defenses of the city without ceasing. The siege had gone on for months, and the Confederates were hard pressed by the Federal iron-clad vessels, armed with heavy cannon.

General Beauregard defended the city bravely and skillfully, using every means to drive back the besieging fleet. Since the Confederates had few men-of-war, they were forced to try new means of warfare, and the general secured a submarine torpedo boat for use in the harbor. The Confederates already had surface torpedo boats, called "Davids," which did good service, but these were liable to be seen and sunk before they could reach the Federal warships. But a submarine—a boat moving under water—might sink vessel after vessel and perhaps break up the siege. Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury had suggested the idea of such a boat some time before.

The submarine was designed by Horace Hundley and was built at Mobile, Alabama, whence it was carried to Charleston and launched in the harbor. Then followed one of the greatest examples of heroism that history has to show. The submarine is dangerous enough at present, even with all the knowledge of machinery we possess to-day; a hundred perils lie in wait for the men who sail beneath the sea. But think what it meant to go down in the first submarine, fifty years ago and more? It is a thing to remember with pride that American courage rose to meet the test and that volunteers never lacked for this, the most dangerous service of war.

The first submarine was called a "fish." It was long and narrow, and had a pair of fins on the side, by means of which it sank under the waves or rose to the surface. There was no engine; the boat was driven by a hand propeller worked by eight men. Water tanks were provided, which could be filled with water, or emptied, to increase the boat's weight or lighten it, but there was no way of storing air for the use of the crew when beneath the sea. The boat was intended to dive under a vessel and explode a torpedo against the hull or keel as it passed beneath. It was for harbor use only and could submerge for but a short time.

Since there were no air-tanks, the boat was dangerous in the extreme; the least mishap that might keep it under water a little too long meant death to the crew. In a trial run at Mobile, the submarine sank and the whole crew were suffocated.

The boat had no sooner reached Charleston than Lieutenant Payne, of the Confederate Navy, with a crew of eight men, prepared to take it out into the waters of the harbor and attack the Federal fleet. With what feelings did the first crew that ever entered a submarine for an attack on hostile ships go to their places? Probably they felt that they were going into fearful danger.

Fearful danger, indeed! Before the boat submerged, it was swamped by the wash of a passing steamer and all hands but Payne were drowned.

The submarine was raised again, only to sink anew—this time at Fort Sumter wharf. Six men were drowned, the brave Payne escaping again. The boat was brought to the surface once more and it made several successful trips under the surface, until one night it stuck its nose in the mud of Stono river, drowning every soul on board.

By this time the Confederates realized that it was almost certain death to enter the submarine. There was no difficulty, however, in finding volunteers to fill the places of the men drowned or suffocated. Again the boat was raised and experiments were made with it in Charleston harbor. The submarine worked beautifully until it caught in a cable in diving under a Confederate ship, when it once more proved a coffin for every man on board of it.

Divers raised the submarine still another time. The sailors had now somewhat lost faith in the fatal craft, but Lieutenant George Dixon, of the Confederate Army, asked permission to use the boat in an attack on the *Housatonic*, a splendid new Federal man-of-war which had arrived at Charleston not long before. General Beauregard gave his consent, but on condition that the boat be kept on the surface and not submerged. More than thirty men had met death in the "fish," and the general wished to stop the loss of life.

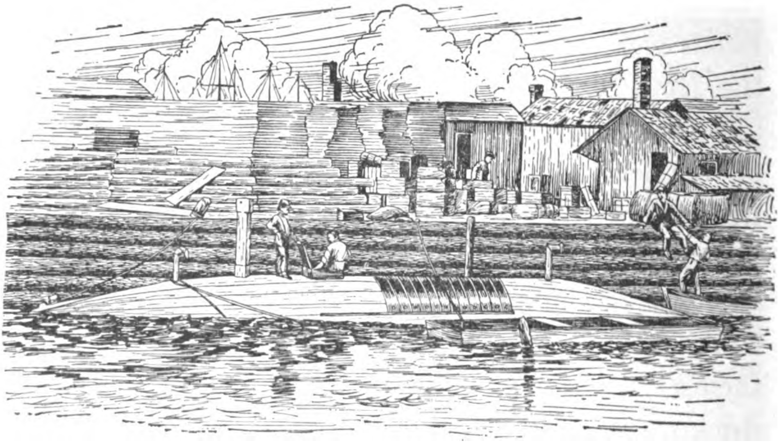
In spite of the frightful risk, Lieutenant Dixon had no trouble in finding six volunteers to join him in an attack on the Federal warship. On a dark February night, the submarine stole away from the wharf for its last cruise.

A little before nine o'clock the same night, the deck-officer of the *Housatonic* saw the torpedo boat a scant hundred yards distant from his vessel. It looked, he said, "like a plank moving along the surface of the water." For a moment or two he stood there, trying to make out what the strange form on the waves might be.

Then when the "fish" was almost alongside the *Housatonic*, the officer sounded the alarm. The cable was slipped, the engines started up and all hands were called to quarters. Too late. Before the *Housatonic* could move away, Lieutenant Dixon had fired a torpedo, which struck the Federal man-of-war nearly in the middle. The torpedo exploded with tremendous force, tearing a great hole in the vessel. The *Housatonic* immediately began to sink and in a few minutes went down. Fortunately the water was shallow, so that most of the crew saved themselves by taking refuge on the masts, which stuck up above the surface of the sea.

The victory of the "fish" was fatal to itself and to the crew. Whether it was swamped by the force of the explosion, or was carried down by the suction of the sinking ship, no one will ever know. At all events, it went under the water for the last time, dragging to death the brave spirits who manned it. Charleston surrendered not very long afterward, and the remarkable experiments of the Confederates in naval warfare came to an end. After the war, when the wrecks in Charleston harbor were removed, the "fish" was found lying on the bottom near the great ship which it had destroyed.

H. J. ECKENRODE



REACHING THE POLES

THE NORTH POLE

ONE of the achievements that men long wished to accomplish was the reaching of the North Pole. The North Pole is the most northerly point on the earth's surface and a spot where day and night are each six months long. It is, however, far from land, amidst the ice-fields and snow of the Polar Sea. Consequently, it is most difficult to approach the Pole, much less reach it. Many expeditions have been sent out at various times to go to the Pole.

It may be asked why explorers have so strongly desired to reach a point on the globe that is covered by ice and entirely unsuited for habitation — by reaching which no directly useful end is to be gained. The answer is that man wishes to feel himself the master of the world and familiar with every corner of it; he dislikes the thought that there are parts he cannot reach. Gradually, every part of the world has been explored — America, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea — until nothing more remained unknown but the dreary wastes that guard the North and South Poles. Finally, the North Pole was reached by an American, and the South Pole by a Norwegian and an Englishman.

Robert E. Peary, then a young naval officer, went on a summer excursion to Greenland in 1886. Greenland is the great frozen country northeast of Canada, once supposed to be a continent but since proved to be an island. In 1891, Peary returned to Greenland, which he explored for hundreds of miles.

Finding the wild life in the Arctic regions to his liking, Peary now turned to the great task of discovering the Pole. He had learned, from his journeys in Greenland, that the only way to reach the Pole was by adopting the habits of the Eskimos, who had lived in this frigid wilderness for ages. Explorers must wear fur clothes, live in snow huts, drive teams of dogs, and find food by hunting. Otherwise, they could not hope to cover the vast distance that lies between inhabited land and the North Pole.

Peary made several Arctic expeditions and advanced nearer the North Pole than anyone else. He had built a ship named the *Roosevelt*, which was especially constructed to withstand the pressure of the ice.

The *Roosevelt* sailed from New York on her last Arctic voyage, July 6, 1908. Peary was bidden farewell by President Roosevelt and other friends. All went smoothly, and on July 17 the ship left the last port behind her and steamed out into the frozen solitudes of the Arctic Ocean.

For a number of days the *Roosevelt* sailed along the west coast of Greenland. On July 26, she crossed the Arctic Circle; the days rapidly grew longer, so that the nights were now little darker than twilight. At Cape York, where Greenland curves sharply, the ship was met by Eskimos, whom Peary intended to take with him on the expedition. A number of these bronze-skinned, black-haired, broad-faced natives, together with their dogs, were taken on board the ship. She then continued her voyage along the coast of Greenland. The coast is lined with towering cliffs, between which lie glittering masses of ice, called glaciers. These slowly push their way to the sea, breaking off into icebergs. The chief animals of the Arctic regions are reindeer, foxes, hares, polar bears, and musk oxen.

The *Roosevelt* now found difficulty in advancing, owing to the masses of ice that had floated down from the Polar Sea and filled the straits between Greenland and the islands north of Canada. There was a stretch of 350 miles of almost solid ice to pass through.

If the *Roosevelt* had been an ordinary vessel, her hull must have cracked under the blows she received, but her thick bows enabled her to endure the pressure. The channel grew narrower as she went north, and she was met at every step by huge fields of floating ice. Looking across the channel, the sailors could see no water — only broken ice. As the tides were strong, the ship was in constant danger of being caught between the ice and the rocky shore and crushed. At one time the peril was so great that boats were kept provisioned, so that the explorers might leave the ship at a moment's notice.

At the far end of Greenland is Robeson Channel, the narrowest and most perilous part of the voyage. The ship now had to fight her way north foot by foot. Sometimes she would charge forward half her length through the ice; sometimes she would make no gain at all. Finally, the ice closed around the *Roosevelt*, and it seemed that she would be lost. Peary, however, saw a small lane of water ahead, along which the ship was able to proceed.

All day of August 11, 1908, the *Roosevelt* was the sport of whirling, grinding ice. Icebergs were on every side of the ship, and a collision with one of these meant destruction. The *Roosevelt* was again caught in the ice, and Peary had to use dynamite in order to free her. After a long struggle, she reached Cape Sheridan, the northmost end of Greenland.

Here Peary planned to keep the *Roosevelt* until the time for the return home. She was secured in such a way that the ice could not harm her, and then the crew, the Eskimos, and the 246 Eskimo dogs went ashore. The dogs were dropped over the rail on the snow; they celebrated their freedom by leaping and barking. The supplies were next unloaded, and three small houses were built of cans of meat and flour.

When winter approached, Peary and his men put on their Arctic clothes. These consisted of a heavy fur jacket, a shirt of fawnskin, and shaggy trousers made from the skin of a polar bear. Stockings of hareskin, boots of sealskin, and two pairs of fur mittens completed the costume. Such clothing is necessary near the North Pole, where the thermometer falls many degrees below zero.

Hunters now went out to kill game. Musk oxen, polar bears, and white hares were brought in and added welcome food to the stores of the expedition.

On October 12, the sun sank beneath the horizon, to rise no more for months. Here, 450 miles from the Pole, the party spent the winter. How did the explorers pass this night of months? Fortunately, about eight or ten days in each month were moonlit, and Peary and his men could go hunting. They saw the game as black spots on the vast white snowfields, following it on their snowshoes. They would catch up with the fleeing game, shoot it, and skin it — all under the bright light of the moon. At other times when the moon was hidden, the darkness was so intense that one could not see a yard before him. Sometimes blizzards raged in the black night. Then the explorers read, played games, or otherwise amused themselves.

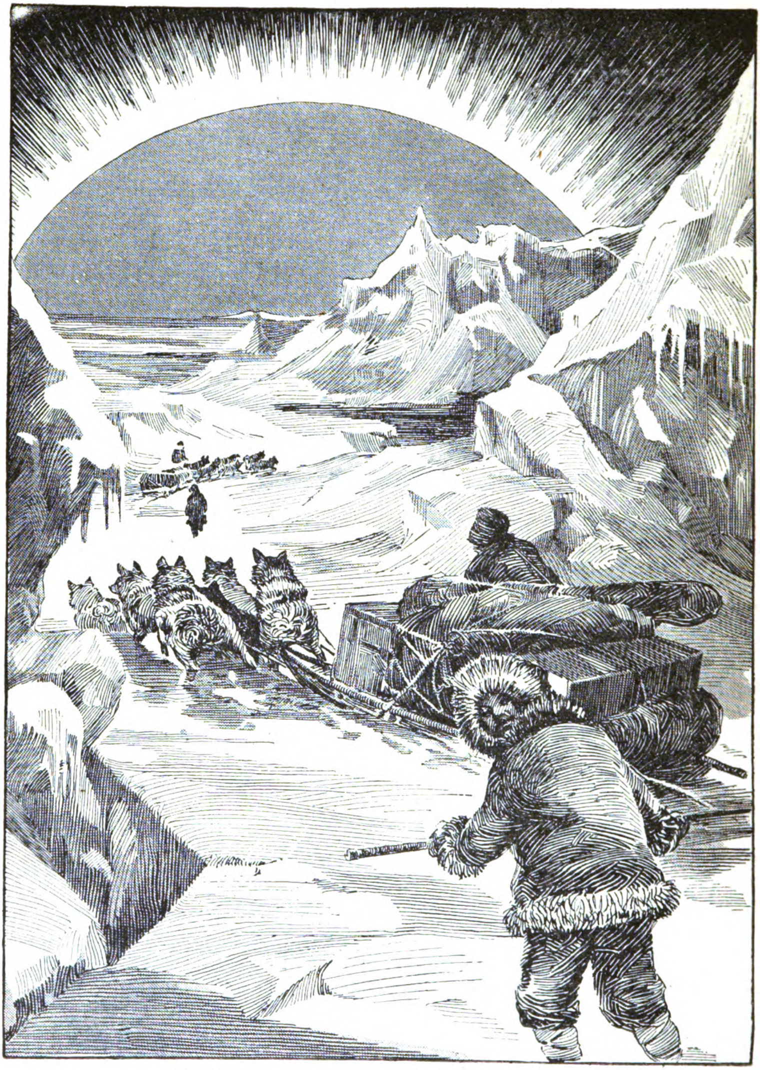
In the moonlight the inexperienced members of the party were taught to drive dog-teams, make snow huts, and do the other things necessary on an Arctic journey. The building of the snow huts or *igloos,* as they are called by the Eskimos, was a matter of importance. They were to furnish shelter on the dash to the Pole. Igloos are made of blocks of hard snow, sawed out and cut into shape. Rows of these blocks are built up, sloping inward, until at length there appears a little dome-shaped house, with a small opening at the bottom for a door. With oil-lamps or alcohol stoves burning, these huts are snug.

Although the party was camped at Cape Sheridan, Peary had decided to make Cape Columbia on Grant Land, ninety miles northwest, the actual starting-point in the dash for the Pole. Supplies were carried to this cape, so that everything might be in readiness when spring came.

Cape Columbia, 413 miles from the Pole, is one of the most northerly spots of land in the world. It must be remembered that the North Pole is not situated on land but out in the Polar Sea. This sea, like the Greenland channels, is covered with icebergs and broken blocks of ice frozen together. As ships cannot pass through it, explorers must travel over its surface. The ice frequently breaks under the action of winds and tides, leaving lanes of open water, called "leads." These leads are dangerous, and many men have fallen into them and drowned.

On the morning of March 1, 1909, Peary's party left Cape Columbia for the North Pole. It was still twilight, for the sun had not yet risen above the horizon. Seven white men, nineteen Eskimos, 140 dogs, and 28 sledges formed the expedition.

The explorers left the land near Cape Columbia and headed straight out over the ice of the sea. The surface was very uneven and tried the strength of the sledges, which were made brittle by the extreme



The Explorers Headed Out Over the Ice

cold. Arctic explorers seldom sit on the sledges and drive the wild dogs at great speed. They walk beside the sledges, help the dogs over rough places, and often cut a road with pickaxes. The sledges are of the utmost importance, because they carry the supplies — the compressed meat, or pemmican, biscuit, condensed milk, and fuel.

On the first day the party covered ten miles and then built snow huts to rest in. So far well. But on the second day there was trouble. As the explorers marched along, they saw a dark cloud in the north, the meaning of which Peary understood. The ice had broken to form a lead, and the cold air, striking the water, caused a fog to rise. Sure enough, Peary soon came on the advance party resting beside a stretch of water a quarter of a mile wide. Unable to go on, he halted and built an igloo.

Some hours later the grinding and crashing of ice gave notice that the lead was closing up. The explorers hastily arose, breakfasted, and crossed the lead before it could open again.

The third day's march was much the same. A light was now visible in the south, reaching far up into the sky. This was the sun, which, after an absence of months, was about to appear once more.

The following day the temperature rose from 50 degrees below zero to 9 below, making the weather almost oppressively warm for the fur-clad travelers. Leads were numerous and troublesome. In the afternoon Peary was stopped by a wide lead, which had been heralded for hours by a thick cloud on the horizon.

On March 11, Peary pushed on again, making twelve miles. Several leads were crossed on shaky ice, but fortunately none of the men or sledges fell through. About this time, several men were sent back to Cape Columbia, to lessen the food consumption.

Peary now prepared for the last stage of his journey. Another division returned to Cape Columbia, leaving twelve men, ten sledges, and eighty dogs.

Distance is measured on the earth's surface from the equator to the Poles in what are called degrees of latitude. A degree is about sixty-nine miles in length, and there are ninety degrees between the equator and the Poles. In the last days of March Peary crossed the 87th parallel north latitude, and was, therefore, drawing near his goal. It seemed as if the remaining distance was to be covered without further trouble. In starting out on the morning of March 28, however, the explorers noticed a smoky haze stretching out in front and on both sides. A few hours later Peary came on a lead so wide that it seemed to have no northern shore. The explorers built igloos and camped for the night.

The next day the explorers remained by the lead, which was too wide to be crossed by any means at hand. Peary wondered whether his expedition, now so near success, was to be turned back by this obstacle. As they rested in their igloo, however, the explorers heard a sound as of surf beating on a shore and knew that the ice was closing. By the following morning the lead had completely closed, and the party crossed it without trouble.

The explorers now pressed on with utmost haste. They would travel ten hours at a stretch, sleep three or four hours, and hurry on again. Once Peary stepped into the icy water up to his waist, but the skin clothing kept him from getting wet. On another occasion the party crossed a lead on ice so thin that some of the men crawled over on all fours.

At camp on April 5, Peary found, with the aid of his instruments, that he was but a few miles from the Pole. After a brief halt, the party continued the march until it was certain that the Pole had been reached.

How could Peary know that he had reached it? There was the same savage and forbidding stretch of ice as before; nothing in the scene informed the bold travelers that they had reached the desired spot. Fortunately, it is possible to know, by the position of the sun, how far north or south the observer happens to be. Peary, therefore, was able to tell, on April 6, 1909, that he had actually reached the Pole.

He wrote in his diary:

"The Pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it."

THE SOUTH POLE

The South Pole has not been as much sought as the North Pole. The main reason for this is that the South Pole lies at an immense distance from Europe and the United States, and indeed from any habitable land. Consequently, fuel and supplies must be carried for thousands of miles through seas that have no ports.

In 1910, two expeditions sailed from Europe to seek the South Pole. One was English and commanded by Captain Robert Scott, of the navy;

the other was Norwegian, under the leadership of Roald Amundsen, a noted North Polar explorer.

Both parties sailed straight to Ross Sea, as the South Polar Sea is called. The region of the South Pole differs greatly from that of the North Pole. Instead of being in the sea some hundreds of miles from land, the South Pole is on a continent which is far distant from any other land. Ross Sea, covered with a mass of broken ice, called the ice-pack, is very hard to pass through. Beyond it, explorers are halted by the Great Ice Barrier, an immense sheet of ice, a hundred feet high and four hundred miles wide, which covers the sea and a part of the land. The Barrier is so solid that traveling on it is like traveling on land. The route to the Pole is partly over the ocean and partly over the ice-clad continent of Antarctica.

Both the British and Norwegian parties reached the Great Barrier in safety, at some distance from each other. Amundsen spent a part of 1910–1911 at the Bay of Whales. Winter, in the southern hemisphere, begins in April and lasts until October. Midsummer is in January. The time to start for the Pole is about the first of November instead of the first of March as at the North Pole.

Amundsen had brought Eskimo dogs, which he relied on to drag the sledges. He had studied Peary's system and followed it to a considerable extent. His party left the Bay of Whales for the South Pole on October 19, 1911. It consisted of five men, with four sledges and fifty-two dogs. Parties sent out the winter before had left depots of supplies at different points on the way. This enabled Amundsen to travel rapidly, as he did not have to carry large quantities of supplies from camp.

From the first everything went smoothly. The Eskimo dogs were in good condition and moved swiftly. The expedition quickly crossed the Great Ice Barrier and climbed the vast glacier that marks the edge of the land. Off to the left, a chain of mighty mountain peaks stood out in the clear air, snow-covered and beautiful. These peaks were named after members of the party; Mount Nilsen is the highest.

From the glacier to the Pole, the route led over a lofty plateau entirely covered with ice. But Amundsen, owing to his good dogs, found little difficulty in traveling. He reached the South Pole on December 14, 1911. After planting the Norwegian flag in honor of their country, the explorers started on the return trip. The Bay of Whales was safely reached, and Amundsen returned to Europe.

The fate of the English party was very different. Captain Scott relied on ponies to drag his sledges instead of dogs, a decision that proved to be a mistake. Furthermore, he had a somewhat longer distance to go than Amundsen and he sent out fewer supply parties in the winter.

Scott left his camp at Ross Island on the Great Barrier on November 1, 1911. The weather was bad, the surface of the snow soft, and travel difficult. Two motor sledges sent on ahead to carry provisions proved unsatisfactory. The heavy ponies sank through the snow crust, over which dogs passed easily. A few miles of this heavy pulling tired them, and progress was accordingly slow. At length, when the party passed from the Barrier and ascended the glacier, the ponies had to be left behind. The men were now obliged to haul the sledges up the steep inclines. With a great expense of labor, they managed to move at a snail pace.

Scott and his gallant comrades struggled onward, breaking through crevasses, sinking in the soft snow, dragging the sledges by hand. From time to time men were sent back to camp, so that enough food would be left for the party that was to go on to the Pole. Finally Scott was left with four companions

— Bowers, Evans, Oates, and Wilson — for the last part of the venture. The party continued to move with the greatest difficulty, leaving small depots of food from time to time for the return journey. On January 17, 1912, the Pole was reached. The Norwegian flag, flying there, told the disappointed English party that others had been before them.

Anxiety soon outweighed disappointment. The five explorers were hundreds of miles from their camp, with no animals to help them and food and fuel running short. Only enough was left to last from one supply depot to another: if anything occurred to delay the march, the party would be in great danger.

The story of the return is one of wonderful heroism. The explorers bravely struggled on day after day, with insufficient food and fuel. February passed into March, and the fall weather proved bad. Weakened by fatigue and want of food, the men stumbled along, suffering greatly from the cold. Frequently blizzards kept them in their tent for several days at a time, unable to move on. They began to suffer from frost-bites.

At last one of the men, Evans, broke down under the strain and died. Oates's feet became so badly frosted that he could no longer keep up with his friends. Finding that he was holding them back and that all of them would perish if they waited for him, this gallant explorer walked out of the tent into a storm and died that others might live.

The three survivors struggled on, knowing that their one chance of life lay in reaching the next depot, where they had left some food on the way south. Just then, however, a tremendous blizzard came, making travel impossible for many days. Food failed, and the party knew that death was at hand.

Scott bravely continued to write in his diary to the very last. On March 29, 1912, he wrote:

> "We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for the depot eleven miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.
>
> R. Scott."

Months later a party from the camp at Ross Island found the bodies of these heroes who had died to advance our knowledge of the world.

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

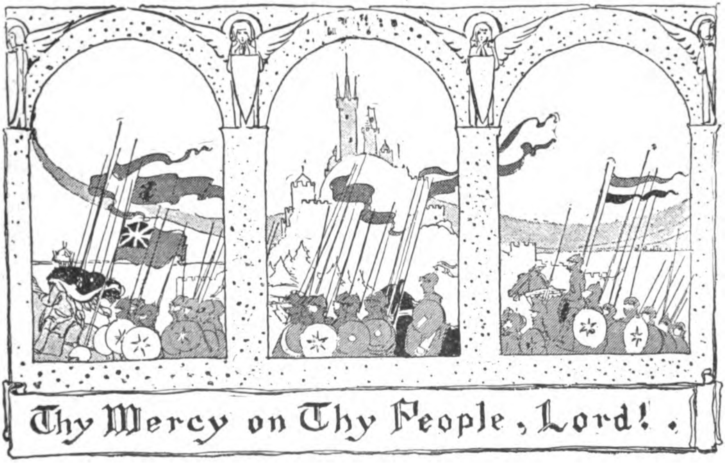
The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! *Amen.*

RUDYARD KIPLING


Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

DICTIONARY

A′ ber bro thok: an abbey in Scotland.

a bol′ ish ed: done away with; got rid of; dismissed.

a bom′ i na bly: hatefully; vilely.

A bou Ben Ad hem (ăd′ em)**:** an Arabian saint.

A bou Has′ san: an Arabian.

a byss (-bis′)**:** a bottomless gulf; any deep, immeasurable space.

ac′ cu rate: correct; up to standard; free from fault; without error or defect.

ad′ mi ra bly: wonderfully; excellently.

Ad′ mi ral: a naval officer of the highest rank.

ad journed′: closed for awhile; suspended.

ad vance′ ment: act of going forward; promotion; progress.

Ae ge′ an: the sea to the east of Greece.

a er o plane (a′ er o plān′)**:** a flying machine.

a gil′ i ty: quickness of motion; nimbleness.

ag′ ri cul′ tur al: relating to farming.

A lad′ din: the hero in a story of "The Arabian Nights."

al′ ma nacks: calendars of days, weeks and months.

Al sace (Al sass′)**:** French province conquered by Germany in 1871.

am′ bu lance: a wagon or vehicle for carrying the sick or injured to a hospital.

a mends′: satisfaction given for wrongs or injuries.

a miss′: wrong; improper; out of order.

an′ ces tors: forefathers.

An′ ge lus: a form of devotion said at morning, noon, and evening, at the sound of a bell, called the Angelus bell.

An tae us (An tee′-us)**:** a giant of Greek fable.

an′ ti-air craft: a kind of gun used against flying machines.

A pol′ lo: the Greek god of manly youth and beauty.

ap′ pa ra′ tus: implements; utensils; machinery.

ap pren′ tice: one bound to another to learn a trade.

ap pro′ pri at′ ing: setting apart; assigning for a special use.

Ar′ ab: a native of Arabia, a country in Asia.

ar′ chi tect: one who plans buildings.

arc tic: (ark′ tik): frigid; relating to the north polar region.

ar′ dent: eager; keen; intense.

a ris′ to crat: one of high birth or rank.

ar til′ ler y: cannon; that branch of the army handling cannon.

as pired′: longed; desired.

at′ mos phere: a surrounding influence or condition; the air.

at′ ti tude: feeling; mood; position in regard to something.

au′ di ble: plainly heard.

a′ vi a tor: one who flies in an airship.

a wry′: out of place; to one side.

A zores′: islands in the Atlantic ocean.

az′ ure: the blue vault above; sky-blue; cloudless.

bal′ last: anything heavy put in a boat to steady it.

Bal len giech (Bal′ len geek): a place in Scotland.

balm (bäm): a fragrant ointment; fragrance.

bat′ ter ies: apparatus for making electricity.

Bed ou ins (Bed′ o͝o ĭns): people living in the Arabian desert.

bel′ fry-cham ber: a tower in which a bell hangs.

ben′ e dic′ tion: a blessing.

Be′ o wulf: a hero of Anglo-Saxon myth.

Ber lin′: capital of Germany.

be wil′ dered: dazed; confused; perplexed.

blu′ et: a delicate wild plant with bluish flowers.

bird-foot vi′ o let: a common violet of the eastern United States.

bob′ bin boy: a boy in a cotton factory who fills bobbins, or spools, with yarn or thread.

bom bard′ ed: attacked with shells.

bom bard′ ment: act of bombarding or shelling a fort or town.

bond: a writing under seal, by which a person binds himself to pay a certain sum.

bonds man: a man who is bound to the place where he works; an unfree man.

Bon Sol dat (bŏn solda′): "Good Soldier," a Louisiana plantation.

bound′ a ries: lines which fix or mark the extent or limit of land or territory.

brawn y: strong; muscular; fleshy.

brood ing: thinking anxiously or moodily; pondering sadly.

bul′ le tin board: a place for posting brief statements of news for the public.

buoy (boi): a float to mark a rock or anchor.

burn′ ished: made bright; polished.

ca′ ble: a large chain or rope used to retain a vessel at anchor.

cac′ tus: a plant having leafless stem and branches, beset with thorns, mostly found in Mexico.

ca lam′ i ty: affliction; disaster.

cal′ cu la′ tion: estimate; counting.

can′ yon: a deep gorge worn by water courses.

cap′ i tal: money invested in business.

car′ cass: the dead body of a beast.

car′ nage: great destruction of life; massacre.

cat-o'-nine-tails: a whip made of knotted cords fastened to a handle.

cau′ tioned: warned; advised.

cen ten′ ni al: one hundred years; one hundredth anniversary.

chasm (kas m): a deep opening in the earth; a gap.

chop py sea: rough; having short, tumbling waves.

chops: jaws.

cis′ tern: a tank or reservoir for holding water or other liquids.

civ′ i li za′ tion: refinement; culture.

cloy: to over-satisfy.

code: system; method.

col laps′ ing: falling together.

com′ bi na′ tion: that which is joined or put together.

com′man dant: a commanding officer.

com mis′sion er: an officer; one in authority.

com mis′sion firm: a firm that buys and sells goods on commission, or as an agent.

com mu′ni cat′ed: carried to another; imparted.

com′pass: an instrument for determining direction.

com′pli cat′ed: made of many parts.

con clu′sion: close; end; finish.

con cus′sion: violent shock; shaking.

con firm′: to make firm or strong; to make certain.

con′fla gra′tion: an extensive fire.

con grat′u late: to express pleasure over some one's good fortune.

con′so la′tion: comfort; satisfaction.

con temp′tu ous ly: scornfully; with contempt.

con trib′ut ing: giving money or other assistance.

con triv′an ces: plans; helps; devices; schemes.

con trols′: parts of an airship used to control the machine.

con vul′sion: violent shaking with irregular spasms.

coo′ter: a tortoise.

coy′o te (ki′ o ta): a prairie animal allied to the wolf.

Crete: an island off the coast of Greece.

cre vasse′: a deep fissure, as in an embankment.

crit′ic al: indicating a turning point; dangerous.

crit′i cisms: fault finding; ridicule.

cul′tured: trained; educated; refined.

cul′vert: a drain pipe.

cur′lews: a species of bird with long, slender bills.

cym′bal: a musical instrument composed of two brass plates.

dab′bled: played; worked at without serious application.

Daed a lus: (Dad′ a lus):

dam′ask: a very fine linen cloth.

Dane land: Denmark, the home of the Danes.

deck of′fi cer: a man who keeps watch on a deck or upper floor of a ship.

deign (dān): to stoop; to condescend; to treat as worthy of notice.

de jec′ tion: lowness of spirit; sorrow; sullenness.

de moc′ ra cy: government by the people; a republic.

de nom′ i na′ tion: a class; one of a series of related units denoted by special names.

de part′ ment: a division of government.

de pres′ sions: hollows; sunken places.

de ri′ sive: mocking; insulting; ridiculing.

de scen′ dants: those who follow; grandchild or great-grandchild.

des′ pots: tyrants; harsh or brutal rulers.

dil′ i gence: carefulness; attention; industry.

dis as′ ter: trouble; ruin; accident.

dis guised′: changed in appearance or dress; masked; hidden.

dis patch′: a message; a telegram.

dis patch′ er: one who sends trains from a station.

dis tinct′ ness: clearness; plainness.

div′ i dends: the interest paid on certain kinds of investments.

do mes′ tic: belonging to the house; tame.

do min′ i ons: possessions; domains; territory; tract of land.

dor′ mant: sleeping; at rest; hidden away.

Dum′ fer line: a town in Scotland.

e con′ o my: saving; good management.

ec′ sta sy: very great delight.

Ed in burgh: the capital of Scotland.

e lat′ ed: overjoyed; delighted.

e lec′ tro-mag′ net: a mass of metal rendered magnetic by being placed within a coil of wire through which an electric current is passing.

el′ o cu′ tion ist: a teacher of reading and expression.

el′ o quent: expressing strong emotions or arguments in a convincing manner.

em′ bers: coals and ashes.

e mer′ gen cy: an unexpected occurrence; a sudden crisis.

em′ i nent: prominent; famous; well-known.

en dowed': furnished with.
en tan' gle ment: a state of being tangled; mixed up.
en thu' si as' tic: excited; interested in.
en vel' oped: wrapped up; surrounded.
en' vi a ble: that which excites envy or a desire to possess.
Ep i me' the us: a boy in a Greek legend.
e **quipped':** to fit out; to furnish for service.
es' ti mate: count.
e ter' ni ty: endless time.
ew' er: a pitcher or jug.
ex ceed' ing: unusual; to a great degree.
ex' e cute: to kill; put to death.
ex' hi bi' tion: display.
ex pand' ing: spreading; becoming larger.
ex pect' ant: waiting in expectation; looking for an event as about to happen.
ex per' i ment: a trial or test made to prove or disprove something doubtful.
ex tin' guish: to put out.
ex ul ta' tion: delight; joy; triumph.
ey' rie: the nest of a bird of prey, built in a lofty place.
fac' ul ties: senses; mental ability.
fanes: ancient temples.
fan tas' tic: visionary; imaginative; fanciful.
fe ro cious (fe ro' shus)**:** fierce; bloodthirsty.
fe' line: sly; stealthy; catlike.
fer' vid: earnest.
fi' ber: threadlike structure of roots.
flail: an instrument used to beat out the grains of wheat from the head.
floun' der ing: struggling.
foal: a young animal; a colt.
fo' cal: central; a point where many things meet.
foil: a check; a hindrance.
for' mi da ble: dangerous; alarming.
forms of type: printers' type fixed in frames for printing.
Fort Sum' ter: a fort in harbor of Charleston, S. C.
fren' zied: crazed; maddened; terribly frightened.
fumes: vaporlike smoke, usually odorous.
fu' mi ga' tion: act of cleansing or disinfecting.

gal' ley boy: one who works in

a printing-office carrying printing material.

gam′ bols: frolics; plays.

gan′ grene: poison, often caused by gun wounds.

gauge: a standard measure; a device for showing the height of water or oil in a tank.

ga zelle′: a graceful animal belonging to the antelope or deer family.

germ: a bacterium; a small living substance capable of causing disease.

ges tic′ u lat′ed: made motions, or signs.

ghast′ ly: pale; ghostlike in appearance.

gi gan′ tic: very large; like a giant.

gnarled (narl'd): knotty; twisted; rugged.

gob′ lin: monster; an ugly, evil spirit or elf.

gog gles: colored glasses to protect the eyes.

gorge: a narrow passage or entrance; a ravine through which water flows.

gorged: filled; glutted with food.

gos′ ling: a young goose.

Goth′ land: the country of the Goths, in northern Europe.

grad′ u al ly: slowly; by degrees; by slow progress.

grape shot: a cluster of small iron balls used to charge cannon.

grav i ta′ tion: the force which causes bodies to fall to the earth and the planets to stay in place.

gren′ a diers: regular soldiers of the best kind.

Gren′ del: a monster of Anglo-Saxon legend.

grouse: a kind of game bird.

hab′ i ta′ tions: homes; dwelling places.

ham mock: soft, spongy soil.

ha rangue′: a noisy speech; a stirring address.

Ha roun Al ra schid: (Hä roon′ Äl rä′ sch ēd).

Ha van′ a: city in Cuba.

hav′ oc: waste; destruction.

Her′ cu les: a Greek hero.

Hes per′ i des: a place in Greek legend far to the west.

hire′ ling: serving for hire or money only.

hop′ per: a shute or box used for feeding a machine.

hos' pi tal' i ty: kind and generous entertainment of strangers or guests.
hos' tile: unfriendly; warlike.
hos' tler: the person who takes care of horses at an inn or stable.
Hous' a ton ic: a warship sunk in 1864.
Hroth gar (Roth gar): a Danish king.
hull: the frame or body of a ship.
hu man' i ty: mankind; the human race.
hy giene (hi' geen): the art or science of preserving or taking care of the health.

il' lus tra ting: explaining; showing.
im ag' i na ry: existing only in the imagination.
im bru' ing: soaking; drenching.
im mor' tal: lasting forever; everlasting.
im mor tal' i ty: unending existence.
im pet' u ous: restless; quick.
im' ple ment: a tool; instrument.
im pres' sion: a lasting mark.
im pres' sion: a copy; a print.
in au' di ble: not loud enough to be heard.
in' can des' cent: light made by heating carbon.
in' de scrib' a ble: that which cannot be described.
in' di cat' ed: showed; pointed out.
in dulge': to give way to; not to restrain.
in ev' i ta ble: what must be.
in fect' ed: diseased; polluted.
in' for ma' tion: news; advice; knowledge.
in grat' i tude: thanklessness; want of appreciation.
in quir' ers: questioners; those who inquire.
in sa' ti ate: that which cannot be satisfied.
in spec' tion: review; careful examination.
in' spi ra' tion: idea; a sudden, splendid, thought.
in stan ta' ne ous: done in an instant; without delay; at once.
in stinc' tive ly: naturally; unconsciously; without reasoning.
in tact': uninjured.
in' ter laced: laced or bound together.

in′ ter locked: locked together.

in′ ter me′ di ate: coming between.

in′ ter na′ tion al: between two or more nations.

in vert′ ed: turned upside down.

in vest′ ed: placed with the view of obtaining a profit or income.

i′ ris: a genus of plants having showy flowers.

i ron cross: a Prussian order of military merit.

Ish′ mail: an Arabian.

jar′ gons: chattering or confusing noises; uncouth language.

jest er: a merry maker; a court fool.

Johns ton: Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, of the Confederate Army.

joy′ ance: gayety; delight; joyfulness.

ju′ bi lant: exulting; triumphant; happy.

ka′ ty did: a large green insect of the locust family.

keel: ridge along the bottom of a boat.

Ken′ ne keet: a shoal off the North Carolina coast.

kit: a knapsack or bag.

knell (nel): a death signal.

la bel: to mark with a name or number.

La Blanche Rose: "The White Rose," a Louisiana plantation.

lab′ o ra to′ ry: the workroom of a chemist or other scientist.

lair: home of a wild animal.

lar′ cen y: theft.

larch: a tree somewhat resembling the pine.

Laz′ a rus: like Lazarus; filled with sores, or diseased.

leg′ ends: wonderful stories coming down from the past.

leg′ is la′ ture: a body of persons in a state having the power to make and repeal laws.

lei′ sure: time free from employment; ease.

lev ee′: an embankment to prevent overflow.

lit′ er a ry: learned; highly educated.

lithe: pliant; flexible; easily bent.

liv′ er y: dress.

Lor raine′: a former province of France taken by the Germans in 1871.

M; abbreviation for Monsieur, the French for Mister.

main: the high sea.

main′ te nance: support.

man′ sion: a home; a house; a dwelling.

man′ u script: a composition written by hand.

mar′ i ners: sailors.

mar′ tyr: one who gives his life for a great cause.

mas ter-wea ver: a head weaver; a weaver who employs other weavers.

mech′ a ni′ cian: a man who works with machinery.

mete: measure.

me trop′ o lis: a principal seat or center; a large city.

mi′ cro scope: an instrument which makes enlarged images of very small objects.

min′ i a ture: very small paintings of faces, etc.

Mi nos a mythical king of Crete.

Min o taur (min′ o tor): a mythical monster of Crete.

mol′ li fied: softened; pleased; calmed.

Mon′ ti cel lo (chel): Jefferson's home in Virginia.

moor land: an area of waste, sandy ground.

mor al: a lesson taught.

mort′ gage: to pledge for a sum of money.

mosque (mosk): a Mohammedan place of public worship.

Mun chau sen: (Mun cha̤′-sen) the name used by a celebrated story teller.

mute: speechless; silent.

mut′i nous: rebellious; quarrelsome.

mys te′ ri ous: hard to understand; secret.

myth: an imaginary story.

na′ tion al: pertaining to the nation.

New York Stock Ex change′: place where stocks and bonds are bought and sold.

nor′ mal: natural; usual; ordinary.

num′ mies: abbreviation of numskulls; dunces; dull people.

ob′ ser va′ tion: used for observing or watching.

oc ca′ sion: happening; event.

of fi′ cials: those who hold office; men in high positions.

off′ ing: that part of the sea visible at a great distance from the shore.

o gre (o′ ger): a cruel giant or monster who lived on human beings.

Old Do min′ i on: Virginia; from the old designation of the colony as "the Colony and Dominion of Virginia."

op′ er a′ tor: here—one who sends and receives telegraphic messages.

out′ raged: violently abused.

o val: elliptical, or egg-shaped.

pa′ gans: people who worship many gods.

pal met′ to: a species of palm tree.

pan′ de mo′ ni um: a wild uproar; riotous assembly.

par′ ti ci ple: a word that partakes of the nature of both verb and adjective.

pas sive: at rest; not resisting.

pat′ ent: exclusive right granted by the government to make or sell an invention.

pa′ tri ot′ ic: inspired by love of country.

pat′ ron iz′ ing: protecting; superior.

ped′ i greed: with recorded line of ancestors.

pes′ ti lence: epidemic; contagious disease.

pet′ tish ly: fretfully; inclined to ill temper.

phoe be (fee′ be): a small bird, resembling the pewee.

pho′ no graph: an instrument for recording speech and sounds.

phos′ phor ous: an inflammable chemical which shines.

pike: a weapon; a long wooden staff with pointed steel head.

pin′ ion (-yŭn): wing.

plac′ id: quiet; peaceful.

plague: a pestilence; any malignant disease that spreads rapidly.

plain′ tive: sad; mournful.

pla teau′: an elevated tract of land.

pleas′ ant ry: agreeable, playful conversation.

plied: traveled regularly.

pole: meaning north pole or south pole.

pos til′ lion (-yŭn): mail carrier; an attendant on a stagecoach.

prec′ i pice: a cliff.
pre dic′ a ment: an unexpected, unpleasant situation.
pro ject′ ing: extending forward.
pro pel′ ler: the screw which drives or moves a machine.
pros per′ i ty: success; good fortune.
pros′ trate: stretched out.
prov′ i dence: special care; preparation.
Prov′ i dence: God, as caring for his creatures.
punt: a flat-bottomed boat.
Pyg′ mies: a fabled race of dwarfs.
pyre: a heap on which dead bodies are burned.

quar′ an tine (teen): forced stoppage of travelers on account of disease.
quar′ ters: the after part of a vessel's side, or quarter-deck.
quiv′ ers: cases for holding arrows.

ra′ di ate: to shine forth; to throw out on all sides.
ram′ parts: protecting walls.
ran′ dom: without attention; careless; without rule or plan.
Rap′ pa han′ nock: a river in Virginia.
ra′ tion al: sensible; having reason.
rav′ en ous: greedy; famished.
realm; country; kingdom.
rec′ on ciled: pleased; pacified.
re cord′ ing in′ stru ment: instrument or machine which repeats or records sounds.
re ferred′: alluded to; spoken of.
re flect′ing: giving back; showing; mirroring.
re flec′ tion: thoughtful study.
reg′ is ters: enrolls.
re lease′: the spring which fires a gun.
rel′ ics: remains; mementoes.
re port′ ers: newsgatherers of newspapers.
rep′ re sent′ a tive: one who represents or acts for another; an agent.
rep′ re sent′ ta tives: members of the lower house in Congress.
re′ pro duced: produced again.
req′ ui si′ tions: goods or money demanded in war.
re source′: means; rising to meet an occasion.

res′ pite: an interval of rest; delay; postponement.

re spon′ si bil′ i ty: that for which one is called upon to account.

re triev′ ers: a breed of hunting dogs.

re ver′ ber ate: to echo and re-echo.

Re vere′, Paul: an American patriot.

rev′ er ence: honor; respect.

rev′ er ent: extremely respectful.

rid′ i cule: to laugh at, or mock; to make fun of.

ri′ ot: disorder; uproar; disturbance.

rock ets: fireworks which shoot straight up into the sky.

ruth′ less ly: cruelly; pitilessly.

sal′ u ta′ tion: greeting; address.

sand-dunes: low hills of drifting sand usually found on the coast.

san′ i ta ry: relating to health.

sa′ vor: to be like; to have the same quality.

Sav′ yrd (ird): an Arab name.

Sec′ re ta ry of the Treas′ ury: an officer of the government who manages the department of finance.

self-pos sessed′: cool; calm; having control of self.

self-re li′ ant: depending on one's self; independent.

sen′ si ble: to understand; realizing.

sen′ si tive: delicate; quick; accurate.

sev′ en ty-five: 1775, the year in which the Revolutionary war began.

shares: portions.

shell cra′ ters: pits left in the earth by the explosion of shells.

shin ny: the game of hockey.

shoals: crowds; throngs; multitudes.

shrap′ nel: a powerful shell.

Sic′ i ly: the largest island in the Mediterranean sea.

Si er′ ra Ne va′ da: a ridge of mountains on the western coast of the United States.

sin′ ews: muscles.

slug′ gard: a lazy person.

smoul′ dered: burned low without flame; wasted slowly.

sneer′ ing: jeering; with contempt.

som′ ber: dark; gloomy.

so no′ rous: loud; clear.

sor rel: a plant having a sour juice.

sor′ tie: sending out of troops to attack besiegers.

sound′ ing: a line used on vessels for measuring the depth of water.

spa′ cious: large; roomy.

span: a very short time; a small measure.

spec′ i mens: samples.

spec′ ter: ghost; skeleton.

spec′ tral: ghostly.

spi′ nal: relating to the spine, or backbone.

spit′ ted: pierced through by a rod or spit for cooking.

squad′ ron: a part of a fleet of vessels.

stan chion: (-shun) an upright post used as a support, as for the deck, quarter-rails, etc., of a vessel.

stand′ ard: permanent; that which is established or recognized by law.

ster′ ile: producing no crops; unfruitful.

sti′ fled: choked; suppressed.

stren′ u ous ly: earnestly; vigorously.

stri′ dent: loud; clear.

stu′ pe fied: made dull.

sub′ ma rine: a boat traveling and operating under water.

sub merged′: placed under water.

sub stan′ tial: strong; solid; firm.

sub′ sti tutes: those who act for or take the place of others.

sul phu′ ric: derived from sulphur.

surge: a large wave.

sur′ geon: a doctor who performs operations.

sur′ gi cal: relating to surgery.

sur mount′: to rise above; to overcome.

sur pass′ ing: exceeding; unusual.

sur viv′ or: one who outlives others.

sus pend′ ed: to hang as if attached to something above, as by a cord.

swarth′ y: of dark complexion.

sym′ bol: a sign, or representation.

sym′ pa thize: to pity.

tam′ per ing: meddling; trifling.

tem′ po ra ry: for a time only.

ter′ ri to ry: country; land.

tex′ ture: quality.

threat′ ened: intended; tried.

throt′tle: a valve for regulating the flow of air to an engine.

tor na′ do: a violent windstorm.

tor pe′ doed: destroyed by blowing up.

To′ ry: an American who sided with the British in the time of the American Revolution.

tran′ quil: quiet; peaceful.

trans′ plant ed: planted in another place.

treach′ er ous: deceiving.

treas′ ur y: a place where money and valuables are deposited.

trel′ lis: a framework for supporting vines and plants.

trench es: narrow ditches used to protect soldiers under fire.

tril′ li um: a species of herb.

trop′ i cal: near the tropics; country north and south of the equator.

Tu bal Cain: the son of Lamach who taught men the art of making vessels and weapons of brass and iron. (Gen. IV, 22).

tur′ quoise: light blue; colored like turquoise.

type: quality; kind; character.

ul′ cered: a surface broken as by large sores.

un′ re spon′ sive: lacking in feeling or appreciation.

u surp′ er: one who seizes a position which belongs to another.

vag′ a bond: a tramp; a wanderer.

vague′ ly: not clearly; without fully understanding.

van′ quished: defeated; put to flight.

van′ tage: advantage; superior position or place.

vel′ vet een: a cotton cloth like velvet.

vend: to sell.

ven′ er a tion: awe; respect; sacredness.

ven′ ture: a risk; a chance; an undertaking of great danger.

ve ran′ da: a porch; a gallery.

Ver dun′: a town in France, the scene of a great battle in 1916.

ver mil′ ion: a bright red color.

ves′ ti bule: an entrance into a home; a hall; a passage.

vi bra′ tion: waves (as of air or sound); a tremulous motion of the air.

vig′ i lant: watchful; cautious.

vig′ or: power; strength.

vis age (viz′ aj): face; looks; appearance.

vis′ i ble: capable of being seen.

"Vive la France": (veev) "France forever!"

viz i er (viz′ er): a high officer in the Turkish Empire.

von Wie land: a German officer.

Walt ha′ bis: a tribe living in the Arabian desert.

weird: strange; ghostly.

wire: a line for carrying a telegraph message.

wiz′ ard: a wise man; a sage; a magician.

writ′ ing mod′ els: plans by which to write; examples in penmanship.

Yale: one of the leading universities in America, located at New Haven, Conn.

year′ ling: a young calf; an animal one year old.

York town: a town in Virginia where Cornwallis surrendered in the War of the American Revolution.

zeal: eagerness; great effort.

zeph′ yr (zef′ er): a soft, gentle breeze.

STUDY HELPS

***Robert of Sicily*, p. 9.** How was the king punished for his pride? Did this really happen, or was it a dream? Do you think the punishment just? Does this remind you of any other story? What is meant by "the king's jester"? What is peculiar about the dress of a jester?

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel, p. 15. Why was Ben Adhem's name written as one whom God had blessed? What words are used in speaking of the angel? Name some ways in which one can show love for his fellow men.

Three Questions, p. 16. What were the three questions? How were they answered by the king's actions? What did the hermit tell the king to remember? Try to remember this yourself.

Proverbs, p. 22. What are proverbs? Discuss in class the meaning of each one given in the lesson. Which do you like best? Why? Give some proverbs you have heard in your home.

Stealing a Cannon Ball, p. 23. What made the ball grow heavier? Why did the boy think that every one was looking at him? Why did the ball give him no pleasure? How can you tell when a person "has a cannon ball under his hat"?

Glory Goldie's Fishing, p. 27. What do you like best about this story?

John Maynard, p. 33. What would you call John Maynard? What medal is given to-day for heroic action? One of the pupils might tell of some brave action when "The Titanic" was sunk.

John Howieson, p. 36. Dramatize this story in class. Get your teacher to tell you other stories of James V.

Abou Hassan, p. 40. What do you think is the most amusing incident in this story? Read the story in "The Arabian Nights" which tells of a joke Abou Hassan played on the caliph.

The Exploits of Baron Munchausen, p. 60. Which of these stories do you like better? Why?

A Duck Hunt, p. 64. Which of the Munchausen tales is this like? Compare the two stories.

A French Bear Story, p. 68. With what story may this tale be compared? Discuss all of the stories in this group, pp. 60-72.

A Lincoln Story, p. 73. Have you ever seen a piece of work that might be called a "First Class Fizzle"?

The English Sense of Humor, p. 74. Tell other stories that illustrate the inability of some people to tell a joke. See how many good jokes you can tell *well.*

The Inchcape Rock, p. 75. Tell the story of this poem.

In a California Canyon, p. 78. At which point in the story were you most intensely interested? Bring to class pictures of canyons.

The President's Message, p. 94. Of what great fault was Marcus guilty? What good qualities did he show in this trying experience? What would you consider the greatest reward he received?

Pandora's Box, p. 106. This is one of the old Greek myths. Do you know one that is like it? What good gift came with the box?

The Pygmies, p. 125. How did Antaeus gain his strength? How do we gain strength from Mother Earth? Give the Pygmy's speech as you think he gave it. What amuses you most in this speech? What amuses you most in the whole story?

October in Tennessee, p. 152. In what section of the country is this scene laid? How do you know? Find a word that tells you the skies were the color of a *precious stone.* Find a word that means *bare.* Find one that means *clear blue*; one that means *pertaining to the country.* Tell who Aladdin was and whether you think the comparison made in the second stanza is a good one. What flowers are spoken of in the third stanza? Do you see those near your home in October? What flowers do you see? How do "the starry asters glorify the waste"? What are the "pikes and plumes", with which "the grasses stand on guard"? How does November come? Have you ever seen a sunset like the one described in the poem? What treasures are gathered "in a mighty funeral pyre"? To what is October compared?

Green Things Growing, p. 153. How does the poet feel towards all nature? How do you know? Memorize this poem.

The Farm Song, p. 154. There are many pictures in this poem. Which do you like best?

The Farmer's Life, p. 157. Give reasons for thinking that one born on a farm is blessed.

The Country Girl's Creed, p. 158. This tells what a country girl believes. Every country girl should learn the creed.

The Voice of Spring, p. 160. In the first stanza Spring tells how her steps may be traced. How can they be traced? What happened when she "breathed on the South"? When she "looked o'er the hills of the stormy North"? What did she do to the streams and forests?

Evening on the Farm, p. 161. Tell what each animal and insect begins to do as evening falls. Have you ever seen or heard them at twilight? Why are whippoorwills called "haunters of darkness"? How does the poet tell us that darkness is falling in the pasture? in the woods? In which stanza do we learn that the light has entirely faded away? What is the weather? Read lines that show this. Why is the cricket called "Drowsyhead"? Describe the home mentioned in the last stanza as you think it looks.

Plant a Tree, p. 163. Tell what things one plants when he plants a tree. In what way does planting a tree bring each thing? How is the life of a tree like the life of a man? What are the "creatures blithe with song" that "throng to the shelter of the tree"? Plant a tree on Arbor Day and recite this poem.

Billy Topsail, p. 165. Which is the hero of this story, the boy or the dog? Tell other stories of a dog's saving a life.

Red Cross Dogs, p. 175. Bring to school magazine articles telling of the Red Cross work. Perhaps some of the boys can tell how they have trained their dogs to do many smart tricks.

Mont'rey, p. 181. A number of French people live in Louisiana, the scene of this story, and there are several French names in the lesson. What are they? Tell what you know about the levees on the Mississippi River.

Hatteras Joe, p. 187. Find Cape Hatteras on your map. Find out all you can about the life of an eagle. Tell other stories about eagles. Give in your own words the thought in the last paragraph.

A Son of the Desert, p. 196. What do you know of Arab horses and their masters? What do you learn about the treatment of horses from this story? What do you like best about the story? Recall other good stories about horses.

Traveller, p. 208. Tell all you know about General Lee. What trait of character is shown by his refusal of Major Broun's offer? Do you know of any other incident which shows this same trait?

The Cat Bird, p. 213. Make a list of the flowers mentioned in the poem. Can you find any of these flowers near your home? What season is described throughout this poem? Do you know the cat bird when you see it? Describe it.

Boy Scouts, p. 215. Tell what you know about the different classes of scouts. Discuss the laws in class and tell how a boy may carry out each.

Bill's Bill, p. 218. Where was your interest most aroused? What opinion did you form of Mr. Bennet? Of Bill? Have you ever had a lost article returned to you? How did you feel toward the finder?

The Boy Who Was Different, p. 232. What lessons about peach raising can you learn from this story? What brought success to Dick? What would many boys have done in face of opposition and ridicule? Tell how Dick was different from other people. Tell what you think of Mr. Waddle, Mrs. Waddle, the Deacon, and Mr. Peters.

Camp Fire Girls, p. 246. Tell what you know of Camp Fire Girls. How would being a member of the Camp Fire make a girl stronger and better? Tell of an experience you have had in a summer camp or on some expedition.

The Star Spangled Banner, p. 249. This song was written by Key during the War of 1812. Key was a prisoner on a British ship and was watching the bombardment of Fort McHenry (Baltimore) when he wrote the lines which have become our national anthem. Why is the name, "Star Spangled Banner," especially appropriate for our flag? Have we proved that our country is "the land of the free and the home of the brave"? Name some other flag songs which you love to sing.

God Save the King, p. 250. To what country do you think this hymn belongs? What lines make you think the king is loved? Is this song also a prayer? How is England related to us? What song have we that is very much like this?

The Marseillaise, p. 251. Was there trouble in France when this song was written? Read the lines that show this. What two words in the last stanza remind you of "the land of the free"? Is the government of France anything like that of our country?

The Last Class, p. 253. Alsace is a province in France which had fallen into the hands of the Germans. What words show you that this scene was laid in France? Your story gives you the order that was sent forth by the Germans. Describe in your own words the scene in the schoolroom on this last day.

Paul Revere's Ride, p. 261. What plan did Paul Revere and his friend make? How was it carried out? Note the passage of time as Paul Revere rode. About how far distant were these towns? What lines tell the fate of one of the villagers? What is "the word" that shall "echo forevermore"? How did the Americans conduct the battle? Read in your history the account of the Battle of Lexington.

Jack Jouett's Ride, p. 266. Compare this ride with Paul Revere's Ride as to time and importance. Which rider would you rather have been?

The Swamp Fox, p. 275. General Marion was a fearless leader in South Carolina in the Revoutionary War. Do you know why he was called "the Swamp Fox"? In this poem we have an account of the life led by Marion and his men. What is the feeling of the soldiers towards Marion? Read the lines that show this. Read the lines in the first stanza that describe the home of Marion's men. Read the stanza that gives an account of their daily life. Compare this poem with Bryant's "Song of Marion's Men."

Little Giffen, p. 278. Read the lines in the first stanza which show that Little Giffen not only fought on the firing line but in the hottest part of it. Where else besides the battlefield did he show his courage? Read the lines that describe his condition after being wounded. How are we told of Little Giffen's return to the battlefield? Of his death? What is the poet's opinion of Little Giffen? What is yours?

Music in Camp, p. 279. Tell the story found in this poem. Can you tell other stories of friendliness between opposing armies?

How I Served My Apprenticeship, p. 283. What impression do you get of Carnegie's parents? What impresses you most in the family life? What incidents show Carnegie's pluck even as a small boy? Name the steps in advancement that Carnegie made. Why did he never fail to get a promotion? What lesson has this for us?.

Commerce, p. 295. What is the motto that commerce, or business, should bear?

The Breaking of the Light, p. 296. Try to imagine yourself a deaf and blind child and think of the things which you could not hear and see. Then think of the wonderful work done by Helen Keller. Would you like to read the whole story of her life? Do you know any deaf and dumb signs?

Columbus, p. 306. Sailors knew very little of the sea at the time Columbus discovered America and they thought it was filled with great monsters. At one time the sailors threatened to throw Columbus overboard if he did not take them back home. What one command, directly given, shows his matchless courage? How are we given the location of Columbus's ships in the first stanza? Find the Azores on your map. By what name is the Strait of Gibralter called in the second line? Find it on the map. In what way does the mate tell Columbus that the men are dissatisfied? What do you think of the mate? In which stanza is a violent storm described? Describe the way in which Columbus spent the last night before land was sighted. What great nation with "a starlit flag" grew from this discovery? How are we told that this was a "new era of the world's history"? What was the great lesson given to the world?

Luther Burbank and His Friends, p. 308. How has Burbank added wealth and beauty to the world? What old plants did Burbank improve? How? What new plants did he create? How? What general plan does Burbank follow in making his experiments? Get mother and father to tell of their experiments in plant breeding. Make some experiments with plants in your school garden. What is the most important crop in your section and how do you think it could be improved? What boy have you read of in this book who did some of the things Burbank does? How do you suppose people looked upon Burbank when he first started this work?

Pearlfeather, p. 314. Give an account of how Hiawatha slew the giant who sent disease and death to the Indians.

Beowulf, p. 318. Tell in your own words how Beowulf slew the monster who brought death to his people.

A Modern Giant Killer, p. 324. Why should Dr. Reed be called "a Modern Giant Killer"? Why would one call yellow fever "an invisible monster"? Give the steps taken by Dr. Reed and his brave associates in finding a way to prevent this dreadful disease. Give the three rules for the prevention of yellow fever. What other diseases do mosquitoes carry? What other insect spreads disease? How can we destroy these insects? In what other ways can we help to make our neighborhoods free from disease?

Tubal Cain, p. 330. Tubal Cain is supposed to be the father of "all such as forge copper and iron." What caused the change in Tubal Cain's heart? Which proved more powerful, the sword or the plowshare?

Talking Across Space, p. 334. How were messages sent in former days? How soon can one hear now of the results of a presidential election? What qualities did Morse show in carrying out his experiments? What was the meaning of the first message sent over the telegraph line? How would you rank this invention?

How the Telephone Was Invented, p. 345. How did Alexander Bell get his first idea of a telephone? How did he go about his task? Tell in your own words the scene that took place at the exposition when the telephone "talked." Compare the usefulness of the telephone with that of the telegraph.

Edison's First Check, p. 354. Which of Edison's inventions are mentioned in this story? Make a list of his other inventions. Which do you consider his greatest invention? In what way is Edison's life an inspiration to us?

The First Aviators, p. 364. Tell this story in class. Compare it with the story of Phaeton and Apollo.

Darius Green and His Flying Machine, p. 372. You will enjoy this amusing account of Darius Green's efforts to make a flying machine. Read the lines you especially enjoy. Whom was Darius imitating? Did anyone at that time think a flying machine possible?

Battle in the Skies, p. 377. The writer of this story, a native of North Carolina, was killed in 1917 while making a flight over the German lines. Tell how the earth looks to one in a flying machine. Describe the "battle in the skies." Compare a battle in the skies with one on land.

The Story of the First Submarine, p. 386. How far could the first submarine go? How far can a modern submarine go? Compare the simple structure of the first submarine with that of one of today. What is the chief danger in a submarine? Compare submarine warfare with warfare in the air.

Recessional, p. 408. This poem was written during the public celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of Queen Victoria. The celebration was magnificent, and the people were filled with pride. Kipling wrote this poem as a reminder that there is a higher power. The title is fitting. A recessional hymn is the hymn sung after the service as the singers slowly return in procession. Mr. Kipling's poem was written to be read after the celebration. Why is England's "battle line" farflung? To what climates does the poem refer? Read the story of Ninevah and Tyre in the Bible. How does the poet speak of peoples without Christian civilization? What words in the last stanza are used instead of bomb shell? Why is this a good prayer for a nation?

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